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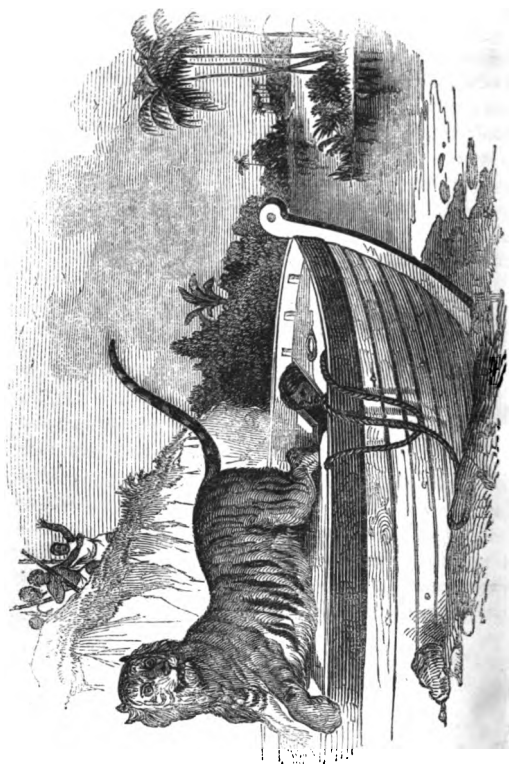
1851.

PREFACE.

THE year 1851 will be a memorable period in the history of the world, as the year of the Great Exhibition. All the readers of this volume will at least have heard a great deal about the Crystal Palace and its wonderful contents, and many will have seen them. But truly great and very glorious as that Exhibition was, and long as it will be remembered, there are other exhibitions—greater, and both more glorious and more lasting—exhibitions which do not indeed draw the eyes of the world, or call forth its admiration; which do not attract thronging multitudes or curious strangers from distant shores,—but which, nevertheless, show far more of wisdom and of power than all that men could contrive or construct, and draw down from heaven the visits of angels and the approval of God. These exhibitions, too, will not pass away like a dream when one awaketh, but will appear most glorious when all nations shall be gathered together before the great white throne, and will remain when the world, with all the works which man has wrought, or admired, or prized, shall be destroyed. Our readers, we hope, will not need to be told what the exhibition is to which we allude. It is that great change, that new creation, which God works in man's heart by the gospel; the change which Missionaries desire to see, and for effecting which their labour has not been in vain. Of this our readers will find many proofs in the present volume. There they will perceive from how low to how high a state men have thus been raised; how light, "marvellous light" from heaven,

has filled and cheered the darkest minds; how heathens, the most degraded and cruel, have been converted into gentle and loving followers of Jesus; how idols have been abolished, happiness obtained, and death overcome, by many who were before the subjects of guilt and fear, because they were the slaves of superstition and sin. And surely He, who looketh not at the outward appearance, but at the heart, must consider such a change more grand and glorious than any works of man. And why? Because He knows what the soul is worth, from what it is delivered, and what a great salvation it has gained when that change is wrought. And for similar reasons angels, who know more of God's thoughts than we know, rejoice over one sinner that repents.

Now, doubtless many who will read this little book have some right views upon this important subject. Therefore it is they are interested in what Missionaries are doing, and are glad to help them. Of this we think one proof will be found in the account contained in the following pages, of what the young have lately done to fit the "John Williams" to go forth again to her work. Many, indeed, we fear, have got money for this object, or have given it, without much thought, or prayer, or pity. But this is not the case with others; and we hope that the reading of our Magazine, and of God's own book, will bring many more to give, not only their help, but their hearts, to the service of Christ and the heathen.



THE BOY AND THE TIGER.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1851.

THE BOY AND THE TIGER.

THE following account will explain the Frontispiece for this month. It is sent to the Magazine by the Rev. Mr. Lacroix, an excellent missionary, at Calcutta.

Bees are very numerous in India, but they are not kept there as they are here, in hives; for they store up their honey in hollow trees in the forests and jungles. But although it is difficult to enter these wooded places—and those who do so, are in great danger from serpents and savage beasts—there are many poor men who get their living by gathering and selling the wild honey. Now, a few months before Mr. Lacroix wrote his letter, four of these men, and a boy eleven years old, went from one of the stations of the London Missionary Society for this purpose. They got into a boat, and rowed into an inlet of a river, where the banks on both sides were grown all over with high trees and thick shrubs, which formed a part of what is called in India a jungle. When they came to the place where they intended to land, the men jumped on shore, and left

the boy to take care of the boat while they were gone after the honey. As the tide was then running out of the creek, in a little while the boat was left dry upon a bank of deep mud. The sun was hot, and the place was very silent, as the boy sat quietly in the boat, looking about him, and wishing that the men would come back; when, lo! all at once, the poor little fellow stared and started as he saw a very large tiger standing upon the bank just above the boat, looking right down upon him with his great glaring eyes! You may fancy how he felt as he beheld the savage beast first fix his fierce look upon him, and then crouch and crawl along the ground, preparing to spring and make him his prey. The boy was very much frightened, as you may suppose, but he had his wits about him; and, therefore, without losing a moment, he crept under the deck of the boat, for fortunately the boat *had* a deck. But no sooner had he entered his hiding-place, than down came the tiger at one great leap; and such was the force with which he sprang, that one of his legs went right through the deck, and got jammed in between the planks, just over the place where the boy lay. Without loss of time, and with wonderful presence of mind, the little fellow snatched hold of a rope which was lying near him, and twisting it quickly round the tiger's leg, he tied it firm and held it fast. Not understanding this treatment, and never having been trained, like a dog, to give his paw to boy or man, the ferocious creature groaned and tugged, and tried in every way to get his leg out; but the boy knew well that the only chance of saving his own

life was to keep the rope firm, and therefore he held it as fast as he could. After twisting and turning and pulling for a long time, without getting away from the boy, the tiger was quite cowed, and laid himself quietly down on the deck. Now you may suppose how the poor boy must have felt, as he peeped up through the broken deck, and saw the red eyes and the great jaws of this fierce monster. But at last, the honey-gatherers having finished their work in the jungle, made their appearance upon the bank. Seeing the tiger lying upon the deck of their boat, they at once concluded that he had killed and gobbled up the boy, and that he was now getting a quiet nap after his dinner. They therefore raised a great shout, which so frightened the beast, that he made one more desperate tug; and as the boy this time was not quite so watchful as he had been before, the tiger jerked out his leg from the hole, and leaped clean off the boat. Fortunately, he jumped right into the deep mud; and as he was floundering about and trying to get out of it, the four men rushed down upon him, and with great sticks which they happened to have in their hands, they laboured away with all their might at his head, till they first stunned and then killed him,

How glad they were when they saw the boy, who they thought had been killed and eaten by the tiger, quietly creeping out from under the deck safe and sound, you may easily suppose; for he was the son of one of the men, and the nephew of another.

In closing this account, Mr. Lacroix observes:—"Young people! what an excellent thing is presence

the boy to take care of the boat after the honey. As the tide of the creek, in a little while upon a bank of deep mud. the place was very silent, as the boat, looking about him, men would come back; when, poor little fellow stared and stared at the large tiger standing upon the boat, looking right down upon glaring eyes! You may fancy he held the savage beast first fixed him, and then crouch and preparing to spring and upon the boy was very much frightened but he had his wits about him, out losing a moment, he sprang the boat, for fortunately the tiger sooner had he entered the boat, came the tiger at one spring which he sprang upon the deck, and then he sprang over the side, and the little fellow sprang to his feet near him, and he

meet my boy in that better taken him." Oh! what joy just all God does to us!

OF A HEATHEN GOD.

the ancient Athenians, are . . . Almost every class of . . . and they seldom do any- . . . to it, and thus seeking a . . . it is very sad to see men, . . . hearts that can love, show . . . would be well if those who . . . ful to acknowledge Him in . . . blessing upon what they do, . . . help of their wretched idols. . . to be worshipped at Tahiti, . . . ands in the South Seas, from . . . ly abolished," was one called . . . his God was made in many . . . a party was going out to fish, . . . carry an offering to it, that . . . catch. Now, there was a fisher- . . . Islands. It was not, however, like . . . a log of wood, or a mass of stone . . . at a rock which stood out of the deep . . . large harbour. It could be seen only . . . There it stood a few feet above the . . . At other times, it was covered, and no- . . . anders would . . . have known it to be there, . . . wind blew strong, and the white, foaming . . . thing over it. This rock every fishing- . . . before they cast a seine line, and, with some

of mind, especially in times of danger! With it many have saved their own lives, or the lives of others; and if such presence of mind was found in a heathen child, how much more should Christian people, young and old, have of it, who, when in danger, have a kind Father and a faithful God to look to—a God who watches over them, and who, if they put their trust in Him, will never leave, never forsake them!"

SHAGDUR, THE SON OF KENNET.

(Continued from Vol. VII., page 275.)

ONE morning there was great joy in Shagdur's tent—a little baby was born. He was wrapped up in a warm, soft lambskin, and sucked milk from the horn of a cow. When he was eight days old, they killed a sheep, and had a feast, and gave him the name of William, for Shagdur would not give him an "idol" name, as they often do; but William was the name of a missionary, and of a little boy whom Shagdur loved. Then the neighbours came in to see the baby, and brought presents for him. One brought one piece of money, another brought two pieces. Some brought a bright brass button, some a little bead. And all these presents were hung up over the cradle, that when baby grew older he might play with them over his head.

The cradle was a wooden box, into which the baby was laid on his back, with his hands close to his side, and his feet stretched out. Then he was tied tight with thongs, so that he could move nothing but his little head. Poor little baby! And yet millions of babes in Siberia pass their first days in that way. There is no washing them, no talking to

them, and playing with them, as we do with English babies. Oh no! The Buriat babies lie tied down in their cradles, morning, evening, and night.

Shagdur and Amogalang his wife watched their little one, and loved him, and took care of him, and hoped he would live a long while, and grow up to be a man. But God knew that the child would *not* live. He fell sick, no medicine would do him any good; and poor Amogalang wept to see him suffer, and she feared, also, that she should lose him. Her mother wished her to send for the Lamas, that they might pray for the child; but she said, "I know that they can do no good; only God can."

One morning he cried very much, and threw about his little hands in great pain, and his mother could not hold him, for her heart was like to break, so Shagdur took him on his knee. In a little time the baby turned quite white, and his heart ceased to beat, and his spirit was gone to God. There sat the father and the mother, and the lifeless child between them. They could not give him life. But God knew that their babe would be happier with Him. We love to have the little babies to remain on earth with us; but God also sometimes likes to have them with Him in heaven; and we should say, "Thy will be done." Oh! those were sad, sad days after the baby died!—The house was so still, and all did not know what to do, now that they had not to attend to the little one.

And it was sadder still when they buried him in the dark grave, there to lie until Christ shall raise him up again. They put away the cradle; but what was to be done with the presents? Shagdur counted the money, and it was forty copecs, that is, *fourpence*. "What shall I do with it?" he said, "Shall I keep it in a box quite uselessly? No!" he said, and a smile was on his face, like a beautiful sunbeam. He had a good, happy thought about the money. He took

some paper, and wrote this letter to a dear missionary whom he loved:—

"My dear Sir,—While you and I are, by the merciful providence of our Lord Jesus Christ, alive and in health, I desire to lay one little matter before you. It pleased God to give me a son, lately; and it has pleased Him now to take the child away from me. Every day I think one member of my body has been taken to heaven, and this thought is like a sweet savour in my heart. And when I think of my dear child as one of the countless assembly who are singing the praises of Christ in heaven, my heart longs to go up and join them; but though the child is separated from me now, I hope, through my Saviour's power and mercy, one day to meet him in glory. Now, sir, when my little William was born, the neighbours came in, bringing gifts to him. Some gave one copec (one-tenth of a penny), some two; in all, forty copecs. When the child died, I did not know what to do with his money; but at length a thought came to me, which gave joy to my heart, and about this I write these few lines. Amongst the many letters which go to make up the words contained in the New Testament printed for heathen nations, "Tonilgakshi" is often repeated. Now, though these forty copecs may not be enough to pay for more than the dot over one letter in the word "Tonilgakshi," I beg of you to accept of my little William's money for that purpose. Dear sir, do not refuse it. I have not given it to you, but I have given it to print a dot over one letter in the name of my Saviour; and may this be a little memorial of my infant, for the good of my dear friends who do not yet know of Christ!—I remain, your scholar,

"SHAGDUR, the Son of Kennet.

"The year 1835; the tail month of Autumn, 24th day."

So Shagdur comforted his wife, and was happy himself,

saying to all, "I will try to meet my boy in that better world to which I know God has taken him." Oh! what joy it gives us when we can quite trust all God does to us!

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A HEATHEN GOD.

THE South Sea Islanders, like the ancient Athenians, are "in all things too superstitious." Almost every class of people have (or had) their own idol, and they seldom do anything without making an offering to it, and thus seeking a blessing from it. Now, though it is very sad to see men, with minds that can think, and hearts that can love, show respect to stocks and stones, it would be well if those who know the *true* God were as careful to acknowledge Him in all their ways, and to seek His blessing upon what they do, as many heathens are to get the help of their wretched idols.

Amongst the objects that used to be worshipped at Tahiti, Rarotonga, and many other islands in the South Seas, from which now "the idols are utterly abolished," was one called "The Fisherman's God." This God was made in many different shapes; and whenever a party was going out to fish, they took care, first of all, to carry an offering to it, that they might be sure of a good catch. Now, there was a fisherman's god at the Loyalty Islands. It was not, however, like the idols in other groups—a log of wood, or a mass of stone in the shape of a man, but a rock which stood out of the deep sea, at the mouth of a large harbour. It could be seen only when the tide was low. Then it stood a few feet above the surface of the water. At other times, it was covered, and nobody but the islanders would have known it to be there, except when the wind blew strong, and the white, foaming waves were dashing over it. To this rock every fishing-party went before they cast a single line, and, with some

ceremonies, they threw into the sea that was near it, fruits and other things as an offering. Having done this, they paddled away in the belief that they should catch much fish.

This was the custom of the natives, as it had been of their fathers, when the *Camden*, the first Missionary ship, visited those islands. As she entered, the tide was high, and the weather was calm, so that nobody on board saw this idol-rock at the mouth of the harbour. The captain and missionaries were pleased with the people, and left two native teachers to instruct them. Having done this, they spread their sails again, and stood out to sea. It happened, however, that on passing out of the harbour the ship either went over the rock, or so close to it as to touch it; and as it stood loosely upon other rocks below, the stroke of the ship toppled it over into the surrounding depth. The *Camden* sailed away, and those on board thought no more of the matter; for, indeed, they little imagined what a service the ship had performed, and that, without the aid of captain or missionary, she at one stroke had overthrown the chief god of the islanders, and hurled him from his seat into the depths of the sea!

Soon after this, a party of fishermen set out in their canoes, and, according to their custom, rowed direct to their ocean-god. As the tide was then so low that, had he still been in his accustomed place, he would have raised his hoary head above the waves, they naturally expected to see his form, and to look upon his face. As they drew near to the spot, however, they stared with all their eyes, and looked around and around them for their idol; but, lo! he was not to be found. As soon as the news was brought to the shore, others hastened to the spot; but they, too, searched in vain. It now soon became very certain that the god was gone; and as he and the ship had disappeared together, they very naturally supposed that they must have had some connexion.

How or why the god had hid his head at the sight of the ship,—whether he was ashamed, or afraid, or angry, no one could tell. But so it was, that they believed the coming of the strange ship and the going of the idol-rock to have had much to do with one another. Superstitious feelings on the subject filled their minds; and there was reason to hope that many were, in consequence, more disposed than they would otherwise have been to hear about Him who is “high above all gods, the Lord that made the heavens.”

A HINDOO CHILD.—TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH.

THE following extract from a letter from Mrs. Mullens, dated Calcutta, July 1st, 1850, to Miss Greatbach, of Southport, beautifully shows the effect of missionary teaching upon the mind of a child, and will be read with interest by young and old:—

“A little girl in our school, named Batacy, seems to me in a very interesting state. The other day, an idolatrous procession passed by the gate, when the child exclaimed, ‘Oh! I wish people would leave off worshipping idols!’ A Brahmin priest who was leading the procession, turned round and asked, ‘Who are you, you little girl, speaking so disrespectfully of the gods of your country?’ ‘I,’ replied Batacy, ‘I am a little Christian child: *my* God made heaven and earth, and fills all things, whilst *yours* is made out of the mud of the Ganges. It has eyes, but it sees not; it has ears, but it hears not.’ ‘And where did you learn all this?’ asked the Brahmin. ‘I read it in the Bible,’ replied the little girl. ‘What!’ said the Brahmin; ‘can a *child* like you read the Shasters, or sacred writings?’ ‘Oh yes!’ continued Batacy; ‘and I could tell *you* of a

Saviour who could save you from your sins.' But the Brahmin, perceiving that the conversation was about to take a turn which he did not desire, passed on, saying, No, no! I will not argue with a *child!*' "

Does not this little incident verify the truth of the Saviour's declaration, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes?"

EFFECTS OF A MAGIC LANTERN.

IN a letter lately received from the Rev. H. Helmore, of Lekatlong, in South Africa, he states that, in the beginning of the year, his station was visited by Mr. Freeman, Mr. Moffat, and two other missionaries; and having just received a magic lantern from some friends in this country, he invited a party of natives to his house, to see it exhibited. Mr. Moffat was the exhibitor.

"The natives," writes Mr. H., "were astonished; and, when they saw the animalcules darting about, they started back with terror. But the people here have confidence in us that we shall not practise the black art amongst them. The heathen, however, are not so sure of this. When we exhibited the lantern, the other evening, to Mr. Ross's family and some people from Mamusa, the natives could hardly be prevailed on to come in to the exhibition, declaring that it was sorcery, and that they should be bewitched. Others, though more bold, could scarcely keep their seats, and got the English children to sit beside them for protection. One fairly fled out of the school-room, and, upon being brought back to see the animalcules, he was so terrified that he declared it would be death to sleep in the room, as they had been accustomed to do during their stay. The driver of Mrs. Ross's waggon remarked that now he

understood how drinking water occasioned pain in the stomach; for if those creatures which he saw, jumped about in a man's inside, as they did upon the wall, they could not do otherwise than make him ill. Some one advised him to give up drinking water, and to take only milk; but he replied, he had no doubt that milk was as full of such things as water, if they could but be seen. At last, however, the nerves of this philosopher failed him, and the whole party sneaked away, and none of them would sleep in the school-room that night."

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.

OUR readers have often heard of the Juvenile Association at Morden Hall. A short time ago, those zealous young friends to missions held their half-yearly meeting; and we are sure that the report they read, and the speeches they delivered, delighted all who heard them. Everything was done in the most serious and orderly way. During the last *half-year*, these active youths have raised the large sum of 28*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* They now support two native teachers and two orphan children, and have, in addition, voted £5 towards the repairs of the Missionary ship. How so many pounds are raised, we have told our readers in former Numbers: it is chiefly in pence. But we now intend to do no more than give our readers two or three of the speeches addressed by the youths to their schoolfellows, and the friends who met on the occasion.

Master L. B. spoke as follows:—

"LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

"In obedience to the call of our dear patron in the chair, I rise to propose the following resolution:—

"That the Report (which has been read by the Secre-

tary) be approved and printed; and that this meeting most heartily congratulates the Committee upon the encouraging state of the Association, and renews its pledge of continued exertion for its welfare.'

"It is very pleasing to my feelings to have so excellent a resolution entrusted to my care as that which I have just read. It is, indeed, a cause of thankfulness that the field of missionary labour is so fast increasing in its extent, and that so many doors have been unbarred by Him who has 'the key of David, who openeth and no man shutteth.' I am pleased with the comprehensive spirit of the Report, because it shows that the Association (to which we all have the honour to belong) is not a selfish society. The Report speaks too plainly to be mistaken; it tells us, that the grand object of our Association is, not to confine our minds to the narrow bounds of our two stations—though it seeks to have a little cultivated spot in each—but to encompass the great world; and it longs for the entire human family to know and to love God. I have heard, sir, the expansive spirit of the missionary work compared to a lake; perhaps these gentlemen may have heard it too, but I doubt whether my schoolfellows have, and I think they will not object to my telling it. If a stone is cast into a lake, it will strike the water, and will soon be out of sight; but it sinks lower and lower, and rests not till it reaches the ground, and there it will abide. So Christ in the heart sinks deeper and deeper, till he finds a resting and an abiding place. But the stone on this lake effects more than making a deposit—it causes a circle, and this circle another, and another, and another, till concentric circles are multiplied, and each widening and increasing in extent, till the whole lake feels the effect, and each circle in its turn has reached the most distant shore. But where is the effect felt *most*, but where the stone fell? and in proportion to the momentum, and the weight, will be

the effect. The moving of the water was not the cause, but the effect; and so Christ moves us to move him. He says, 'Pray ye to the Lord of the harvest, that he may send forth labourers into his harvest.' He calls you to roll on the Gospel chariot, in which sits the King of kings and Lord of lords, 'travelling in the greatness of His strength, mighty to save.' In the memory of most of the gentlemen on this platform, the field of missionary exertion was so small, that most eyes were turned to the little spots in the Southern Ocean, the islands of the sea, with their few hundreds or few thousands of inhabitants. Vast India was then opened; then China, with her about 400,000,000 of inhabitants; and He who opened the prison gates to let Peter out, because people prayed, will open the gates of Japan, and of every other country, to let the missionaries in, if more people were to pray to Him. I think, sir, it is not so much that we want money, as prayer. God could make one of Thomas Morden White's sermons a blessing to every one of his hearers every time he preached at Nagercoil, and a great deal easier too, as there would be none left to laugh at the others—as there are now. The Report tells us, that God does not despise the widow's mite; and the Bible says, that her prayer and her mite weighed heavier than all those who cast in of their abundance; and I think it would have weighed just as much in his sight, if she had not put anything in but her prayer—if she had not a mite to give. Once a poor little boy who was at a Missionary Meeting—but he had no money—stood and looked earnestly at the people putting their money into the plate. The gentleman who held the plate, looked at him for a long time, and at last said, 'Won't you put anything in, my little boy?' 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'I will put myself in, if you will hold the plate low enough,' and that little boy became a missionary! The great Dr. Morison was once a very poor boy. So we see that some give their

money, some give themselves, and some do both. Perhaps some of *us* may become missionaries; and if we do not, we must still help them; for there are yet more than 600 millions of heathen; and the Report says that they cannot be saved without the Gospel, and it cannot be preached without it be sent.

' Shall those whose souls are lighten'd
By wisdom from on high,
Shall they to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
' Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful news proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.'

It is very wonderful that so wise a people as the Hindoos should be so very ignorant about the true God. It is easier to make three hundred and fifty millions of different gods, than to find out the one true God; but it is not *all* dark. The sun will soon rise in the East, Mr. Chairman; there are tinges on many a cloud already. Once the Suttee, for burning the widows upon the funeral piles of their husbands, was fearfully practised; but *that* iniquity is now done away. Property is no longer sacrificed upon embracing Christianity, and the British Government no longer upholds the horrid festivals in honour of Juggernath by grants of money; and all remaining barriers will soon be broken down; and the great continent of India, with its teeming millions, will have the Gospel of Christ proclaimed to them. May this Association be ever looking forward to this great event, and may it all be accomplished in our lives! I feel ashamed that I have occupied your time and patience to hear me speak, when there are so many Rev. Doctors upon the platform; and while the Rev. Mr. Prout is with us, whom we are all so anxious to hear; but yet, I must say a few more words about the Report—not about our own dear

stations, because there will be a resolution upon that subject, but upon the money department. Happy am I, sir, that the funds are prospering: the subscriptions have greatly increased. Indeed, last spring we tried all we could to raise the half-year's income to £20, but were not able to accomplish it; and the Committee thought that their Association was at its highest prosperity; but we have, in this Report, more than £28 for half a year. This is a noble effort, but it is not too much. I am inclined to think that we can yet do more. It was a happy idea that was in our Secretary's Address last May: he suggested that Donation Cards should be used, and carried home at Midsummer. Why, his speech was worth £5! I hope that some speaker to-day will give us some bright idea which will bring us in another £5. Subscribers! will you not take home Donation Cards at Christmas? It will be an excellent Christmas-box. I was reading a few days since, in one of the Missionary magazines, about a boy who heard at a meeting that a Missionary-box would be given to any one who would collect for the Society. He went to the minister, and asked for one. The minister requested him to accompany him to his home, when he discovered that all his boxes were gone. So he said, 'I will write to London, and in a few days I hope I shall have a fresh supply; come then, and you shall have one.' This little applicant was full of zeal; and as he saw the trains on the railway passing the town, several times a day, from London, he thought that the boxes would come immediately. So the very next day he comes to the parsonage, and inquires for his box; also on the second, and the third, and on the fourth, and on every successive day, for fourteen days; and at length the boxes came, and John's want was supplied; but scarcely half an hour had passed, when the servant comes in, and says, 'Please, sir, John's come again.' 'What can he want now?' said the minister.

'I am very busy.' (He was preparing for the Sabbath-day.) 'However, I will go and see. Well, John, what now?' 'Please, sir, my missionary-box.' 'But I don't want your missionary box till it's full.' 'Please, sir, 't is full.' 'What! full in half an hour?'—The contents of the box were emptied, and it was found to contain, in halfpence and pence, more than 5s. John is again supplied with another box like the former—one of those small boxes which that Society furnishes, for John was only a poor boy. But John was back again in three days, with his box full. So the minister said, 'This will never do, I see I shall have John continually coming; I'll search him out the biggest box in my house.' So he gave him one of the largest boxes; still John was back again in a fortnight to have his box emptied again, and two months afterwards he came again to have it emptied. Thus within three months, that poor but earnest boy has had his box filled four times. That is the way to collect for the Missionary Society. Let us use all our exertions; and, instead of having nearly £5 upon twenty-seven Donation Cards, like last Midsummer, we must get nearly £10; and let us never be weary of this well-doing. I have great pleasure, sir, in proposing this resolution."

(To be continued.)

LITTLE ARTHUR, THE CRIPPLE.

DEAR SIR,—The young people in my chapel are deeply interested in the missionary work, and last year they raised £40 for the Society. They are now actively engaged in collecting for the "Ship," and will, I have no doubt, obtain at least £10. This will make me glad, and I know it will make you glad also.

But I am not going to write about my young folks; I want to tell your readers something about a little boy who is dead and gone to heaven, that they may be led to feel and act as he did.

ARTHUR was a cripple. He was never able to walk, and could only hobble about a little, and when he went out of the house it was in a child's carriage. He was very fond of books, especially of the **JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE**.

On the first Sabbath in each month, he eagerly watched his mother's return from God's house, and as soon as she came, he exclaimed, "Now for the Magazine!" and great was his delight to read of the work of God in heathen lands. He took particular interest in any intelligence respecting the "Ship;" and when, a few weeks ago, notice was given in the school, about repairing her, and his sister told him of it, he instantly desired means to get money to help to buy her sails, and ropes, and masts, for rigging; and copper to protect her hull from the water, and from other injuries to which she might be exposed, and also to lay in stores of provisions for those brave sailors, and missionaries as brave, who voyage in her, that they may have food to eat while they carry the bread of life to perishing souls.

Little Arthur sent the first money that was received in our schools, for this good work; and a grateful gift it was to us!—an offering of love from a crippled child. It was two shillings. He was then very unwell, and a few days afterwards he died very happily, talking about Christ and heaven, and the angels. He left all the money he had as a *legacy to the "Ship."* It was just fourteen shillings: for he said he would rather give it to the Missionary ship than to any thing else, and I dare say there are many little people who will read this that feel as he did. This deep love for missions was also seen in other things. Being a cripple, many kind friends who visited at his father's house felt sorry for him, and sometimes

they gave him *money*. This he would never spend on himself, but put it into the missionary-box. He knew, what many children forget, that pence spent in apples and sweetmeats can never be gathered up again, and but little good comes of them; while money given to missions is like seed-corn sown in the ground, which springs up and brings forth a harvest of good.

He was very ingenious in making *fourpenny-pieces* into *sixpences*. Perhaps other little people would like to know the way, and thus he did: He would say, "Father, will you give me *sixpence* for this?" holding out a *fourpenny* piece; and then, having succeeded, he slipped it into the box, thanking his father for having made *the little more*. When very ill, he refused to pray for recovery, because, he said, "God knows what is best." Yes! God does know what is best, and therefore He took little suffering Arthur to Himself, in heaven, where he now knows more of Christ than he could read from books, and more of the pleasure of doing good than he could know on earth, though he felt very happy in helping to send the Gospel to heathen lands, thereby causing many little dark faces to beam with gladness, and many little tongues, each in its own language, to sing for joy.

I could tell you much more about Arthur, but I have written as much as you will be able to put in your precious little book. I hope this history may induce other little boys and girls to do as he did, and to love Jesus while they live, that when they die, they may see him and dwell with him above.

I am, dear sir, yours,

Salford, Nov. 4th, 1850.

J. L. POORE.

PROGRESS OF COLLECTIONS FOR THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

It is pleasant to be able to tell our young friends, that this good work is going on in a very satisfactory way. There is reason to believe, that from twenty to thirty thousand little hands and little tongues are working hard and working well for this object. And they are doing a great service, not merely for the Ship, but for the cause of missions. Not only are they themselves becoming more interested in this greatest and best of all causes; but, by asking their friends to subscribe, and giving them a reason for so doing, they are drawing the attention of many to this subject, who have not thought about it before, and increasing the zeal of others. Everything we hear about these movements shows that, in making their Appeal, the Directors have done a good service to the young, as well as to the Society. Many have been as much surprised as they have been delighted, to see with what earnestness and success the little folks have gone about the work. And these little folks have even wondered at themselves; for some of them never supposed they could get so much money as they have got, till they tried. One little fellow, the son of a postman, went round with his father while he was delivering the letters, and then collected £2; and many more whose hearts were in it, have done wonderful things.

Now, where most has been raised, is where the minister has encouraged the young of his congregation to engage in the work. Mr. Poore's letter in the present Magazine will prove this; and the following account, given by the Rev. Mr. Edmonds, of St. Helen's, may be added to it:—

“I received the Collecting Cards for the Missionary Ship; and on Sunday afternoon I met the children of my Sunday-schools, and addressed them on the subject of our South-Sea Missions. I explained to them the distance of the different groups of islands from each other, in which our missions are established, and the necessity of employing a ship to visit

the different islands to carry native teachers, &c. &c. I pointed out the civil consequences to the mission of hiring a vessel for that purpose, arising from the immoral character of many connected with vessels sailing from New South Wales. I then showed the good influence of a ship commanded by pious officers. I related to them the history of the *John Williams*, and the great benefit arising from her frequent voyages from one station to another. And I reminded the children that, as our school had assisted to purchase the Ship, they ought to make a collection towards her repairs and outfit. I then asked them if they agreed to this, they replied that they did. They, therefore, engaged to make a collection amongst themselves; and several of the children and some of the teachers took Collecting Cards. That day fortnight was fixed for receiving the money, and for making a collection.

"I accordingly met the children the second time on Sunday afternoon, November 24th, and, after a short address, called for those who had received cards, to pay in the amount collected; and to my pleasing surprise 8*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.* were paid in; and the friend acting as secretary paid 1*l.* 10*s.* for his son's card, so that £9 were entered as the amount received by the cards. The two superintendents then collected from the children present the further sum of 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* The money was given with the greatest readiness and pleasure, and with an evident interest in the object to which it is to be applied. I then told the young people that I had derived much of the information which I had given them from the JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, and urged them to become subscribers for the book. I trust many of them will do so."

The Directors will thank the Secretaries and Treasurers of Associations, with other friends, to forward the amount collected for the Missionary Ship, to the Rev. Ebenezer Prout, Mission House, Blomfield-street, before the 31st January, 1851.

MISSIONARY SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Lively.

Adapted from Haydn.

The light now brings a - no - ther year, And spreads around our

isle, While we in peace are meeting here, Beneath Re - li - gion's

smile. For spa - ring mer - cy let us raise A

song of gra - ti - tude and praise, For spa - ring mer - cy

let us raise A song of gra - ti - tude and praise.

MISSIONARY SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE light now brings another year,
 And spreads around our isle;
 While we in peace are meeting here
 Beneath Religion's smile:
 For sparing mercy let us raise
 Our song of gratitude and praise.

Long ere the sun shone on *our* shore,
 It lit up *other* lands,
 Where men in ignorance adore
 Rude idols made with hands.
 These know not God, and never raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

It beam'd on China's wide domains,
 On India's coral strand;
 Spread o'er Arabia's stony plains,
 And Afric's burning sand;—
 Where many a tribe begins to raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

It passes to Columbia's strand,
 Lights many a Western isle,
 Where Afric's slaves, 'neath man's command,
 Are lash'd at daily toil.
 These know not God, and dare not raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

It shines on the Pacific's wave,
 Gilds islands 'mid the deep,
 Where men of God all dangers brave,
 And firm their stations keep.
 And myriads there rejoice to raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

Oh! let us pray that, ere this year
 Revolves, the Gospel's light
 May wretched heathen sufferers cheer,
 And chase the shades of night!
 That men of every clime may raise
 Their songs of gratitude and praise.

R. NAISMITH.

Kirkintilloch, Dec. 1846.



The life we bring another
 and speak around our life
 With us in peace are meeting
 Round Religion's table:
 We speak every day to make
 the way of knowledge and praise

Let us be as those on our side
 in the quiet life

There are in quietness alone
 the heart made with love
 The heart is not cold, and we are
 in the quietness of the heart

There is a quietness with the heart
 in the quietness of the heart

There is a quietness with the heart
 in the quietness of the heart
 There is a quietness with the heart
 in the quietness of the heart

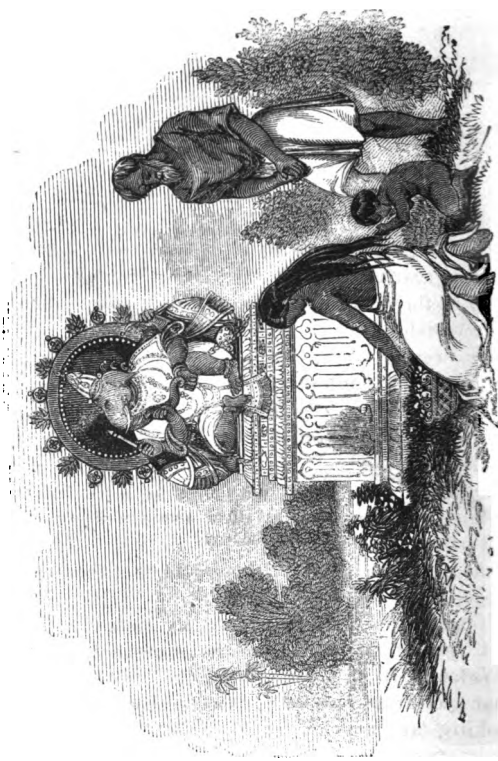
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THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

GANESA, THE GOD OF WISDOM.

It is scarcely possible to speak too strongly of the *folly* of the millions upon millions of human beings who worship idols. And it almost seems as if the poor creatures who bow down before the work of their own hands, had taken pains to show how ignorant and foolish they are. Very few of the figures they form are beautiful, none of them noble, but nearly all are ugly, or disgusting, or ridiculous. They have not only made their gods in the likeness of four-footed beasts, and birds, and creeping things; but they have joined parts of animals and other creatures to the bodies of men. Look at the Frontispiece, and you will see an instance of this. Here is an elephant's head upon the shoulders of a man; but do not smile, for this is Ganesa, *the god of Wisdom*. It is very true that nobody would suppose that a creature with such a swollen body and stupid-looking face was remarkably wise. And it is very plain that the poor heathen do not judge from appearances, but quite the contrary to them.

There are many stories told of this idol, as well as
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of others. If you will turn back to vol. iii. p. 274. you may read how it happened that Ganesa (or as he is sometimes called Gunputti) got such a strange head upon his shoulders. But the sacred books do not give such a particular account of his four arms. Perhaps you will scarcely make out from the wood-cut what the different things are which he holds in his hands. I must tell you, therefore, that one of them is a sharp instrument, or goad, with which they prick elephants to make them go fast; another is a rope; a third a style, a sort of iron pen; and a fourth a sweetmeat, for this wise god, they say, is very fond of good living.

Now, very many prayers are offered to Ganesa, and it would be well for professed Christians, young and old, if they sought the help and guidance of "the only wise God and our Saviour," as often as the ignorant Hindoos worship this wretched idol; for they honour him at the beginning of all their religious ceremonies. Nor then only, but on many other occasions. When a person leaves his house to begin a journey, he says, "O thou work-perfecting Ganesa! grant me success in my journey." Often at the commencement of a letter, they write some short address to this idol. His help is also asked when any one begins a book. The school-boy never writes a line in a new copy-book without first drawing his figure. And "Praise to Ganesa," or something similar, is the first sentence in every book. He himself was never married, but yet he is the patron of all who are so.

But the power of Ganesa is thought to be almost as great as his wisdom. One day (so the sacred

books tell us), Siva (another god) and his wife Parvuti were gambling together. Vishnu was also present; and while looking on the game, he said something that was false about Parvuti. Upon this, she got so angry that she cursed Vishnu, and at once he was changed into a serpent. As Vishnu did not like his new condition, he begged Siva to take away the curse. Siva, however, either could not, or would not do so; but told him to go out and meet his son Ganesa, who was coming home after having conquered a great king called Kaymugan. He went and waited for him under a banian-tree. As soon as he drew near, the great serpent glided out, and worshipped the god with the elephant's head. How he did this we are not told; but as Ganesa was pleased with the honour done to him, he restored Vishnu to his original form. Ganesa is a kind of household god in some parts of India, and his image may be often seen over the doors of merchants and traders, who think that he will guide and prosper them. As he is supposed to have so much wisdom, it is not wonderful that lunatics and insane people should be put under his protection. "Once," says the Rev. G. Gogerly, "I saw a poor insane woman sitting before an image of this idol. She was taken there by her friends, every morning, and kept there through a good part of the day, in the hope that her reason would be restored." How we should pity those who have no better helper than this idol! and how thankful should we be for the assurance, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him!" And how happy should we feel, if we can do anything to teach these poor

blinded creatures "where is wisdom, and where is the place of understanding."

But the foolish people who worship this idol, have as little reason to trust his power, as they have his wisdom. His four arms can give them no help. A young couple were married. According to custom, they made large offerings to Ganesa; and after spending a few days with their friends, they set out on a journey, but before they begun it, they again worshipped the idol, and gave presents to the priests. Very confident, after showing Ganesa so much respect, that he would take care of them, they left their friends, carrying with them their little property, the richest part of which were the jewels and wedding ornaments of the wife. As they travelled, some men met them who had been to worship another idol, called Bhawanee. The strangers were very civil, and begged the young couple to go with them a short distance. Not thinking of danger, as they were under the protection of Ganesa, they went without fear. They turned out of the open road, and soon found themselves with their new companions, in a very solitary place. Now the truth all at once appeared. These strangers were Thugs, and they had enticed them into this lone spot to rob and murder them. It was useless now to call upon Ganesa; the wretched Thugs seized the helpless pair; they struggled, but in vain. In a few minutes, bride and bridegroom lay pale and dead on the ground; the bride stripped of her ornaments, the bridegroom of his attire. "Happy are they," and only they, "who have the God of Jacob for their help!"

THOUGHTS OF A HEATHEN.

THE heathen seldom *think*. Now, as the Word of God tells us they *sit* in darkness, and in darkness all surrounding objects seem alike, so it is with them. Nothing wise, or great, or good, attracts their attention or awakens their interest. They look upon the towering mountains and the swelling floods, the bright heavens and the green earth, and rarely ask, "Who hath created these things?" Men live and die around them, but they inquire not what they are, and whither they go. But it is not *always* so. Sometimes their minds are moved, their consciences accuse them, and they "feel after God, if haply they might find him." Of this, the following is a striking instance:—

Sekesa, a Bechuana, thus addressed a missionary, from whom he had been hearing the gospel:—

"Your views, O white man, are just what I wanted and sought for before I knew you. Twelve years ago, I went, in a cloudy season, to feed my flock along the Tlotse, among the Malutis. Seated upon a rock, in sight of my sheep, I asked myself sad questions; yes, *sad*, because I could not answer them. The *stars*, said I, who touched them with his hand? On what pillars do they rest? The *waters* are not weary: they run without ceasing, at night and morning alike; but where do they stop? or who makes them run thus? The *clouds* also go, return, and fall in water to the earth. Whence do *they* arise? Who *sends* them? It surely is not the Barokas (rainmakers) who gave us the rain, for how could they make it? The *wind*—what is it? Who brings it or takes it away, makes it blow, and roar, and frighten us? Do I know how the *corn* grows? Yesterday, there was not a blade to be seen in my field. To-day, I return and find something. It is very small; I can scarcely see it, but it

will grow up like to a young man. Who can have given the ground wisdom and power to produce it? *Then I buried my forehead in my hands.*

"Again I thought within myself, and I said, We all depart, but this country remains, it alone remains, for we *all* go away. But whither do we go? My heart answered, Perhaps other men live, besides us, and we shall go to them. A second time it said, Perhaps those men live under the earth, and we shall go to them. But another thought rose against it, and said, Those men under the earth, whence come *they*? Then my heart did not know what more to think. It wandered.

"Then my heart rose and spoke to me, saying, All men do much evil, and thou, thou also hast done much evil. Woe to thee! I recalled many wrongs which I had done to others, and because of them my conscience gnawed me in secret, as I sat alone on the rock. I say I was afraid. I got up, and ran after my sheep, trying to enliven myself; but I trembled much!"

And, dear young friends, shall these poor heathen be left thus to grope their way in the dark? If you saw a poor, blind, and bewildered creature who had lost his road, walking towards the edge of a precipice, or the mouth of a pit, is there one of you that would not run and take his hand, and lead him to a place of safety? Can you, then, suffer such benighted wanderers as Sekesa, to walk in darkness without that guidance which God has provided? Oh no! He who came from heaven to seek and to save the lost, has said, "Deliver them from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom;" and surely you will hasten to their rescue,—will pray and give, and labour, for their salvation.

KHOABANE, AN AFRICAN CHRISTIAN.

THE French Missionaries in South Africa have been very useful to the heathen. Lately, not less than four Massouta chiefs were baptized, in the presence of fifteen hundred people. The conversion of one of them, named Khoabane, awakened the most extraordinary interest through the whole land. Many natives came more than sixty miles, to be present at his baptism. The following is Khoabane's speech on the occasion:—

"Yes!" said he, "Yes! I *must* speak, so that all the world may hear and know what kind of a man I have been! You missionaries bear me witness! I am a great sinner—a warrior striving against God. To say nothing of my former life, even since I have attended this house of prayer, I have persecuted my own family who wished to serve him. Moses," continued he, addressing another of the chiefs, "it is well thou art present as a witness. Chosane and Ramaisa (the first a great chief, and the other his eldest son, who were both absent at a distant station), you should also have been here. My own son has greatly troubled me, that he is not present. Thou, Moses, first brought the missionaries to my house. Thou saidst: 'Khoabane, I place thee at the head of this station, that thou mayest listen to the missionary when he preaches; we will then learn from thee what kind of knowledge he brings.' This knowledge, Moses, have I embraced as the truth. Think not, however, that I desired to receive the Christian religion, and to separate myself from my wives. No! I ridiculed both the missionary and his sermons. I said, 'How can people like me hear the same tale over and over again? Wherefore do they not leave us, after they have told us all they have to say?' But my conscience began to awaken, as I heard the missionaries say

'Take it into your serious consideration. Is it a man that speaks these things to your conscience, or is it the word of God that searches you?'

"It was then that, filled with sorrow and fear, I tried to follow the advice of the missionaries, and to draw near to God in prayer; but at first I found no comfort. My heart brought before me all my evil deeds, and I was forced to confess my sins. If you would see a great sinner, then look upon me; for such a mighty, such a terrible sinner stands before you. I am Khoabane, the ox, who would not allow himself to be put into the yoke. What crime have I not committed? *Here, yes, even here in this assembly, there are many I have made orphans, whose fathers, whose uncles, whose natural protectors, I have slain. I have robbed them of their goods; and while their poor children have been dying of hunger. I have been glorying in my deeds.* I boasted of my courage above all the other chiefs. When I was but a youth, I heard one day that there was a conjurer who could foretell things to come, and I took a young ox to purchase this knowledge, that I might obtain the mastery over all my companions."

Here Khoabane appeared to be suffering from the most painful feelings. Tears flowed from his eyes, and, for a moment, he was unable to speak; but again lifting his hand to heaven, he continued, with an effort that brought tears from the whole congregation:—

"Oh how I deserve the hottest punishment! I am utterly polluted! O Jesus, help me! O my Father, have mercy upon me! Receive graciously a rebel who has boasted of his wickedness! Oh! how much have I dishonoured my God; Him who gave me life, and who has kept me alive to this day! I have mocked both his truth, and the righteous of the earth. I have said, 'These people deceive themselves, and believe a fable without understanding it. They neither credit the missionaries, nor their word.' But now you may say

of me, that such is *my* condition, that my faith is not sincere, nor grounded on conviction. O Jesus! I trust alone in thy blood! On thee alone is my hope! O my Saviour, be gracious to me! Strengthen me, establish me, that I may never grow weary of thy service. To the world I will look no more. I am dead to the world. Take me to thy heaven, my God, that I may rejoice for ever there! I pray for my brethren who are yet without thee—for the orphans whose fathers I have destroyed. You whom I have injured, forgive me. If you had the wish to hear this from my mouth, you are now gratified. I cannot say more. I acknowledge my sins, I renounce my evil works, and I declare that my full confidence is placed in Jesus alone."

From that time, Khoabane did all he could to become a blessing to the people to whom he was, before his conversion, a curse; and now, the pious wife, whom he once despised and cruelly persecuted, because she was a Christian, is the object of his love, and shares with her husband the peace of pardon, and the joy of God's salvation.

TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

ONE of the missionaries at Zoar, on the borders of Caffreland, gives the following account of a worthy woman at his station:—

"The salt of the station, the pearls of my flock, are found among the women. I do not mean those who show more knowledge than the rest, and can *talk* much about the doctrines of the gospel; but rather those who show their faith more by their *works* than by their *words*. This is the case with Pella Koch, one who little dreams that I should mention her name. Pella Koch is a poor widow. In many ways she resembles her of Zarephath. Instead, however, of having an only child, she has one son, and two daughters,

all dependent on their mother. Under a greater necessity than many others, must she pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' for often the oil in the cruse and the meal in the barrel are not only nearly, but quite gone; and sometimes she and her family know not the taste of bread for many days together. But amidst every privation, no murmur is heard from her lips; indeed, while others think it hard that they cannot get luxuries, neither myself nor my dear wife ever heard her complain when in want of the common necessities of life.

"She is weakly and almost always out of health, and the only work she can do is to sew. By this means she maintains herself and family, though her sight is bad, and she constantly suffers from a complaint in her eyes. Her children always come clean and neat to school; and I do not remember that they were ever, in a single instance, absent when it was open.

"She appears in the midst of her poverty richer than many around her. And she truly is so, which makes her case still more like the widow of Zarephath; for she helps every one, and those most of all from whom she gets no reward. Whoever want a cloak or a gown properly shaped go to Pella, and Pella is always ready to assist them. But she is most willing to serve her gracious Lord, and it is her greatest pleasure to do anything to promote his cause. She not only assists my wife in teaching the girls the use of the needle, but she prepares all the work beforehand for the Sewing Society. Her zeal is unwearied; and although she labours four times as much as most others for mere charity, her subscription to the Mission is one of the largest on the list. But the most amiable trait in her character is, that she never seems in the least to be aware that she is doing more than others, or that she has any claim to approval above them."

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

A CAFFRE woman was converted by the preaching of a missionary, and soon showed, by her conduct, what a great change had taken place in her mind. But her husband was a heathen; and he was so angry when he saw that his wife had become a Christian, that he treated her very badly. As she could not get any rest at home, she sought it in the house of a kind relation at another missionary station, who loved Jesus Christ. But her husband went after her, and tried to persuade her to return home. The good woman told him that she would gladly do so, if he would clothe himself in decent garments, cultivate his ground, and treat her properly. Her kind manner and gentle words touched his hard heart; and, as he loved his wife, he made up his mind to do what she desired. He therefore returned to his home, and began to work so hard that, in a short time, he had not only ploughed his ground, and planted it with food, but had bought himself suitable clothing. Quite a new man in appearance and manners, he hastened to his wife, to claim from her the fulfilment of her promise. She was struck with the change; and now readily consented to return to her house. From that time, the improved habits of the husband enabled him to provide for himself and for her a comfortable living.

The heathen relations of the husband soon saw the difference. First amongst them was his mother. Before the daughter-in-law left her husband, this old woman persecuted her fiercely for her religion. But now she may be seen coming to the house in a very quiet and humble way to ask for food. She, however, is only one of many who observe the difference, and who, instead of laughing at, and opposing the Christian woman, as they did before, now gather round

the door of the hut, as at dinner time the smoke is rising from the chimney, and the steam from the pot, to beg for some share of those good things which they are too lazy to get for themselves.

“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.”

A CONVERTED weaver in India had to make some cloth; but not having any money, he took the stuff to make it with on credit from a dealer, and paid him when he had sold the cloth. Some one asked the dealer, who was still a heathen, how he could have trusted such a low fellow with so much stuff, when the dealer answered: “While the weaver was a heathen, no one would have trusted him with a pound; but now that he is a Christian, many might trust him safely with twenty or thirty pounds. He is an honest man; why, then, should I not trust him?”

Such is the witness of an enemy, to the excellence of the Christian religion, in a land where truth and honesty are unknown to many millions of mankind. Another person adds, “Our dear native Christians are truly happy. They are bright examples of the truth of the gospel. Peace, and love, and joy, reign in their families. How different their conscientiousness and all their behaviour now, from what it was, every heathen must observe and acknowledge!”

CONVERSION OF A YOUNG HINDOO.

“CAN Krishna be a true God, when he encourages lies?” asked a young Hindoo. That was the first ray of light which beamed into his dark soul. He had a little book in his hand, which showed him the folly of seeking salvation by bathing his body in the Ganges; while it proved to him, that Jesus was the true and only Saviour. His uncle, who

gave him the little book, was an idol-worshipper, and lent it him for amusement, little thinking that he would believe it. His friends then made him read the history of Krishna, and other heathen tales; but still he said, "How can Krishna encourage lies, if he is a god?" They replied, "The man speaks as a Christian; where has he learnt that?" The uncle remembered giving him the book, and he had it immediately taken out of his way; but the little spark that had been kindled within him, was not to be put out.

The youth was still more eager to obtain Christian books; and a native teacher to whom he went, supplied him. Whenever he was alone, he applied himself day and night to read them; and his soul grieved over the wickedness of the heathen around him. He then told his friends, that "the Christian religion was the only true way of salvation." They, however, spurned him from them; but his father said, "Yes! this religion is the only true religion, and in time we shall all receive it." His uncle, however, told him, that if he turned Christian, he would take all from him that he had, and would drive him forth without house or home into the world. This alarmed him for a time, and he delayed making a public profession; for his love to God was not yet strong enough to give up all for Christ.

In the course of his reading, he shortly after met with this passage: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." This gave him confidence in God. He began to pray that such might be his case; and he waited for further light to shine upon his path; and soon deliverance came. His uncle died; and the youth offered himself for baptism, and was shortly after received into the church. He became a sincere and humble disciple of Jesus. But where was his father? His friends persuaded him to make a pilgrimage to the temples of the heathen gods; and he was never heard of afterwards. He

walked not in the light that was given to him; but loved darkness rather than light,—while the son's name is written in the Lamb's book of life.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST BY A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER.

"SEE," said he, "the walls are built of pebbles, made fast with mortar, so that they become one mass: the door is the work of a European; the glass for the windows, the locks, the paint, the nails, are from England. Now, the wood is from the forest, the pebbles from the shore, the lime from the hills; and altogether they make the building complete. Thus the church of the redeemed on earth is brought together of different parts, and from different places. Our missionary is from England; I, the speaker, am from Tapo; and many of us are from different tribes and villages; but we are all one body in Christ Jesus.

"Again, in the houses of England there are several rooms; some to eat in, some to sit in, and some to sleep in. Thus is it with the kingdom of God: 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Further, a few of the rooms are lined with wainscot, adorned with pictures and beautiful chairs and tables, and covered with many-coloured carpets, so that no one, with filthy clothes or dirty feet, may enter, lest he should injure the furniture. So, in heaven, no one can enter who is unholy and unclean; because all that is there is holy, and beautiful, and clean for ever!"

It is not surprising that such language, from a native teacher, should make a great impression upon his countrymen. May it also teach us, that "without holiness no man can see the Lord!"

WHO HAS GIVEN THIS FARTHING ?

A MISSIONARY, on a visit to his own country, attended a meeting for the circulation of tracts. In the course of his address, he held up a small tract, in one of the languages of India, to the view of the congregation. "A copy of this tract," he said, "was the means of the conversion of the son of a chief, and it cost only a farthing!" Who gave that farthing? No one on earth will ever find out this; but God knows it, and perhaps he will make it known in the day of judgment, and will then acknowledge before the universe this humble offering of faith and love. How little is a farthing for any child to give! And yet, little as it may be, how powerful may it become in the hand of Him who "chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.

(Continued from page 18.)

A SECOND speech made by the young friends at the Meeting at Morden Hall, mentioned in the last Magazine, was by Master H. F. C., as follows:—

"DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

"I am sure that quite enough has been said concerning this resolution, to convince you that we ought to pass it. Indeed, I think you would have passed it, if nothing had been said about it; but, yet enough has not been said about the *subject* of the resolution, nor can enough ever be said of it. Who would think that God would allow us boys to have

a Missionary Association? Is it not great condescension in Him, who is not confined to means? It must be meant for our own good. Angels would rejoice to be your fellow-workers, but they cannot—their lips are sealed. An army of the redeemed who have entered into their eternal rest would joyously leave their abode on high, again visit this earth, and make known to the heathen the way of salvation, but this cannot be. God has appointed this life as the boundary within which all our usefulness is to be limited, and every one shall be judged at the last day according to his works, whether they be good, or whether they be evil. Every prayer we offer, must be offered in this world, ere we pass into the world of spirits; everything that is to be done, must be accomplished; therefore, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest. Oh! how many repent when it is too late, that they have done so little for Him, who has done so much for them! Let us then give the morning of our days, and the whole of our time and energies, to this great work. May God give us the desire! and the means will then assuredly be put within our reach to do much for Him. If we only give our subscriptions to this cause, we do but little for it. Oh! how much some give to it! They give *themselves*, as a former speaker said. They go and labour in the Missionary work; and are content, yea, joyous, to spend their days in their Master's service; and then they receive their reward—'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' The last speaker brought this subject before us very powerfully indeed: when we contemplate souls by the million, it is very solemn. What a sea of immortal mind! Why, sir, to look at that map is almost like what Noah saw when he first opened the window of the ark, and beheld sea everywhere. Can this mass of water ever disappear?

Look again. The sky is not all black. The mountain-tops can be just seen. See the little stars of blue to adorn Immanuel's crown. Yes, sir! and *every* clond shall disappear: the *whole* of that map shall be painted blue ere long. India is rich in materials. What a shrewd and powerful people they are! And India is rich in nature too. All there is beautiful. The flowers are painted more brilliantly than in other climes. Its feathered tribes are the admiration of the world; while its very insects are the astonishment of all who behold them. Its mountains and its valleys, its table-lands and steeps, its forests and its rivers, are all grand and beautiful; and the minds of those millions who are natives of those climes, shall partake of the gigantic character of all things that surround them:—

‘ From east to west, from north to south,
His name shall be adored.
India! with all thy millions, shout
“ Hosannah to the Lord !” ’

What a change takes place when a people leave heathenism and embrace Christianity! In reading for to-day's Meeting, this has struck me more than I ever remember it to have done before. The Rev. Mr. Ramftler states that a Hottentot, being under deep conviction of sin, wished to know how to pray. He went to his master, a Dutchman, to consult him; but he gave him no encouragement. A sense of his own wickedness increased, and he had no one near to direct him. Occasionally, however, he was admitted into the family at the time of prayer. The portion of Scripture which was one day read, was the parable of the Pharisee and Publican. While the prayer of the Pharisee was read, the poor Hottentot thought within himself, ‘ This is a good man, here is nothing for me; ’ but when his master came to the prayer of the Publican, ‘ God be merciful to me a

sinner!' 'This suits me,' he cried; 'now I know how to pray!' With this prayer he retired, and prayed *day* and *night* for *many days*, and then found peace: full of joy and gratitude he went into the fields; and, as he had no one to whom he could speak, he exclaimed, 'Ye hills! ye rocks! ye trees! ye rivers! hear what God has done for my soul; God has been merciful to me a sinner!' Their humility procured them very many blessings, while we have pride to conquer. Once an Indian and a white man being at worship together both were impressed with the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after brought to rejoice in pardoning mercy; the white man was for a long time under distress of mind, and at times almost ready to despair; but at last he was also brought to a comfortable sense of forgiving love. Some time after, meeting his Indian brother, he thus addressed him:— 'How is it that *I* should be under conviction so long, when *you* found comfort so soon?' 'O brother!' replied the Indian, 'me tell you. There come along a rich prince; he propose to give you a new coat; you look at your coat, and say, "I don't know; my coat pretty good; I believe it will do a little longer." He then offer me a new coat; I look on my old blanket; I say, "This good for nothing. I fling it right away, and accept the new coat." Just so, brother, you try to make your old righteousness do for some time; you loth to give it up; but me, poor Indian, had none. Therefore, I glad at once to receive the righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ.'—I thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the kind hearing you have given me, as it has not been without difficulty that I have ventured to stand before you; for I never spoke but once before, and that was from this very platform, two years ago this very day. I support this resolution with all my heart, Mr. Chairman."

HUNNUMAN—THE MONKEY GOD.

THE idolatries of the poor heathen are such as sometimes to create a smile; but more commonly to call forth a tear. What, for instance, can be more sad, and at the same time more silly, than the name and form of the idol about which we are now to tell you something? You have already, in this Number, one strange object of heathen worship drawn and described—a human body with an elephant's head. But Hunnuman is, if possible, yet more strange. Many people dislike monkeys, because they are so ugly; but others, and especially young folks, are amused by them, and like to watch their pranks and gambols, because they are so funny. But who would ever have supposed that anybody in the world, with eyes to see, and a heart to understand, should admire, and worship, and serve such creatures, or rather a very rude image of them, made of clay, or stone, or brass? But millions do this, whatever we may think of them and of their gods. Yes! in India, and especially in Southern India, that land of idols, few objects of idolatry are more common, or are treated with more respect. There the monkey-god has his noble temples, and his trains of priests, and his worshipping multitudes, and his rich offerings. Yes! "old men and maidens, young men and children," instead of praising *the Lord*, honour this ugly idol! Do you not wish to go and tell these poor people how foolish they are, and to make known to them the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent?

The supposed history and wonderful doings of Hunnuman, as they are described in what are miscalled "the *sacred books*" of the Hindoos, are too silly to be told. But we wish you just to think of the fact now named, that the monkey-god is honoured by millions in India. We shall

tell you two little stories about this: one of them will make you smile; the other, we think, should make you weep:—

One day a missionary went into a large temple of Hunuman; and as he walked up to the place where the idol stood, he was much struck with its ugliness. It was very large, and cut coarsely out of stone, in the usual figure of a great ape. To improve its appearance, it was painted red. But there was another thing which drew his attention, even more than the idol. It was a little Hindoo boy, who was sitting on the ground, pulling a string to and fro which was fastened to a large kind of fan, called a punkah, which hung from the ceiling, just over the idol, and which he waved in the air to make it cooler. The missionary went up to the boy, and said, "You foolish little fellow, what are you about?" "It is very warm, sir," said the boy. "Yes," answered the missionary; "it is warm, but a stone cannot feel either heat or cold." Unable to deny this, and early taught to believe a lie, the poor little fellow replied, "We think differently from you, sir. We think, that in doing this we honour the god."

On another occasion, a missionary was travelling in Southern India, and in the course of his journey he came to a dreary part of the road. It was a sandy plain, with some large rocks scattered about over it. As he went along, for some time he saw no form and heard no sound. It was very solitary and very silent. But all at once there came from among the rocks a human voice. It was the voice of sorrow. The tones at once told him that it came from some person in deep distress. Wishing to know the cause, and if possible to help a fellow-creature, the good missionary went towards the spot from which the sound proceeded; and, just as he had turned round a large rock, he came in sight of an old man, standing before a great stone idol. The poor creature was in every respect a pitiable object. He was

nearly naked, withered with age, and in appearance worn with grief. His looks, his posture, and his tones, showed too plainly, even before he told his tale, that he was a great sufferer. For there he stood, at the feet of the monkey-god, with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed upon the idol; and as he stood, he cried, "O Hunnuman! O Hunnuman! O Hunnuman! pity me! pity me! pity me! I die! I die! O Hunnuman! Hunnuman! pity me! pity me! I die! I die!" For some time, he continued to repeat these vain cries, in a tone of distress which went to the missionary's heart. Seeing that his whole soul was engaged in these useless prayers to this senseless block, the good man did not, for a little while, disturb him, but stood looking at the poor creature with tearful eyes and pitying heart. At length, he went up to the place, and said, "My friend, what is the matter?" For some time, however, he asked this question in vain. After trying again and again, he could not draw off the poor creature's eyes from the idol, or prevent him from repeating his prayer. But at length he turned round, and, looking at the missionary, said, "O sir! I am a miserable old man! My wife is dead; my cattle are dead; and all my children are dead, except one, and he has now turned me out of my house to die! And I am come here to tell Hunnuman my sorrows, and to get my god to help me." The missionary was pierced as he heard this tale of woe, and at once began to tell him that story of love and mercy which the gospel brings, those glad tidings of great joy which have come to us from heaven. This was a new sound to the aged heathen. He could scarcely understand what the missionary said. His words were strange things to his ears. Whether they went deeper into his heart, the messenger of Christ could not tell, as he was forced to hasten on his journey, and leave the wretched old man behind.

When, oh when! will the time be that all shall know

Him who came to bind up the broken heart, to comfort those that mourn; and while saving men from earthly sorrow, prepare them for heavenly joy? Dear young friends never cease to pray and labour for the cause of Christ and Missions, while an idol exists, or a single idolater remains.

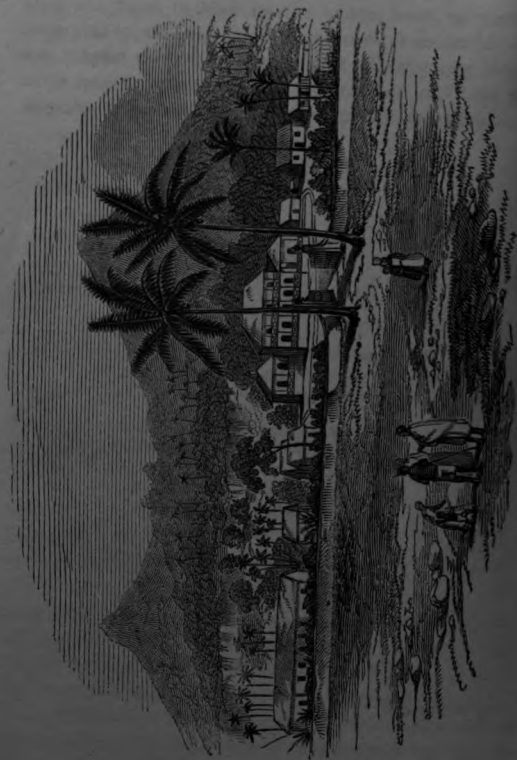
A PLEA FOR THE HEATHEN.

CHILDREN of the British islands!
Oh ye happy, favour'd train!
Pity little heathen children
Who ne'er heard a Saviour's name!
May their voices
In your glad hosannahs join!

Aid in sending forth the Gospel
To the nations far abroad;
Aid in turning wretched pagans
From their idols to the Lord.
Blend your efforts
In the glorious Mission cause!—

Till from China's teeming millions,
Till from India's far-off strands,
Till from Afric's sunny regions,
Children of all hues and lands,
In sweet chorus,
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise!

SUSANNAH B.



MISSION PREMISES AT RAROTONGA.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1851.

EDUCATION OF NATIVE MISSIONARIES AT RAROTONGA.

ONLY twenty-eight years ago, the Rarotongans were degraded and miserable heathens, killing and feasting upon one another. About that time, Mr. Williams landed native teachers on their island, who, under God, were the means of persuading them to abandon idolatry. Five years afterwards, and as soon as it was safe for Europeans to venture to live amongst them, Mr. Williams and Mr. Pitman paid them a visit, and remained on their island for some months. During that time, Mr. Buzacott arrived from England; and, as the natives were kind, although rude, it was agreed that he and Mr. Pitman should dwell there, and learn their language, while Mr. Williams returned to his own station at Raiatea, in "The Messenger of Peace," which he had built at Rarotonga. As there were no books, and they had never seen writing, it took many long years of labour to learn their language and to civilise so wild a people. But when this was in some measure effected, and the Gospel had taken hold of their minds, and very

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many had been converted to God, the missionaries wanted to send the same blessed Gospel to other islands, where the people were still heathen. With this view, Mr. Buzacott selected five pious natives, that he might instruct and prepare them for that work. But he could not teach them as much as he wished, because the poor heathen were perishing for lack of knowledge. They were, therefore, soon sent out to other islands, to publish the love and salvation of Jesus; and God greatly blessed the labours of some of them. Still, as there are hundreds of islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the name of Jesus is not known, it was plain, that a great many more native teachers must be taught and sent to them, to preach the Gospel.

Then it was proposed that a piece of land should be bought, and that houses should be built for these pious natives to live in, while they were being taught. Mr. Buzacott was chosen to be the tutor, and to get the buildings erected. For this purpose, a cart was brought in a ship from Sydney. It was the first the natives had ever seen; and I cannot tell you how greatly they were delighted when they saw it filled with heavy stones, and yet drawn along quite easily by a mule which belonged to Mrs. Buzacott. Before this they had never seen an animal work, and they themselves always carried their heavy burdens; but now they saw to their great joy, that the mule was doing their hard work for them. Yet there was one difficulty. Up to this time the mule had lived a very easy life of it; and he was so frolicsome and full of spirit, that, although he would pull the cart

very well when it was filled with stones, just because he could not then run away, no sooner were the stones taken out than he would begin to jump, and kick, and caper away with the empty cart; and the animal was so strong, that the natives could not possibly prevent his having it all his own way. Again and again he served them this trick, and injured both cart and harness; but they found out his intentions, and after this the natives would not trust him any longer. They, therefore, always took the mule out of the cart when they had emptied it of the stones, and pulled it empty back themselves, to the place of loading, leading the mule, which would then very good naturedly draw to the building another load of stones. Nor was this all; for the natives, at this time, were almost as wild as the mule. They showed this while engaged about what was to them strange work. Before this, they had been used to houses built of thatch and reed, and lath and plaster; and it was therefore with no little difficulty that they built houses of stone. To encourage the people in their work, according to the custom of the country, before they began, Makea, the chief, made a great feast of hogs roasted whole, with fruits and vegetables. Then, about a week afterwards, the under-chiefs gave them a second feast; and a week after that, Mr. Buzacott gave them a third. These feasts put them in good spirits, and they set to work in right earnest. The work was to them very hard, and very slow; and, although they were pleased to see such fine strong dwellings rising up, and these too the work of their own hands, yet

every now and then their patience would fail them and they would hastily build up a great deal that Mr. Buzacott, when he came to see it, was obliged to have taken down again. It was a very difficult thing to make so many natives do what was right; for there were often some hundreds, like bees in their hive, or ants on their hill, at work at the same time. But at last the buildings were finished, just as you see them in the frontispiece. The largest of these is Mr. Buzacott's dwelling-house—it stands in the centre. The wing on the left is the lecture-room and study; and that on the right, the front part, is the girls' school-room. The cottages at the left are occupied by the students and their wives; for these are also instructed in various ways, that they may be able to teach the females, in the lands to which they may be sent. You can only see in the picture the backs of the cottages; they all face the large house, and have little green plots in front. The houses on the right are the printing-office, the servants' houses, and the workshop, where the students learn the use of tools, two or three hours every day. From all the islands of the Hervey Group, young men and young women have been sent to Rarotonga, to be trained for this great work; and already, no less than one hundred and nine have been sent out, some of whom have died martyrs in the cause. Seventeen were in the Institution when the last report was sent home; and we hope very many more will be admitted to it. There is so much work yet to be done, that many hundreds of native teachers will be required to do it;

and to have good teachers they must have good instruction.

It is pleasing to tell our young friends, that the entire Bible, in the Rarotonga language, will, we hope, be printed in this country, and be carried out by Mr. Buzacott, in "The John Williams." This will be greatly prized by the people—and it well may be; for, when they were first visited by the missionaries, they had never seen a book, and had no written language. There is also a similar institution at Samoa, and latterly one has been formed at Tahiti.

Now, we hope our young friends will be encouraged by this account, especially those who collect for the Missionary Society, and who are trying to get money for repairing that good ship, without which these native teachers could not be sent to the dark and distant islands, where so many of them have carried the light of the Gospel. What reason have we to wonder at what God has done among the heathen, by missionaries! Only think, dear young friends, of the fact, that, only twenty-eight years ago, Rarotonga had not been discovered; and that then all its inhabitants were savages and cannibals; but that, since then, more than a hundred pious natives have gone forth from that one spot, as missionaries, to their heathen brethren. And what reason have you to be happy, and thankful, if you have been able to do anything to help these servants of God in their noble work!

RETURN OF THE REV. J. J. FREEMAN.

By the time this Magazine reaches our readers, many of them will have heard with pleasure that the Rev. J. J. Freeman, after being absent more than two years, has returned in safety to his country. And no doubt you will want to know what he has seen and done during all this time. He is too busy now, and will be for some months, to write much for our pages. But we can tell our readers a *little* about his long and interesting journey, with which they will be pleased, and which just for the present must satisfy them.

On Tuesday evening, February 4th, a very large congregation assembled at the Poultry Chapel, London, to return thanks to God for having preserved Mr. Freeman by land and by sea, as well as to hear from his lips some account of his journey.

For more than an hour, Mr. Freeman described the course he had followed and some of the effects of missionary labour which he had seen and heard in South Africa and Mauritius. And I think you will be glad to have a short outline of his address.

Mr. Freeman reached Cape Town in February, 1849, and was much pleased to meet there that great and good man, Dr. Philip, whose life has been spent in seeking the temporal happiness and salvation of the oppressed and degraded Africans. He is now old and feeble, but as zealous as he ever was in the cause of missions. After spending three months at Cape Town, Mr. Freeman bought a large waggon, and what is called in South Africa a span of oxen, the number necessary, which is eight or ten, to draw that waggon. He then began his journey to the east; and if you wish to trace his steps, you must get a map of Africa, and

find out the different places which I will name to you. First then he went to Zuurbrak, Pacaltsdorp, Dysseldorp, Hankey, Bethelsdorp, and Theopolis. These places are mostly inhabited by Hottentots, who were once slaves, and many of whom owe, not only their liberty, but their lives and their salvation to the labours of missionaries. Here there are schools, and many Christians. "In these institutions," said Mr. F., "our Society has been greatly honoured, and a vast amount of good has been done. Many hundred Hottentots and their descendants have been, or are still members of the churches, and their children are trained up in the Mission-schools; many have been saved that were ready to perish."

As there was much to please and much to praise in all these stations, Mr. Freeman said that he did not like to describe only one of them, and thus to seem to overlook the others; but, as the time did not allow him to tell the people what he saw at *all* of them, he would only refer to Hankey. There, he said, a large number of people were engaged in tilling the ground, and other useful labour. But although the Gamtoos river runs near this station, when the missionaries went there, they found that a large tract of ground was barren for want of water, and as there were hills between it and the river, nobody supposed that it could ever be cultivated. But at length the missionary, who was a son of Dr. Phillip, thought that, if a tunnel could be cut through the rock, the water of the river might be brought into the plain. This seemed to some a very strange and a very foolish thought. Many laughed at the idea of cutting a long tunnel through a hard rock. Even in England this is no easy work; but to attempt it in Africa, and with no better workmen than Hottentots! Yet, though ridiculed, it was not only attempted, but it was *done*. Mr. Freeman walked through this wonderful tunnel. He saw

the stream flowing in its channel to the gardens, and fields and farms, which flourished with verdure, and brought forth plentifully, where before there was nothing but a scorched and barren plain. This change in the country was a fit image of the far greater and better change which God had produced in the hearts and characters of hundreds of the people, who dwell there, when by the labours of the missionary, he "poured waters upon him that was thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." When Mr. Freeman was there, he found the people collecting money to build a new chapel, and he saw houses rising up all around him. There would not, however, have been so much doing in this way, had not a flood swept down many of their former dwellings. That flood was a dreadful one. It rose very suddenly, and spread so fast over a part of the station near the river, that some of the people had not time to save themselves. Poor creatures! Their friends who had fled to higher ground, saw their danger, but could not help them. The waters rose higher and still higher, and death was at hand! What could they do? Did they weep and scream and cry to their fellow-creatures for help? No! they were Christians! and "while the nearer waters rolled" and rose around them, they were heard singing a beautiful hymn, until they were swept away and sunk in the flood.

Mr. Freeman then went to Uitenhage and Graham's Town. He was much pleased with what he witnessed of the work of God at both those places. At Graham's Town, he preached to two congregations, "and saw," he said, "with these eyes, what God had wrought for them."

Mr. Freeman next proceeded to Caffreland. Now generally the Caffres are still heathen, and the missionary stations amongst them had been much injured, or else destroyed, during the late war between them and the English. But yet he found much that was pleasing. The missionaries, instead of

being cast down, were quite sure of success. Mr. Freeman stated that "they would rather die there in the service of God, than quit that field for another. "I'll never forsake it," said one good old missionary, Mr. Kayser; "and if I die, let me be buried among the people of the land—the Caffres."

After visiting the Bushmen, in what is called Madoor's country, Mr. Freeman crossed some mountains named the Winterberg, or Winter *mount*, range. And he found it answer to the name; for, even in that hot country, the cold was such as he never suffered in England, or anywhere else. Having stayed for a short time at Shiloh, a Moravian station, he reached the Kat river settlement. At a new Mission near, called Tidmanton, Mr. Freeman took part in the ordination of the first native pastor, an excellent man, called Van Rooyen. The people greatly wished to have him, because he was a good man, and had been very useful amongst them. The service was solemn, and in the midst of it the pious native was so overcome by his feelings, that Mr. Freeman was obliged to lead him out of the chapel into the open air.

There is not space enough to describe what Mr. Freeman saw and did at Cradock and other missionary stations, on his way to the Orange river. This river he had to cross. In former days when good Mr. Campbell went to Africa, this was a difficult and dangerous thing. In the *Juvenile Magazine* for September, 1848, you will read an account and see a picture of the way in which it was done. But, now, instead of making the poor oxen swim through the wide stream, dragging the waggon behind them, there is a barge large enough to take both beasts and burdens, and carry them safely to the farther shore. This river is the boundary of Cape Colony; and when Mr. Freeman had crossed it, he came amongst the Griquas. Some of these

were there to meet him with a *horse* waggon, for they wanted to get him to the first station, Phillipolis, much sooner than the slow oxen would have dragged him thither. And Mr. Freeman was pleased with the change, for he was not *very* fond of being jolted along at the rate of three miles an hour. But his new carriage dashed on at a great rate, and soon brought him to Phillipolis. There he preached to a congregation of 700, and sat down at the Lord's table with 400 members. While he was there, he attended a large Missionary Meeting. A civil magistrate took the chair, "and a *very* civil magistrate," said Mr. Freeman, "he was." Many converted Griquas and Bechuanas spoke, and £100 was raised or promised on the occasion!

At Griqua Town, to which Mr. Freeman afterwards went, he met the Griqua chief, Waterboer, now an old man, but one of the wisest and most useful natives ever converted. For a very long time this good man has been a great blessing to his people, and is so still.

What Mr. Freeman saw in this part of South Africa pleased him much, and showed to him very clearly what God had done for the Griquas. When missionaries first went among them, they were ignorant, filthy, wild, and wandering savages; but now how changed! More than 1000 of them are members of the Church of Christ!

From the Griqua country Mr. Freeman travelled to the Kuruman, where Mr. Moffat labours. Here again he saw the blessed effects of the Gospel. The chapel, he says, is an honour to South Africa, and would be no disgrace to London. There were good congregations, and a great many who showed that they were real Christians. This station is nearly 1000 miles from Cape Town. A short time since, it was surrounded by darkness, but now it is a centre of light. Not only does the missionary preach and

teach the Gospel, but the printing-press also is at work there.

But Mr. Freeman had not yet gone so far as he intended. There were other spots he wished to visit, and to these he went in company with Mr. Moffat. One of these was Kolobeng, where Dr. Livingstone labours. This is the missionary who lately discovered the Lake Gnami, and the rivers that flow into it; and he is one of those men who are never stopped by difficulty, in trying to carry the Gospel to the untaught heathen.

It is impossible to trace Mr. Freeman's footsteps back to Cape Town, which was by a very different way from that by which he had come. He crossed the country towards the south-east, and visited the Basutos, and the French missionaries who are labouring amongst them. There also he was pleased and encouraged by what he saw. "I can scarcely think," he said, "that the worst unbeliever in France, or the most ill-natured in any country, could visit the Basutos, know what they *were*, and see what they *are*, without confessing that there is something *there* in Christianity than he had dreamed of."

After crossing another mountain range, called the Drakenberg, he reached Port Natal, on the east coast, and sailed from that place back to Cape Town. Having stayed here a short time, he took ship for Mauritius, where he was welcomed by many of the inhabitants of Madagascar, and had the happiness of preaching the Gospel to them in their own language. Mr. Freeman tried to get to their island, but could not.

Now, although many of you would have been very much delighted had you been thus far with Mr. Freeman, and had seen some of the strange places and stranger people of South Africa, I think you would have been still more pleased to have accompanied him during the rest of his journey on his

way home First you would have gone with him to that lovely island, Ceylon, where the spicy breezes and the rich vegetation delight the sense; and from its shores you would have sailed away in a fine steamer for the Red sea. There your eyes would have looked upon Mount Sinai and other spots named in the Bible. Then you would have crossed the desert of Suez into Egypt, and have walked about among the ancient-looking buildings, and more ancient-looking people of that noble city, Cairo. From the top of one of the minarets (they are the towers of the Mahometan mosques or temples) you would have looked down upon the river Nile, and the scenes where the enslaved Israelites laboured and suffered, and where the finger of God was shown in the plagues by which he punished the Egyptians. Having visited many ancient tombs and the pyramids, and having climbed to the top of the largest of them, you would have gone from Egypt upon a camel, and have crossed the desert into Judea. There you would have spent a few days at Jerusalem, and having made excursions to the Mount of Olives, Bethany, Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Dead sea, and other scenes of deepest interest, you would have passed north, through Samaria, and Galilee, to the Lake of Tiberias, to Cæsarea Philippi, and to Damascus. Then you would have crossed Lebanon to Beyrout, there have taken ship for Alexandria, where you would have embarked for England, and after visiting Malta and Gibraltar, have reached once more your native land.

Before this account is in the hands of our readers, Mr. Freeman will have told the young, in some juvenile meetings, which will be held in London, during February, many other things which will be particularly interesting to them; and we hope in a future number of our magazine, to spread the intelligence still wider.

SCENES IN THE DESERT.

NOTHING can be more dreary or desolate than parts of the country over which the missionaries in South Africa sometimes travel, when, like Jesus Christ, they are "going about doing good." Often, as far as the eye can reach, no signs of living man can be seen. Not a town, nor a village, nor a hut, appears through the wide-spread prospect. There are no gardens, no fields, no cultivation. Farms and orchards, parks and pleasure-grounds, such as we see in our own happy land, are not to be found there. No inns, no hedges, no guide-posts, no roads, are met with in these desert lands. How, then, do the missionaries find their way through such wild solitudes? Often, with great difficulty, and with nothing better to guide them than the ruts of some waggon which may have formerly passed over the country, and a few faint traces of which still remain in the ground. It was so with Messrs. Arbousset and Daumas. Having gone a long way in order to find a road, they came at last to the ruts of a waggon; but they had not followed it very long, when night came on, darkness was all around them, and they could no longer see the marks of the wheels; yet it was necessary that they should continue their journey. But how *could* they? I'll tell you. They sent a native before them, upon his hands and knees, to *feel* for the right way. "The sun had set," writes Mr. Arbousset, "leaving behind him darkness and gloomy thoughts. I felt only fear. The desert, hunger, and dangers of every kind, were present before me, to make me afraid. Silence surrounded me, which was broken only by some ferocious howl, by the yelping of jackals, or by the hollow flapping of the wings of some bird of night which crossed our path, as if to increase our fears." In the midst of this darkness, their guide repeatedly cried out that they had lost their way.

and then they were forced to stop, that he might grope about again with his hand, for the ruts of the waggon. Soon after sunset, a large dark thunder-cloud gathered over their heads, and heavy drops began to fall. They tried to light a fire; but the wind and rain soon put it out. Nothing now could be done, but to cover themselves, as well as they were able, with their cloaks, and then to crouch close together under the noses of the horses, which they held by the bridle all night, in case the lions should attack them. But at length that night of danger passed, and the welcome morning dawned; it was the morning of the Sabbath. But what a contrast was it from the Sabbath which we enjoy! Having raised their thoughts and prayers to heaven, they were forced to pursue their journey. Wet and weary, therefore, they went on their way, until they came to the ruins of a deserted village, where the ground was strewed with the skulls of its former inhabitants, who had been destroyed, and probably devoured by the fierce people, more fierce and cruel than the wild beasts around them; people, who can prowl about in these dark places of the earth, to plunder and murder their fellow-men.

But, at the close of the Sabbath, a stranger came to this Golgotha, to invite the travellers to a town called Malibaring. They accepted the invitation; and, on the following morning, they went to the place. But, though God gave them favour with the chief, their stay was short. They then travelled to the west; but at night were forced again to stop and sleep in the desert, surrounded by wild beasts, which soon drove away all their cattle to a distance from their little encampment. Two days after this, they came to another native town; but the people fled from them. At length the chief, Sebuka, and his counsellor, were brought to the waggon, when one of the Bechuanas accompanying the missionaries addressed them; and, as this address, de-

livered by a man who, a few years before, had been as wild and wicked as Sebuka, will show the change produced by missionary labours; some parts of it will be given.

"These whites," said he, pointing to the missionaries, "have a father and a mother, brothers and friends. They have left all these. They have come from beyond a country of water (the sea). They love people. Their parents have sent them to us."

"Of cattle, you have none. They covet neither your millet, nor your maize, nor your pumpkins."

"If you find them lean, it is because they are travellers.* At Kokuatse, when a traveller arrives, what is done? I suppose that they gather around him. Every one wishes to see him—to hear him. Every one desires to sit on the skirts of his mantle, to inquire of him the news. *Thou, Sabuka, you, his chiefmen, what are you about to-day?* I assure you, I—your own brother—that these whites are in deed bearers of good news. They have come to make you acquainted with their God. Do you know who he is?"

"*Yes,*" answered one of them eagerly; "*it is the sun.*" But many others cried, "*No! it is the Creator of the sun.*"

"Their God," continued the Bechuana, "has made the sun. He hath created the high heavens, and the earth, and the waters, great and small. He hath also given his only Son. He hath given him for us. It is chiefly about him that these people speak to us. And what is his name? His name is Jesus, the Saviour."

"Do not sheep often wander? Yes. And what do shepherds do then? They throw off their kaross and run to seek them, in spite of hunger and fatigue. If they find the sheep, they bring them back with joy. Jesus is the Shepherd of men—their good shepherd. His sheep have all gone

* Among savages, those who travel have but poor fare.

to feed on cursed pasture-lands, the grass and waters of which cause death. He has seen it. He has come to seek them. He leads them back to blessed pasturage."

PROGRESS OF COLLECTIONS FOR THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

Few cases have shown more clearly the value of juvenile efforts than the collection which has been made, and which is still going on, for the repairs and outfit of the Missionary Ship. When six thousand pounds were raised to buy that ship, many friends, who could not be called young, gave large sums; but it is quite otherwise now. The directors do not know that one large donation has been given. All the money yet received has been collected or given by their young friends. This, then, is truly a juvenile effort. And it may be added, that, to a large extent, it is the effort of our Sunday schools. Wherever, indeed, ministers have invited and exhorted the young folks in their congregations to help this good work, many a little collector has stepped forward with a smiling face and a ready hand, to take a card; but, whether this has been done or not, most superintendents and teachers of our Sabbath schools have been alive to the object; and hence, from those best training establishments, in cities, towns, and villages, in rills and streams, money has been poured into the Mission House. Most cheering has it been to see the readiness, energy, and success with which the zealous little collectors have gone about their work. Of this many proofs might be given; but, where all have done so well, it would not be fair or kind to make a selection. If, however, such a selection were made, it would not be from among the larger places. We might indeed report some good sums from London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other towns; but we should rather point to some small vil-

lages, which have sent from £2 to £10. Look to the end of the *Missionary Chronicle* for February, and there you will read the names of many places, which you never heard of before, and which you will not find in any map. Now all this is good—very good.

First, the *money* is good; for it is a large sum, and it will be as useful as it is possible for money to be made. At present, the amount received is £2400, but there is more to come. And, as the directors have now resolved to keep the account open until the end of March, those of you who have not taken any part in the work, may still get collecting cards, by sending to the Rev. E. Prout, at the Mission House, London.

Then, the *pleasure* of engaging in such a service is good. There is no pleasure so good as that of doing good. This pleasure is felt at the time; it is felt afterwards, from the recollection of having been thus engaged, and from seeing some of the fruits of our labours. And, if the motive is right, it will be felt when we come to die, and even beyond the grave.

Some who have collected for, or who gave to this object, have already died. And, do you think they were sorry or glad at having helped the missionaries? One very interesting case of the kind was given in the January number of our Magazine; and I will tell you another now. It is furnished by the Rev. John Reynolds, of Gloucester.

"One of the young friends," he writes, "whose cards, with the donations collected, I herewith send you, has been suddenly removed by death into the joy of her Lord. Her name was Elizabeth Lydia Wilkins, a lovely girl, remarkable for her love to the missionary cause. When I proposed to her that she should become a collector, she was delighted to be permitted to do something for 'The John Williams;' and worked hard to fill her card with subscriptions. Often was she repulsed

from the doors of those to whom she applied for a trifling donation, after going off to a considerable distance in full expectation of success. But these discouragements only stimulated her to even greater perseverance; and, only sickness and death *interrupted* her labours to extend the kingdom of the Saviour she loved so well. May our juvenile missionary collectors as zealously work, while it is called to-day, as did my young friend; seeing that the night of death might be nearer than they imagine, wherein they can no longer work in this good cause."

Then, the *thoughts* you have had while you have been engaged in this work, have, I hope, been good; for it ought to do you good to *think* about such a cause as that of missions, the very cause about which Jesus Christ thought most when he was upon earth, and about which he is always thinking now that he is in heaven. It is still better to *love* that cause. And best of all is it to *form the habit* of *helping* it on, because we love it. And we hope that many of you, from this time, will be more anxious than ever to spread the Gospel all the world around. And I think it will be good, when your ship is sailing about in the great South Sea, visiting the different missionary stations, and carrying teachers and Bibles to the poor ignorant heathen, to *recollect*, that you had a part in fitting her out for so useful a service.

But, though *money* raised for such an object is good, and the *pleasure* of getting it is good, and the *feelings* and *habits* thus nourished are good; there is, above all these, *the thing* itself, for which you have given and laboured. And what is that? It is, to enlighten those that are in darkness, to make the miserable happy, and to save such as are ready to perish. Once, at a missionary meeting in the South Sea, a native speaker said, that he had been thinking about a name to give to the money they collected for the Missionary

Society; and he could not tell what better to call it, than "money to save lost souls." How good, and how great a thing, then, must it be, to get money for such a purpose!

It would have been pleasant to have sent a letter to the young people in every congregation, and in every school, not only to thank them for what they have done, but to encourage them to go on in so good a work. But it was quite impossible to write so many letters. Still the young should know, that the directors are very much pleased with what they have done, and very thankful indeed to them for doing it. And the missionaries in the South Seas, when they hear of it, will also be thankful, and much encouraged to find that you think about them, and do what you can to help them in the work. And you may be quite sure that the native teachers, and the members of the churches, and thousands of poor perishing heathens, will join in thanking you, and still more in thanking God, for putting it into your hearts to do this thing.

You are good shipowners, dear young friends. You have taken care of your own vessel. And now we hope you will all take still more care of your souls. If you live, you will have to sail over a dangerous sea. And each of you should inquire, whether God will be with you, to carry you safely over it to the better land.

JUVENILE AUXILIARY MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

THE Fifth Annual Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary, at Union Chapel, Islington, was held on Tuesday, January 7th, when the Rev. H. Allon presided; and the young people were addressed by Captain Morgan, of "The John Williams," Mr. Slatyer, from Jamaica, Mr. Darling, from the South Seas, W. Leavers, Esq., and the chairman.

The Report stated, that the sum raised during the year was £66 16s. 3½d.,—nearly double the amount of the previous year. And the second resolution pledged the meeting to increased exertions—a promise which we have no doubt the young people will keep.

In the year 1812, an Auxiliary Missionary Society was formed by and under the superintendence of the pastor, the Rev Thomas Lewis. It is pleasing to learn, that this Auxiliary has raised and paid to the Parent Society upwards of *ten thousand pounds?*

In this good work, many of the young people and children of the congregation have been employed; and, on every *special* occasion, by cards and other means they have raised a handsome sum. Four years ago, it was considered wise to begin a Juvenile Missionary Society, under the superintendence of the junior pastor, the Rev. Henry Allon, and W. Leavers, Esq. They formed a committee of young gentlemen, and the work was commenced.

Nine months ago, the senior pastor thought that the young ladies also should be similarly employed, and invited a few of them to his house, to confer together respecting it. This conference led to the formation of a Female Juvenile Society; and it is pleasing to find that, in three-quarters of the year, no less than £26 13s. 2d. have been raised by their efforts.

A Sunday School branch has also been commenced this year; and the children have collected £9 6s. 3d., in addition to £12 which they annually raise for Bangalore.

(To the Editor of the JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.)

DEAR SIR,

WE held one of our Juvenile Association Meetings at Maberly Schools, on 3rd February, 1851, and it is with much pleasure I inform you that in the short space of three years and a quarter we have raised the sum necessary for

the four years' maintenance of the Chinese student, Lee Kimlin, i. e. £100.

We have not put an end to our Association, because this work is done. Our young friends have heartily resolved "to continue their exertions for China," and have agreed to raise enough for the support of a lad named Tsung Foo, who is in Mr. Muirhead's school. He is to be called after their pastor and friend, "Robert Philip;" and, further, they intend to raise enough for the support of several girls in a school they hear Miss Philip is establishing at Shanghai.

Now as I feel much gratified with the continued and zealous exertions of our young friends, most of whom are in our Sunday-school, I thought you ought to share my pleasure, and that through your nice little pages other young people might hear what has been done, and be stirred up to do more for the heathen.

And our young people themselves, seeing that good and wise men are pleased at what they have done, and far beyond all that, feeling that their heavenly Father looks down with pleasure on their little offerings, will, I hope, begin their new work with renewed zeal and never tire, but go on paying and praying, till

"Every heathen child shall know
The blessings Jesus can bestow."

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

P. H. HADRILL.

February 4th, 1851

TO THE JUVENILE COLLECTORS FOR THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

CHILDREN ! cease not your endeavour
To procure the needful means
To proclaim Jehovah's favour
To the earth's most distant ends.

Ask in faith, devoutly wrestle,
For a blessing from above,
On your Missionary Vessel,
Bearing news of heavenly love.

Children ! you who nobly bought her,
You who raised the princely sum—
Children ! you must now support her;
Do not think your work is done.

Every week begin collecting,
Ask for small or larger sums ;
Prudence, all your zeal directing,
May success your efforts crown.

Take the halfpenny and penny,
Nor the farthing e'er refuse ;
Little gifts bestow'd by many,
Help to send the glorious news.

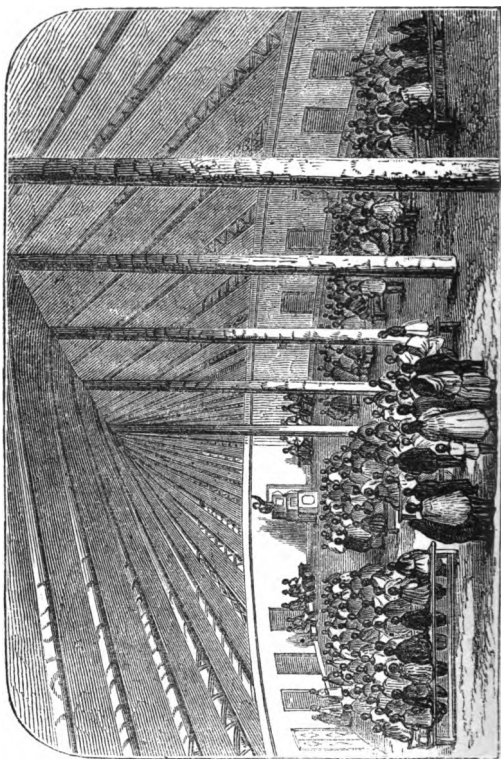
Do not give your vessel up,
Never let her flag be furl'd,
Her bless'd course must not be stopp'd
While there's yet a heathen world.

Think how swiftly time is flying !—
None can stay its rapid flight ;
Think how many souls are dying—
All unblest with gospel light !

Then, dear children, cease not ever,
While the day of life is given ;
But let each anew endeavour
To advance this work of heaven.

Romsey

S. M. F



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1851.

**CHAPEL AT UTUROA, ISLAND OF RAIATEA, SOCIETY
ISLANDS.**

OUR readers have often heard of John Williams, the good missionary who was so cruelly murdered by the savages of Erromanga, and after whom the Ship is named. Many years ago he lived at Raiatea, where he preached the Gospel and did a great deal of good to the people, who used to meet together in such numbers to hear him, that he persuaded them to build a chapel large enough to hold them all. This they were quite willing to do, and all set to work with heart and hand. But this was not a very easy task, for they had not been used to much labour, and the climate there is so very hot, that when any person even moves about, the perspiration rolls down the body. But they loved Mr. Williams, and were willing to do almost everything he wished them ; and so, under his direction, they cut down trees, and sawed them up into planks and boards, or cut them with axes into posts and beams. Some gathered reeds for the thatch, some the timber for the rafters ; others, taught by the

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missionary, who knew how to do almost everything of the kind, set up forges, and made nails, and screws, and bolts, and hinges, and other iron-work. While their fathers were working hard at the building, the young people and children were not idle. They prepared arrowroot, and cocoa-nut-oil, and other produce of the island, which they exchanged with sailors for hammers, chisels, and saws. Nor did Mr. Williams merely look on, and tell the workmen what to do. He took his full share of the labour, for he was a very diligent man, and wished to teach, as we all should do, by example as well as by precept—by deeds, and not merely by words. At length the Chapel was finished, and a good Chapel it was. The Frontispiece will give you some idea of the inside. It is oval in shape, and will hold a thousand people. The walls are boarded, and painted white; but the windows and doors are green. You may see in the woodcut that the rafters are ornamented, and that the whole appearance of the place is very striking; but it never looks so beautiful as on the Sabbath-day, when it is crowded with a large, attentive, and neatly-dressed congregation. Few sights are more interesting than such a listening company; few sounds so sweet as those which rise to heaven, when they sing with heart and voice one of their beautiful hymns. If you look at the Frontispiece, you may see in the pulpit good old Mr. Platt, who followed Mr. Williams as the missionary at Raiatea. Many interesting services have been held in this Chapel; but there was one which took place not long ago at which many of

you would have very much liked to have been present. Raiatea, you may remember, was the refuge of Queen Pomare when she fled from Tahiti, after the French had taken possession of it; and the meeting I speak of was, a meeting for prayer, which the pious Queen had requested the missionary and the people to hold, that they might ask God to guide and preserve her as she returned to Tahiti. For, though she had agreed to go back, and to submit to the French, when the steam-ship of war came to Raiatea to fetch her and her family, she had many fears; and therefore, she asked the people to meet together and pray with her and for her before she went on board.

When the morning came on which she was to leave them, and before the sun was risen in the heavens, the people were all awake and in motion, and by sunrise they had assembled in the chapel, waiting for the Queen. In a short time, Pomare, her husband, and her children, entered and took their seats. As soon as they had done so, an old disciple and a faithful servant of Pomare, named Rotea, went into the reading-desk and gave out a hymn, which the people sang. Then he read the 14th chapter of the Gospel by St. John; that beautiful chapter, which begins with the words, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Afterwards he offered a very suitable prayer, and asked God to bless the Queen, to guide her through the difficult path that lay before her, to protect her from all evil, and to incline the hearts of the French rulers to be kind, and to make all things wor-

together for good, both to her and to her people; that the word of God might still grow and prosper in her land. After this prayer, Mr. Platt and Mr. Charter, the missionaries, exhorted the Queen and all present to look to God, and to hold fast the truth; and concluded the meeting with prayer. It was very impressive to see Pomare then stand up in the midst of the people, and look round upon them, as if she wished to speak. But this she could not do, for her heart was too full; she only said, therefore, in a low tone to those near her, "Peace be to you, from God and from his Son Jesus Christ." She and her family went at once from the house of prayer to the beach, where a boat was waiting to carry them off to the steamer. They were followed by all the people, who, as soon as they saw the Queen step into the boat, raised a loud and mournful cry, which was heard at a great distance. All exclaimed, "Alas, Pomare! alas, Pomare! you are leaving us and going amongst strangers!"

Pomare returned to Tahiti, and she is now living in her own house in peace, amongst her own people.

THE POOR FISHERMAN'S LAMP.

MANY years ago, a poor fisherman, who carried on his profession on a bold and rocky coast, sailed out to sea one day to cast his lines into the deep. Towards evening, when he was about to return, the wind suddenly sprung up, and became stronger and stronger, until it rose to a violent storm. The small worn-out boat of the fisherman was a poor vessel to bear such a gale, and it was tossed about on the high, rough waves like a ball of feathers—now lifted upon their foaming crest, and now sinking down in the deep hollow,

with watery walls on either side. The coast toward which he was steering was very dangerous. High precipices overhung the deep, and reefs ran out from the shore. Some sharp rocks rose above the water, but others far more to be feared lay hid beneath it. Well did the poor man know, that if on that dark and dreadful night his little boat did but touch one of these rocks, it would break to pieces like an egg-shell, and that he would sink like a stone in the deep water. What the fisherman felt as the night grew black around him, and hid everything from his view but the foaming billows, you may imagine; for now, he could no longer see any marks to steer by, and soon he knew not on what part of the coast he was. Every moment he expected to strike upon some fatal rock, which would burst the frail planks of his boat, and prove to him the stroke of death. It was a dreadful hour; but lo! while almost suffering the bitterness of death, a glancing ray of light beamed faintly upon him from the shore, and showed him the direction of the coast. It came from a little lamp, which burned and shone from the window of a humble hut. Revived and rejoiced by this ray of hope, he now put forth the utmost effort of his remaining strength, and calling upon God for help, he rowed, with weak oars, his little bark through the wild breakers directly towards the light. Nearer and still nearer he approached the shore: his mind tossed like the sea around him with the dread of death and the hope of life, till at last, to his great joy, he sprung safely upon land. Overcome with his exertion, he sank to the ground; but at length he found strength enough to rise and kneel, and thank the merciful hand of God for delivering him from so great a danger. But he did more than this—he determined to build a hut on that very spot, with a window towards the sea, and every night to put in that window a bright lamp, to direct storm-tossed or shipwrecked mariners to a

place of safety. Poor though he was, he was able to fulfil his vow. And he would rather be without bread to eat than that that lamp should want oil to feed the flame. The hut stands to this day, and its nightly bright light has already saved many, and shown them the way across the stormy wave.

Now to such a light the cause of Missions may be fitly compared; and the poor fisherman resembles those men of God who seek to place the light of life where the benighted and perishing may see it, and be saved. They can tell from their own experience what it is to be tossed on the dark and dangerous ocean of this sinful world, in storm and night, without compass, or land-mark, and without a ray of light to steer by, in the fear of death and hell. But they have found deliverance. It was brought to them by the bright light of the Gospel. This has shown them the way of life. And how can they who have thus escaped the dread of danger, and found the joy of salvation, do otherwise than, like the fisherman, place their lamp in the window, that it may shine into the darkness of the heathen world, that thousands of others, yet in sorrow and sin, may see the light that leads to salvation and eternal glory? Should they not rather want bread than that the Missionary Lamp should lack oil? Have you, dear reader, such a lamp in your window? I mean, Have you that merciful compassion, that willingness to make sacrifices to save the heathen from spiritual and eternal death, which the poor fisherman felt for the deliverance of the storm-tossed mariner?

THE BRAHMIN OUTWITTED.

MISSIONARIES in India have more difficulties than in many heathen countries. Most of the people there think themselves very clever, but especially the Brahmins. These men often rail against the Gospel, and sometimes

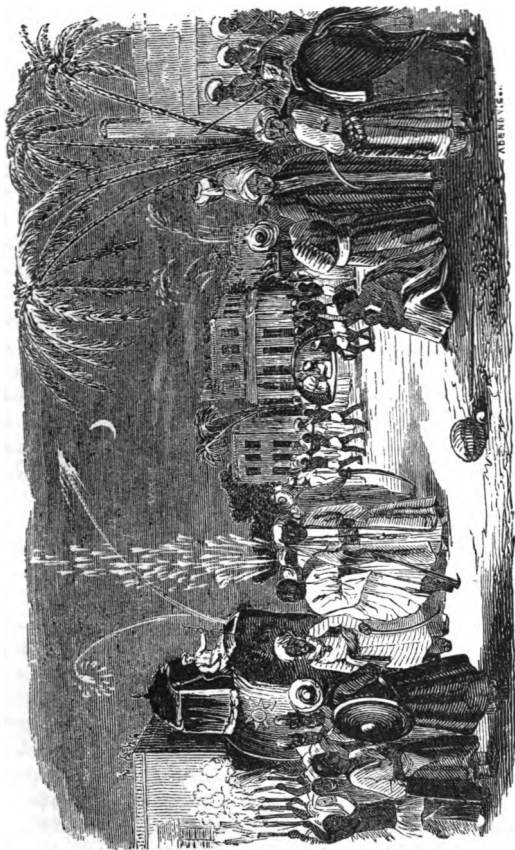
make many bold assertions. "It is impossible to reason with them," writes a missionary; "and, at times, we use stratagem to silence them, as the following will show:—A Brahmin, on one occasion, declared very positively that he himself, was God. The missionary, not willing to enter into a fruitless controversy with the man, thrust his hand into his pocket, and then asked him, 'How many fingers he had on his hand.' 'Now, indeed,' answered he, '*that* is nothing; every man has five fingers on his hand.' 'Confess now that thou knowest nothing,' said the missionary, 'and that therefore, thou art not God; for *I* have on my hand not *five* fingers, but only *four fingers and a half*.' He then drew forth his hand from his pocket, and showed it, with part of one finger cut off, to the people. All laughed the proud Brahmin to scorn, and he went away ashamed."

MARRIAGE PROCESSIONS IN INDIA.

THE annexed woodcut represents a Marriage Procession in Calcutta, which is very much like the description given by our Lord in the parable of the Ten Virgins. It takes place at midnight. At that hour there may be seen a beautifully ornamented Palankeen, carried on the shoulders of four or six men, in which is seated the bridegroom, going to claim his bride. He is accompanied by a great number of his friends and relatives, some of whom have lamps and torches, which they supply with oil out of a small vessel which they carry for that purpose; whilst others bear imitation trees, artificial flowers, and sometimes figures made of wood and paper, covered with glittering tinsel, representing one of the scenes from the history of Kristno, one of their gods. While they pass along, fire-works are also let off, some of which are very pretty. Bands of music always attend and make the most horrible noises. But at other times you may see something far more strange, and which shows but

too clearly that the people are heathens. In these smart palankeens two children are seated, face to face—a little boy and a little girl, perhaps about four or five years old. They are dressed in a most beautiful style, their clothes covered with gold, and their persons with jewels. They are about to be betrothed, that is, to be bound to be married to one another. The wedding-ring, which the little girl receives and wears as the sign of her being married, is not put on the *finger* as in *this* country, but is worn in the *nose*, and it looks very strange indeed. The procession begins as soon as it is dark, and continues till past midnight; and the poor little children, notwithstanding the din of the music, the glare of the lights, and the noise of the people, frequently fall asleep in the palankeen. Sometimes, when the bridegroom goes alone, he rides upon a horse instead of using a palankeen, with a very splendid *chattah* (which is a large gilded umbrella) held over his head. When they have spent several hours in parading the streets, they retire to the house of the father of the bride, where a great feast is prepared, which is followed by music and dancing.

Of course these poor little children cannot tell whether, when they grow up to be men and women, they will love or even like one another. But their heathen parents care nothing about this. Indeed, in this and many other ways, it is shown that they are very little concerned about the present or future happiness of their families. They follow the customs of the country, and never consider or inquire whether they are good or bad. Such questions as "Is this *wise*?" "Is it *right*?" "Is it *good*?" are seldom heard from a heathen. It is only when the light of the Gospel shines in upon them, that they begin to think in this way. Happy will it be for them, and happy for their children, when "all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest!"



WEDDING PROCESSION IN INDIA.

LITTLE ROBERT.

WHEN I was a child, nothing gave me more pleasure than reading or hearing a story, and I used to think "A Story-Book" one of my choicest treasures. And when I asked the question, "Is it true?" and was answered that it was, my delight was very great indeed. Now I fancy that, in this respect, children are still very much what they were twenty years ago. Indeed, they ought to be wiser and better, because they have many more advantages. But there are some children who improve these advantages, as well as possess them; and those who do so are not content with becoming wiser and better themselves, but they wish very much that others around them, and such as live in distant lands, should know and enjoy the same things. Children of this kind generally love to hear about missionaries, and are ready to do what they can to help them. This was the case with a dear little boy that I am going to tell you about. His name was Robert, and before he was four years old, he had begun to think about the poor heathen, and to consider what he could do for them.

At that time, this dear little fellow was the picture of health and happiness, with his rosy cheeks and flaxen hair. But it pleased God early to send disease and death to take him to that better land, where he will meet some of the heathen children whom *he* has helped to lead to God. Every Sunday he had a farthing given to him, as a reward; and how do you think he would spend it? Alas! I have seen, with pain, children in my class come into school with an apple, an orange, or a paper of sweetmeats, purchased *on the Sabbath-day*. I fear girls and boys who sin so greatly against God forget that He sees all their actions, and rewards them also. But little Robert always brought his

farthing to put into the Missionary Box, and he dropped it in with more pleasure than if many farthings had been given to spend upon himself. One day his teacher observed his eyes red with weeping, and said, "What is the matter, Robert? I hope you have not been a naughty boy." "No, ma'am," sobbed the dear little fellow, "but I have not had my farthing." His teacher appeared not to understand him, that she might learn from his replies what was passing in his infant mind, and said, "What did you wish to do with your farthing? I hope you were not going to spend it." "Oh no," replied the child, quite shocked at the idea. "I was going to put it into the box for the missionaries." "Missionaries! who are they?" "Why, ma'am, don't you know? they are good, kind people that go all the way over the sea, to teach the black people to love Jesus Christ." "Who is Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ came down from heaven to die for us, and save us from our sins; and if we love Him, He will take us up above the sky to live with Him for ever." "Can you see Jesus?" continued his teacher. "Oh no," said he, "there is the great thick sky between; but He can see us through the sky."—My young friends must remember that Robert was only three years and eight months old when he died, and then they will not be surprised at his childish expressions. About two months before he died, he was attacked with scarlatina: and while ill, his distress was not from his sufferings, but because he could not go to school, either on the Sabbath-day or during the week; and when he had partly recovered, he begged so hard to be taken to the Infant-school, to see his "dear, kind governess," that his request was granted. But he took cold again, and after much suffering, he left this sinful world, and is now in "that happy land, far, far away," about which he used to sing so prettily. "Grandmother," said he, "do you think Jesus would take me up in His

arms, and bless me, if He were here ?” “ Yes, my darling,” said she; “ if you love Him, He will love you.” “ Oh, then, I *do* love Him; and when you go to heaven, will you take me up with you, for I want to be in heaven with Jesus ?”

Robert’s father was a sailor, and when he came home from a long voyage, to visit his family, almost the first question that little Robert put to him was, “ Father, do you see the poor black children when you go over the sea ? and do you ever see the good missionaries ?” In fact, his thoughts were always on better things than the vanities of this world ; and his *last act* (not an hour before his death) was to put four little coins, which had been given to him, and which he valued above all besides, into the box.

Those very coins I have seen, wrapped up in a piece of white paper, carefully stuck together with gum. They had been held in his little hands the whole evening, till the paper was damp with the dews of death; and simple and trifling as they are in themselves, *they were his all*, and, like the widow’s “ two mites,” they are esteemed precious in God’s sight.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting of the Wakefield Juvenile Missionary Association took place on the 23rd of January. After tea, the numerous friends assembled were gratified to learn that the funds of this year exceed those of any preceding one since its establishment ; as will be seen by the following statement:—

	£	s.	d.
In the year ending 1850	46	10	9½
In the year ending 1851	66	9	7
Missionary Ship	2	0	0
Total for this year	68	9	7

Interesting and impressive addresses were delivered by the Revs. C. H. Bateman; Wilson, Burnley; Creed, Wakefield; Mr. Dick, Silcoates; and Mr. Pae, Wakefield; and other friends.

Our young people were highly delighted, and we hope greatly profited, as they were exhorted to "continue in prayer" for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; so that all their efforts might be crowned with much success.

THE "GODLESS" HOTTENTOT BOY.

ONE of the missionaries in South Africa thus addresses young people, in the following letter, about "Godless."

DEAR CHILDREN,—

On one of my journeys to Cape Town, a Hottentot boy about fourteen years of age, joined himself one day to my company. I knew not whence he came, nor whither he was going. He had neither clothes nor food; for with such things a Hottentot seldom troubles himself when on a journey. He leaves himself to any chance that may arise; and if other people won't give him what he needs, he will steal it. He can go without food a few days; or he will eat roots, or whatever comes in his way. At the place of my encampment for the night, which was on the open field, he remained with my people, and I allowed him to sup with them. He seemed much to enjoy his food; and, after I had read a chapter of the Bible, and prayed, he stretched himself by the fire, and slept soundly. I regarded him some time with compassion, and next morning questioned him a little, Whether he had ever thanked God for his food? Whether he knew anything about his Maker? Whether he ever thought who made the heavens and the earth, and the sun, moon, and stars? or whether he had ever heard of

Jesus? To all these questions he answered with an expressive 'No!'.
P

"You see, dear young people, how ignorant Hottentot children are about God, and the welfare of their immortal souls. But sin they know well enough, and are instructed in that from their earliest youth. You will, however, wonder when I tell you that these children are born and brought up among people calling themselves Christians; who do not let a day pass without reading a chapter of the Bible, and singing and prayer. I will endeavour to clear up your wonder. All the Hottentots who do not live in villages, or at a mission-station, dwell with Boers (or country people of Dutch extraction). They do not live together in villages, but in lonely places, near fountains of water, or small brooks, and keep themselves almost entirely to themselves. To get service as cheap as possible, many of these Boers hire the poor Hottentots with wine, which they make themselves, or spirits, which they distil from grapes; and allow them to commit any sins they like, if they are not against their master's interest. But if any of these poor negroes were to come into the house to listen to the Bible, or take part in family prayer or singing, the Boers would say, 'What do the black people want here? Or oftener, 'What do these black beasts here! Drive away these cursed sons of Ham!'

"You see, then, how it is that the poor negroes, though they live among professing Christians, learn every sin; but never learn to know their God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Indeed, through the conduct of these Boers, they rather take a disgust at all religious things; and imagine that the service of God, and the Christian religion, are altogether against their happiness and improvement. But I must tell you more about the boy. I spoke to him about God, that He was the Creator of all things, and about Jesus Christ.

who had come from heaven to seek and save the lost; and how He suffered and died to make us holy and happy. I advised him to pray, and to attend the preaching of a missionary who laboured near the place where he lived. He remained another day with me, ate and drank as much as he wanted; and then, as our roads now separated, we parted. And in what way do you think he *thanked* me when he left? He *stole* something that he could hide in the bush! This land has many such as this poor boy. But despise him not on account of his ingratitude; for it is not so much his fault as the fault of those people called Christians, who let him grow up in sin, without ever seeking to train him to God and righteousness. Pray for him, and for thousands like him, who have no helper, that Jesus might send more missionaries to teach dying men the way of truth in this dark land!"

THE "GODLY" HOTTENTOT BOY.

I HAVE described a godless Hottentot boy. I shall now tell you about another who was godly. He was called "Gottlob." This name was given to him when he was baptized; it means, "to praise God." His former name was Thomas. Of his early conduct I do not know anything; but it is likely he was as bad as other boys. Lying, stealing, and other sins, are commonly practised by the ungodly Hottentots, and they try which can do these evils most cleverly. As Gottlob was the son of a poor widow, who had a large family of orphan children to provide for, he was obliged, when very young, to watch his uncle's cattle, to get his daily bread. He could not, therefore, attend the school, and I first became acquainted with him when the word of God had touched his heart, and the Holy Spirit had convinced him that he was a lost creature. He then came to me with the question, "What

must I do to be saved?" I answered him to his satisfaction, and placed him in the list of candidates for baptism. As I had great pleasure in his conduct, especially his fervour in prayer, as well as the particular quiet joy he showed, I baptized him. He lived to honour the name he bore, and to praise his God, as I will now show you by a circumstance related to me by an old Christian woman who lately made a long journey with him. They had unyoked for the night at a place where there were several Hottentots, old and young, assembled to drink brandy, play the fiddle, and dance—the common amusement of the heathen Hottentots, and those who are called Christian Boers. Gottlob stood awhile, looking with pity upon this foolish and sinful sport. At length the young people came round him, and asked him whether he could not play? He replied that he could. They immediately offered him their fiddles, in order to try his skill. He declined the offer, and said he could not play on any fiddle but his own. This made them more curious than ever to know what sort of a fiddle that must be; and they pressed him more than ever to fetch it, and show it to them. He said it was locked up in the waggon chest, so that he could not get at it. Then, they asked him to give a description of it—what sort of wood it was made of, and how he played it. "It looks black and white," he replied, "and plays very well—far better than any of yours." After much guessing, it came out at last that his fiddle was nothing but a book. "You have your pleasure," he said, "in fiddling and dancing; I have also my pleasure, but it is in my book. Your pleasure is sinful and wasteful, but mine is useful and wholesome; your joy will soon pass away, but mine will be for ever."

They now left off questioning him, and went to dance and play, but he went to pray for them, and to give God thanks that his eyes were opened to see that the pleasures of sin were but for a moment, while the joys of religion were etern-

Which of these two Hottentot boys pleases you the best? Unquestionably, Gottlob ! Pray then, dear young friends, that our gracious Saviour would bring many more Hottentot boys to the same state of mind as Gottlob's ; and let me remind you, that the firmness of the Hottentot boy, his quickness and piety, may be your shame, except you strive to be like him.

"MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

"MAMMA," said a bright little boy one day to his mother. "I want to go and get some chesnuds, so as to have something to give the little heathen children." So saying, he called his little brother, about four years of age, and they went very happily together to their work. They toiled for some time, and soon gathered their dishes full; and although they were quite tired, they still persevered in their labour, and soon gathered enough to send away. They then handed them to their dear papa, and he gave them their value in money. Their happy faces brightened up as they received it, and the elder said to the younger brother, "Now we have got some money to buy Bibles for the heathen!" They then laid it up in their little missionary-box, to give it on the first opportunity. Now these dear little boys were very happy, *because they wanted to do good*. When asked if they were not more happy than they would have been had they kept the money for their own benefit, they replied, "Yes, because it will make the little heathens better when they read the Bibles." Now I hope all our young readers will do what they can to send the Gospel to the benighted heathen; and if they cannot get chesnuds to sell for money, perhaps they can get something else that will be valuable; and thus help to save the poor perishing heathen. Then, dear children, shall you realize the truth of that saying "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Youth's Day-spring.*

SALVATION FOR THE WORLD.

ALMIGHTY God, at thy command
This world at first to being came ;
The heavenly space was spread around,
Shone sun and stars with steady flame.
Creation wide thine impress bears,
And wondrous in our eyes appears.

But man, in thine own image made,
Thine other works excels afar ;
All creatures else must own him head,
And bow to him their governor.
How happy was man's first estate !
The misery of his fall how great !

In disobedience to his God,
Through Satan's artful, tempting power,
He tasted the forbidden food,
And pangs unknown until that hour.
Henceforth fair Eden's gate was barr'd,
Against his face, with flaming sword.

Thus man, in guilt and sin ensnared,
Lost all communion with his God—
Of future joy henceforth despair'd,
And sunk beneath the chastening rod ;
Till the sweet promise he received—
" Thy seed shall bruise the serpent's head."

The Saviour, moved with pity great,
Seeing us wandering far from God,
To raise us from our ruin'd state,
Came down and shed his precious blood.
To ransom man our Jesus died—
None could have paid the price beside.

Then send these glorious tidings forth—
To heathen lands the Gospel bear ;
From East to West, from South to North,
Proclaim them loud in every ear :
Till all on earth have heard the sound,
And peace and joy through Christ have found.

Soon may the expected day appear,
In ancient prophecy foretold ;
Soon may the great millennial year
Be usher'd in throughout the world.
And then mankind again shall know
The happiness of heaven below.

“ FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE.”

CHRISTIAN ! thy Saviour God,
To redeem thee shed his blood ;
When no other arm could save,
Then for thee himself he gave.
When in darkness, sin, and woe,
And in misery lying low,
Then by him thou wast made free—
By his blood he ransomed thee.

Shall not, then, thy tongue proclaim
Glory, honour to his name ?
Wilt thou not his goodness tell,
Who redeemed thy soul from hell ?
Wilt thou not to all around
Show the Saviour thou hast found ;
When his grace, so rich and free,
Freely he hath given thee ?

SALVATION.

Words and Music by T. W. Sykes.

Al-migh-ty God, at thy command, This world at

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Salvation'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff (soprano or alto clef), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, with lyrics underneath. The vocal and bass parts provide harmonic support.

first to be-ing came; The heavenly space was

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves with the same key and time signatures. The lyrics 'first to be-ing came; The heavenly space was' are written below the vocal staff.

spread a - round, Shone Sun and stars with

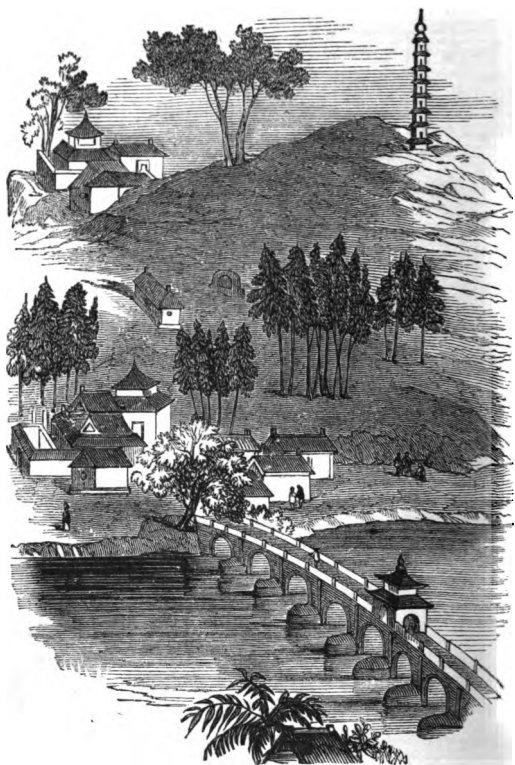
The third and final system of musical notation for this page. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics 'spread a - round, Shone Sun and stars with' are written below the vocal staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

sta - dy flame. Cre - a - Mon wide thine im - pres

wears, And won-drous in our eyes ap - pears.

And wondrous in our eyes appears,

And won-drous in our eyes ap - pears.



BRIDGE AT WOO-YUEN, CHINA.

THE

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1851.

CHINESE INNS.

FEW Englishmen have seen anything of the interior of China; and though there are now many very instructive books which describe the manners and customs of the people, we have still much to learn respecting them. Some time ago, a missionary who wished to know more about the country and its inhabitants, took a long journey there; and as he spoke the language very well and was dressed like a Chinese, nobody found out that he was a foreigner. In a journal which he kept while travelling, he described the most remarkable places he saw, and the most interesting circumstances he met with. I can now only give you a short description of one or two of the inns (as they are called), in which he was forced to live and to lodge; and that description will show that his journey was not one of much pleasure.

On all the great roads of China inns are nearly as common as they are in this country. They are known by a sign hung out in front of the door, which informs the traveller that he may get within "middling accommodations and convenient meals."

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The accommodations are "middling" enough, as I will show you presently; and the meals anything but "convenient." These inns, in country places, are mere cottages of one story, with a mud floor and sides made of planks. The strangers must not expect to find bed-linen and tablecloths; for indeed the tables are always well covered with dirt, sometimes an inch thick. There are no windows in the sleeping-rooms, which is an advantage; because the weary traveller cannot see the filth in the midst of which he must find rest. Sometimes there are several small bedsteads in the room, provided with straw and a mat; but it is more common to find there only one, about six feet wide and ten long, upon which three or four persons must sleep together. If the traveller does not bring his own quilt, he may get one from the landlady; but as such coverlids are used by all sorts of dirty fellows, and are covered with filth and vermin, few but the lowest class accept the offer. The missionary says, that the whole establishment is a mixture of the stable and the pigsty. The only pleasant thing in it is a basin of hot water, which is always brought as soon as you enter, for the purpose of washing your face, hands, and feet, and the warm cup of tea which follows.

But, though the accommodation is indeed "middling," the charge for it is certainly moderate; for you may have supper, bed, and breakfast, such as they are, for about three pence. Perhaps, however, two or three specimens may satisfy us that, small as the sum is, it was enough for such board and lodging as our traveller could get.

"On our arrival," he writes, "at the tavern, the landlord was very polite, asking the names and surnames of his honoured guests, and inviting us to sit down and take tea." But the room, adds the missionary, had much the appearance of a barn with mud floor and no ceiling; while the dirt and the cobwebs which hung about it, led him to suppose that it had never been swept since it was built. The front was open to wind and rain; and the little yard behind was full of filth. Towards evening, he says, "an attempt was made to wipe the table;" but this only made bad worse; for it wanted an hour's hard scrubbing to make it clean. Supper was then served up. It was a large tub full of rice, which was put at the head of the table. And while they were helping themselves, the landlord came and begged to be excused for putting so poor a meal before them; which apology, in a Chinaman's mouth, means, "See how richly I have provided for you." Supper being over, some benches and boards were brought out, and formed into beds, which the travellers were obliged to make the best of until the morning, when they were glad to go on their way.

On the following morning they put up at another of these inns, where they found but little improvement. The doors of the rooms were the only openings through which any light reached them; but this was rather an advantage than otherwise; for that in which they slept, was not only small and filled with beds and luggage, but with dirt and cobwebs, the sight of which would not have added to their comfort. But to complete their misery,

there was in the next room a set of gamblers, who spent half the night in thumping the table, rattling the cash, and shouting to one another.

After crossing the bridge, *which you may see is the frontispiece*, and which is thrown over a noble river in a beautiful part of the country, the missionary stayed for the night at a small town. But the inn in which he was forced to put up, like those already described, was, he says, "excessively filthy." Here he found himself in the midst of all sorts of people: every one of whom thought he had a right to take what liberty with him he pleased. When the time came for going to bed, our traveller was shown into a room where a number of sleepers were lying or lounging upon the floor; and amongst these he would have had to get what rest he could if he had not discovered something like a bedstead in one corner. But here he could not sleep, owing to the noise made by the other lodgers, who, all night long were playing or fighting. Happy was the missionary when the break of day put an end to this weary night.

But one other specimen of this "middling accommodation," with which the missionary was forced to be content, shall be described pretty nearly in his own words:—"After a long and weary journey," he writes, "we came wet and tired to the village. A poor inn soon appeared. We went in and called for tea. The room into which we entered, and which was the principal room of the inn, was about ten feet square. The landlord had to be woke up from sleep to wait upon us, which seemed to annoy him not a

little. His wife, however, was more attentive. She soon lit a fire and warmed some water. A party, which had been there just before, had left the benches and table in a most filthy condition. The tea, which was very bad, was put into an unwashed basin, which had been filled with the rice and vegetables of the previous guests; and thus, of course, made 'the *refreshment*' so nauseous, that even a Chinaman's stomach could scarcely bear it. But this was only the beginning of their troubles; for, in a little while, the small room was crowded with other guests. First came a dealer in fowls, with his stock in trade, which filled up the whole of one side of the chamber. The noise and stench from these was scarcely to be borne. Then entered a couple of travelling tinkers, with their bellows, furnaces, tools, pots, and pans. After them there appeared two or three fellows far less respectable than either of the former, being idle vagrants. The talk and strife of these parties was bad enough to bear; but the prospect of being robbed by them made us sincerely desire their room rather than their company. When the landlady came to tell us that our bedroom was ready, I was glad enough to retire; but the place where I and two others were to sleep, was a kind of box six feet square. It had, however, a door, which, having shut, we spread our mats on the floor, and laid ourselves down, thinking that we should be alone till the morning. Vain hope! for we had no sooner put out the light than we were at once attacked by untold millions, which beset us in every part of the body, and by their sharp bites soon convinced us

that rest was impossible. The tinkers and poulterers in the next room, seemed to be used to such kind of things, as they slept quite soundly!"

Some people fancy that it must be very pleasant for missionaries to see distant lands and strange sights; but a short journey in China would soon make them heartily wish to get back again to their happy English home.

SHAGDUR, THE SON OF KENNET.

I HAVE often seen a child, when he has got something which makes him very happy, longing to have his father and mother, or his brothers and sisters, near him *just then* that they might enjoy it with him. This wish Shagdur felt when he became so happy in loving God, and lost the heavy burden of conscious guilt. His great desire was that every Buriat should be as happy as himself; and he wept when he thought that they might be so, if they only knew the true God and the gracious Saviour. But how were they to know, if no one went to tell them? There were thousands of such people, ignorant and unhappy, and only two English missionaries to teach them. Shagdur thought he could help the missionaries, if he went about the country giving books and explaining them to those who would listen. So, one beautiful afternoon in summer, he came dressed in his Sunday clothes, to bid the missionary good bye. In the yard stood his carriage—it was a cart on four wheels, but with no covering to protect him from the rain. In this cart there were boxes full of books and food for his journey, and a thick skin to cover them all up. Shagdur's face was calm and bright, as the summer's sun that shone upon it. A great work was before him, and it

was a work that he loved. If God blessed it, many thousands of souls might be saved; but if no more than one or two should be saved, he knew that it was worth his travelling and praying for. Before he left, the missionary, and all near, knelt down for a few minutes, to ask God to keep Shagdur safe in his journey, and to bless his work. Then he started off, taking a boy with him to watch the horse and cart, while he went into the tents of the people; and, as he wrote in a book what happened to him, you shall read his own account.

Shagdur on one journey writes:—

“ On reaching a tent, we found many people in it. At first, they would not talk of anything but their own trifling affairs; but, by and by, a young man turned to me, and asked about the religion of Christ. Thus began a conversation; and we sat up till late at night, talking on the subject. The master of the house, a rich man, kept saying, ‘ O God, have mercy on us! Ah! truly we are very sinful before God! If we can’t be saved by almsgiving and good works, it is very strange.’ When he went to bed, he said, ‘ O God, if my soul must be taken before Thee to be judged, how dreadful it will be!’ Before leaving him, I gave him and others who could read, some of my books.

“ Our next visit was to the tent of a Lama, who was reading aloud in Tangoul (a language he could not understand). I had seen him before. He said to me, ‘ Well, friend, are you going about with books again?’ After some talk, I gave him a book, and he said, ‘ May your God bless you, and make your work useful to all the people!’ We stopt for the night at another tent, where we found an intelligent woman. She said, ‘ Come, and let us hear the Ruler of the book. I know what God is, whose word is in your book. Once, when an English teacher came here, he said that God was *one*, and the Saviour was *Christ*; and he gave

books which taught these things. Beside, a man called Banyar, of our tribe, believed what the teacher said, and told others about Christ.'

"A young man said, 'Our precious souls, where will they be? When death comes, what shall we say? One day passes, and another day passes, and soon life itself is passed away. Truly a man who has not found salvation, is in a fearful state.'

"At another place, an old woman, seventy years old said, 'Once an English teacher passed near us, giving away books. When I heard of it, I yoked my horse in my sledge and drove six versts through the bushes at night, but could not overtake him. So, my son, if you have the book, tell me something about it.' She listened very attentively whilst I told her about God and Jesus Christ."

Shagdur describes many such scenes, where people received him kindly, and cheered his heart; but it was not always so pleasant. "Once," he writes, "we came to a flowing spring of water, where many people, lame and others, were doing things to please their gods. One man said to me, 'What is the use of these books of Christ? How did you, friend, come to know that this religion is the true one? and what are you now? You are not a Russian, and you are not a Buriat?' When he said this, the people laughed at me; and one man said, 'When the people of your religion die, who will bury them?' with many more scornful words.

"The next tent we came to, belonged to an under-chief. When he saw that I did not bow down to his gods, he became very angry, and said, 'People who will not worship the gods, don't deserve to be spoken to;' and he sat silent, and frowned at me. But I behaved meekly and talked about God. Soon he began to ask questions; and we had a long conversation, and parted good friends.

“ At another tent, one man was very violent against me and said, ‘ When you are dead, the dogs will eat up your body; who, then, will save you? Are all the gods and ongoons, which the Shamans worship, bad?’ I said, friend, I revile no man; but these idols, if they could speak, would *themselves* say to you, ‘ People, do not worship us so; we are the work of men’s hands; and God says, worship no images.’ Don’t think, friend, what will become of *my body*, but think about what will become of *your own soul*. Where will it go? You should be anxious about *that*.’ He then said, ‘ You speak truth. If the soul is to live for ever, what we have in this world is of no importance.’ ”

So you see, dear Shagdur had sometimes to bear the people’s scorn and anger, but he overcame them by gentleness and love. I could give many more accounts of his travels, but I must now stop. He went about for several years, every summer, giving books and visiting people. He was scattering good seed, and he hoped that God, who sends rain and dew on the grass and flowers of the fields, would send his blessing on the words which he spoke to the people, and would make them spring up and blossom in their hearts. Poor Shagdur! soon you shall hear that he had great sorrows and how he bore them.

SUFFERINGS AND DELIVERANCES OF BASUTO CHILDREN.

MR. CASALIS is one of the French missionaries in South Africa. Not long since, he returned to Europe, and, at a Juvenile Meeting in France, he gave the following account of some things which he had met with among the heathen:—

When Mr. Casalis, and other missionaries, went out to South Africa, they resolved to teach a tribe called the

Basutos. Many things seemed strange to them when they first came among that people. But there was one thing which struck them very much indeed. Though they saw many old men, and young men, and men of the middle age, there were scarcely any children. When the missionaries asked the reason of this, the parents answered, "Alas! we have had children; but in the bloody wars, which have destroyed our country, we were forced to leave them to perish." As they confessed this, many of them shed bitter tears of distress. Poor fathers! poor mothers! If they had been Christians, they would never have forsaken their little ones, and have brought upon themselves so much sin and sorrow. But no missionary had been there, and thousands of unhappy children in the South of Africa were treated in this cruel way, by their hard-hearted parents; but all parents were not so unkind. There is now, said Mr. Casalis, at one of the stations, an amiable and fine young man, who was saved from a similar fate by the love of his father. When he was a babe, the tribe to which he belonged, fled before another tribe, which had conquered them. His father, anxious to save his son, carried him upon his shoulders across the desert, for three days; but his companions, many of whom, there was reason to fear, had left their children behind, often laughed at him for taking so much trouble, and tried to persuade him to fling down his load, that he might quicken his flight. "No," answered the father, "I will not abandon my child. I would rather die!" He kept his word, and saved his son; and now we see, what *he* then did not see—the great reward he received for this conduct, and can scarcely help exclaiming, "This is the finger of God!" for, in consequence, there are now two Christians, instead of one. Both father and son have been converted; and you may fancy what the feelings of the aged and pious father are, when he looks upon the son, whom he saved

from a miserable death, whom God has changed by his grace, and with whom he hopes to live for ever in heaven. Never does a day pass, in which the parent omits to lift his heart in thanks to God, for having given him strength and resolution to expose himself to death, rather than forsake his child.

Now, our readers will easily suppose, that this people, who cared so little for their own children, would not be very kind to the children of their enemies; and this supposition would be but too true. Very often they left them to die from hunger; and their conduct towards them was sometimes so shocking, that they themselves seemed quite ashamed to describe it. One of their cruel practices was, to fasten a poor little infant down in a pit, or a trap, which they had prepared for catching hyenas or other fierce creatures, whom the cry of the little sufferer would draw to the spot. What a horrid thing, to make a dear little living babe a bait for wild beasts! Surely, if there was no other reason for doing so, all British children should help the missionary cause, that they might save children in heathen lands from such dreadful deaths. If you had lived in South Africa, and when walking in one of the large plains or thick forests of that country, had come to where you saw one of these children, fixed in a trap, would you not have pitied the poor little creature? and would you not have run to the place where he was, and cut the cords which bound him, and then have done what you could to save his life? I know you would. But when you help to send and support good missionaries, you are really doing the same thing,—"saving much people alive." Even among these cruel heathen themselves, there was sometimes found a man, or a woman, who had a heart to feel for, and a hand to help those who were thus "drawn unto death, and were ready to be slain." At the present time, there is living, at a mis-

sionary station, called *Thaba Bossiou*, a shepherd, who, when he was a child, had been put into one of these traps, and left there to perish; but, happily for him, God put it into the heart of a poor woman to pity him; and when the men tried to keep him, she snatched him out of their hands, and struggled against them with all her might, saying, "No! you shall not put this child into the trap again, unless you first kill me." Now, I have said, God put it into the heart of this kind heathen woman to care for the poor child; and you will think so, too, when I add that he is now a young man, and is, with his bold deliverer, a Christian, and a consistent member of the Church of Christ.

One day, a person came to Mr. Casalis, to tell him that he had heard a very strange sound, in a wood, not far from the missionary station. In consequence of this, some natives went into the wood; and having gone to the spot from which the noise came, they found there a dear little babe, tied very strongly to a tree. And why was it fastened there? There was some reason to fear, that it was done in order to entice the wild beasts away from the village, and from the cattle; for, at that time, some of the parents would rather have lost a child than a cow; but, whether it was so or not, as this babe was somewhat deformed the parents certainly wished to get rid of it. And nothing was more common, at one time, in South Africa, than to destroy all children that were blind, or deaf, or lame. Christian parents pity such little sufferers, and take the greatest care of them; but not so these heathen. They had no compassion. Afflicted children were a burden to them, which they were most anxious to cast off; and, as they did not scruple to slay, you need not wonder they were willing to sell them.

As Mr. Casalis, on one occasion, was engaged in his work, he saw a fine, tall Caffre coming towards him, and

carrying in his arms a charming little boy. As soon as he approached the missionary, he said to him, "Is this not a beautiful child?" "Yes, it is indeed," answered Mr. Casalis. "Well, then, are you willing to buy him from me?" asked the African. "*Buy* your child!" exclaimed the missionary, "Has any one ever heard such a thing as this?" "He is yours," said the Caffre, "if you will give me two sheep." "But the child is stolen?" "No;" replied the man, "it is mine—it is *really* my child." "And you do, indeed, want to sell him?" "Yes:" he said, "for his mother has been dead two months, and how can *I* bring him up? *Kou* have a house and a school. Take him; you may do with him what you please."

For a moment, the missionary was much perplexed at this proposal. He was most anxious to snatch the poor child from heathen darkness and misery—if not from a cruel death; but, on the other hand, he did not dare to do anything which might even *seem* to sanction the wicked slave-trade and he well knew that, however kind his intention, the heathen would not have understood it, and enemies to missionaries would have misrepresented it. He, therefore, refused the offer. But, as he saw the Caffre carry away his precious burden, he felt much sorrow. What became of the poor child he never knew; and even now, the missionary says, his heart is pained whenever he thinks of the poor Caffre boy.

Thus were the children of some of the tribes in South Africa treated, before missionaries went amongst them. But since then, their condition is wonderfully different. The parents who would have sold them, or fixed them in a trap, or left them to perish, and who then were without natural affection, now love their little ones as much as your father and mother love you; and they would shudder at the thought of selling or abandoning them. They have homes

now—and many of them, happy homes—such as *heathen* children never had. And they have schools, in which they get much useful knowledge, and what is better still, where “they hear of heaven, and learn the way.” Some persons have said, that the South Africans are not so quick and clever as the inhabitants of other countries; but they would not think so, if they were to visit the Mission schools. Their skin, indeed, is dark, and they do not get such good clothes as you do; but their eye is bright, their mind clear, and they learn as quickly and as well as the children of our own land.

But the best thing I have to say about these children is—not that they have been snatched from death, and taught in a Christian school, but that some of them love the Lord Jesus Christ, and live according to his word. I will tell you something about one of them. He was a little fellow, called Simeon. His father's name was Monsetse; and we hope our readers have not forgotten the remarkable account we formerly gave, of the preservation and conversion of that man. Simeon was early led by his Christian parent to school; and he soon learned there much that it was necessary for him to know. But there was another place, where he had been taught some lessons which he would not have found in books. It was by the death-bed of a little sister whom he loved. He saw her die, and from that time he often talked about death, and seemed to have the impression that he should soon follow her. Not long after, he was taken ill. Gradually he got worse; but as he became weaker in body, his piety gathered strength. His thoughts and his heart were fixed upon Jesus Christ and heaven. The day before he died, he turned to Monsetse, who was standing near his bed, and said, “My father, we have many beautiful hymns, which do you like best?” “I do not know,” answered Monsetse, “they are all so very

autiful." "Yes," said the child, "they are; but there is
ne that I like better than all the rest. It is this:—

" "Oh ! that the hour would come,
When this frail house of clay,
My spirit's earthly home,
Shall into dust decay.

" "The hour, when, like the seer,
In chariot of fire
My course to heaven I steer,
That home I most desire.

" "Then will those bonds be burst,
Which here restrain my praise
To him, my Lord, my trust,
Who call'd me by his grace.

" "Then Hallelujahs long
Shall to my God be given,
Who raised my soul among
The ransom'd host of heaven."

On the following day, Simeon was so weak, that he could not speak so as to be clearly understood, until just before his departure, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Glory ! Glory ! Glory !" — closed his eyes, spoke no more, and died. How happy would it be, if all our readers had learned to live and to die, as did Simeon !



MARRIAGES IN CHINA.

IN our last month's magazine, we gave some account of marriage customs in India. One or two facts will show that this important matter is not managed much better in China.

In that country it often happens that the persons who marry, have never seen one another until they are brought together for life ; or if they have once or twice had the

opportunity of forming an opinion of each other, that opportunity has been so slight, as to make them scarcely the wiser for it. The following instance may serve to show how foolishly they make their choice :—

A Chinese gentleman, called Suig, wished to get a wife, and one day, as a procession of ladies was going to a temple, he saw the daughter of another gentleman, and as she appeared fair, he determined, if possible, to get her. Now, as he had never spoken to the fair lady, and as it was not considered proper for him to do so, he engaged another female, according to the custom of the country, as a go-between. The lady upon whom he had fixed his eye and his heart was, as he supposed, the fifth daughter ; and, as she and her father had no objection to the match, everything was soon settled, and the day fixed for the marriage. When the appointed time came, the bride was lifted by two matrons over the threshold of her father's door into a sedan chair, which was gaily adorned for the occasion. And then, with many ceremonies, and accompanied all the way with a band of music, she was carried through the streets of the city to the house of her future husband. As soon as she had reached his door, the two matrons who had carried her out of her father's house, now bore her into her own, and she was introduced to the bridegroom. But think what his feelings must have been, when, as they were about to drink together " the cup of alliance," which would have made them man and wife, he saw, not the beautiful girl whom he had observed in the procession, but her younger sister, whose appearance was very plain, and whose face was deeply marked by the smallpox. As soon as he had discovered his mistake (for it was the fourth daughter whom he had seen, but he supposed her to be the fifth), he proposed that she should return to her father's house ; but thinking, perhaps that she might not get so fair a chance again of being married, the lady preferred staying

where she was, and the unhappy husband thought it best upon the whole to let her have her way.

Another singular instance, showing the ideas of the Chinese on the subject of marriage, is mentioned by a missionary traveller in that country. One evening, while stopping at a place called *Woo-yuen*, he heard the sounds of great sorrow and when he asked the reason of this, he was told that they were the lamentations of an old woman in the house, over a young man who had just died, and who was to have been her son-in-law. As he was not married to her daughter, and did not expect to be for several years, the missionary was a little surprised at her grief, and was led to make some inquiry about it. He then received the following strange explanation :—It appeared that, about eighteen or twenty years before, there lived in the town a father and mother who had two infant sons ; and, as the old lady, who was lamenting the young man's death, was the mother of two infant daughters, it was agreed between the parents, that they should exchange a son for a daughter, that they might be brought up together as future husband and wife. Accordingly the baby-boy was taken to his new home, and was treated by his foster parents as their son. Here he had lived with his intended bride, until he had grown up to be a man. Why, then, was he not married ? You shall hear. In China the customs observed at a wedding cost a great deal of money, and young people are not allowed to marry until they are rich enough to pay for them. Many of these customs are very foolish, as well as very expensive. But still they think them necessary. It was so with these young people, and they did not expect to be rich enough to get married for many years. Now, however, death broke the bond by which they were united, and the loud cries of the old lady arose from the thought that she had nursed and fed the youth in vain. and, after having spent so much

money, she had lost the husband she had provided for her daughter.

Now, this case was very common in that part of China; and as the young people, who were thus brought together, were forced by their parents to marry, whether they wished it or not, it is another proof of the sad effect of heathenism. But in the south of China infant daughters are often got rid of in a much more horrible way; for there, as in some other lands of darkness, they are murdered that they may give their cruel parents no farther trouble.

THE INDIAN'S CHILDREN.

MR. BERNAU, Missionary in Guiana, had taken into his family the three children of an Indian, called Fromz. This man had died in the full hope of salvation, and had left his orphans to the missionary's care. The youngest, a girl, was named Amelia. She had been her father's darling; and no wonder, for she was a remarkable child. The last words of her dying father had made a deep impression upon her heart; and after that, as often as she had time, she took her New Testament or hymn book, and sat down in a corner to read, while her brother and sister were at their play. She had learned to read and speak English with great ease, and had committed many Scripture passages and English hymns to memory. But soon her health failed, and she was the first to follow her father to the grave.

When confined by sickness to her bed, many were the happy hours she spent in her favourite employment of repeating texts and hymns. One day, after praying with her, Mr. B. read the description of the New Jerusalem, in the book of the Revelation, when she raised herself in bed, and said:—"Yes! there I shall be before long, and there will be a

place, and a harp for me!" The missionary asked her upon what such a hope rested, when she replied:—"Has not Jesus died for me?" "But thou art but a child," he answered; "art thou convinced thou art a sinner?" "Above all things," she said, "although I am but a child. Have you not often said that children must pray for the pardon of their sins, and for a new heart, before they can be saved? I have often thought of those words in the dark night, and prayed that I might have that new heart. I felt I was a sinner, but I now know that Jesus has forgiven me, and taken me as his child!" "But would you not rather wish to live a little longer?" he asked. "Yes!" she answered, "I might wish to live, but if my life were prolonged I might fall into sin. You have often said, there is no sin in heaven, —no pain nor death there, I would rather be there, and"—after a little while she added,—"*I shall be there soon.*"

Amelia sunk rapidly, and the evening before her death she was so weak that she scarcely gave a sign of life. We prayed, says the missionary, around her bed, and begged the Lord to shorten her sufferings and take her to eternal rest.

She arose suddenly and uttered a hearty Amen! She then called to her young brother: "John, where art thou?" The boy reached forth his hand to her, when she said:—"Remain the night with me, and thou also my sister Leonora. Oh! love the Lord Jesus! Look at me, how happy I am, and yet I am about to die, and to leave you all, and all I love on earth, and to enter the dark grave, but my Saviour is there!" She sank fainting on the bed, and, in a few hours, her happy spirit took its flight to glory. She was seven years old.

Her elder sister Leonora, did not long survive her. She also died a happy death, and went in peace to the home of her Redeemer. On her death-bed, she loved to dwell upon the words:—"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth

from all sin." One morning, after she had passed a restless night, Mr. Bernau asked her how she felt ; she answered: " To-day I shall be quite well, for I feel a certainty that it will be my happiest day ! " " Do you feel much pain ? " he asked. " None whatever " she answered ; " only my limbs are cold and stiff. Tell my brother John I want to see him before I die. O dear father (for a father you have been to us all)—care for him, and the Lord Jesus will reward you."

When John came, she said : " John, my brother, thou alone remainest of our family. Come to Jesus, for he has been a friend to your sisters, and will be so to you. I go to"—here her breath failed her, but after a little, she continued,—" I go—to—the angels in heaven, and to-day I shall be there ! " John began to weep, but she said " Weep not, brother, for me, I shall soon be happy ; learn and live ! " She sunk backwards, and shortly after passed into eternity.

Do you not see, dear children, that the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, is able to make even the beds of dying Indian children—

" Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Had the word of the faithful missionary done no further good, than proved the salvation of the Indian father and his two daughters, in the desolate land of Guiana, he would not have lived in vain, or the money which sent him there been spent in vain. These instances, however, of the grace of God, are but a few among many, and thousands upon thousands of those who were ignorant heathen are, through missionary exertions, now singing the praises of Immanuel, before the throne of God.

THE MISSIONARY SHIP

MANY of our young readers, who have done so much for the repairs and outfit of the Missionary Ship, and done it so well, will want to know, How much money has been collected? When the Ship may be seen? About what time will she sail for the South Seas?

Now, we are delighted to answer the first question, by telling you that the handsome sum of £3200 has been raised for this object. It is a noble offering to the missionary cause; a delightful proof that the young are interested in the good work of teaching and saving the heathen; a fine instance of the value of juvenile efforts and liberality; and an earnest that those who have laboured and given so well while young, will love and promote the same great object in after years. Many thanks to the collectors and subscribers to the Missionary Ship. They have done a great work for others—we trust that in each of their hearts, God will do a still greater work for them.

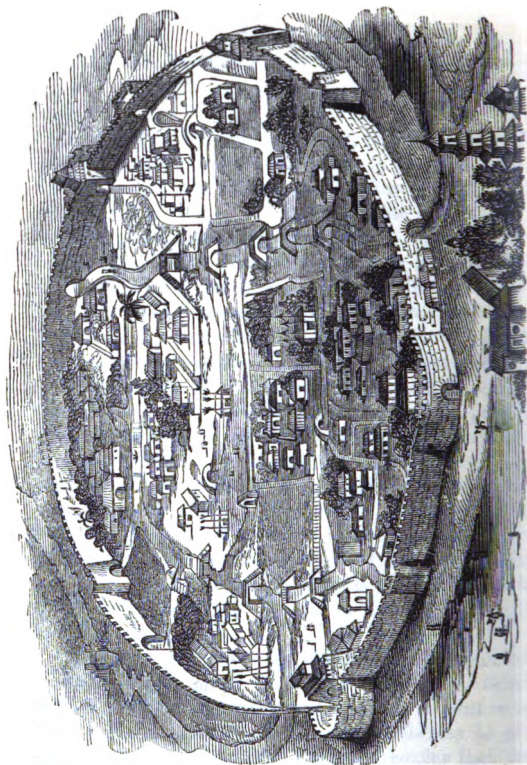
Very naturally, and very properly, many who have helped to repair the ship, will wish to see her when that work is done. And they have a right to this privilege. Now, the Directors have determined that, in the West India Docks, she shall be open to visitors, from Monday, May 19th, to the end of that month, from 10 o'clock till 4. All collectors and subscribers, therefore, may see her during that time; but they must apply to the Missionary House, Blomfield-street for a card of admission.

We cannot tell the day on which the "John Williams" will sail, but it will not be before the middle of June.

FANCY SALE IN AID OF THE SCHOOL FOR THE SONS
OF MISSIONARIES.

OUR readers will remember that, last year, they were asked to contribute to a "Fancy Sale, in aid of the School for the *Daughters* of Missionaries." Many of them kindly did so; and the ladies who undertook the management of that Sale, have had the great satisfaction of raising by no less than £1000. Encouraged by their success for the Girls'-school, they are now endeavouring to help that for the *Boys*. And it *needs* such help, even more than its sister institution. Formerly, it was at Walthamstow; but, latterly, the pupils have been placed in private boarding-schools. It is now proposed to re-establish this important seminary upon a better and more substantial footing—to provide a dwelling for the Sons and Orphan Boys of Missionaries; and such management as shall combine the comforts of home with sound instruction and religious training. This, however, will cost at first a large sum of money: and it will require a good list of annual subscribers to carry it on. Help in both these ways is much needed; but what we now particularly want our readers to do is, to contribute to the Fancy Sale, which will be held in London, during the summer.

Useful or ornamental work, clothing, knitting, paintings, drawings, music, prints, books, minerals, shells, flowers, fruit, &c., will be very acceptable; and may be sent to the Mission House, Blomfield-street. Our friends may be quite sure, that it is scarcely possible for them to employ their time and their skill more usefully, than in rendering assistance to this very necessary and very praiseworthy undertaking.



THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1851.

TRAVELLING IN CHINA

IN our last Number we gave some account of the "middling accommodation" which a traveller in China must put up with; and we can believe that many of our readers, however much they might wish to see that distant country and its wonderful people would not like, even for such a gratification, to leave their happy homes, and stay at the wretched inns we *then* described. We shall now say something about travelling in the same country. Railways are, of course, unknown; and though there are roads, you would look in vain for gigs and coaches. One very common, and, on many accounts, the most comfortable way of going from place to place in China, is by boats; for, except in the hilly parts, rivers and canals run throughout the country. If, however, you would rather travel by land, there are four ways in which you might do so. The most independent way is to walk. It is only in certain parts of the country that you could hire an ass or a mule; but, as the roads are narrow, this is not so convenient a mode of travelling as some may suppose. There

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is, however, a third, and a much easier conveyance, the sedan chair. These are made of bamboo cane, and seldom weigh more than ten pounds. Upon level ground, they are carried along very smoothly; but as the bearers, when going up and down hill, move in a way which makes the chair rock to and fro like a ship in a storm, a traveller who is not used to this motion will feel very much as if he were sea-sick. But there is another kind of conveyance which we should not think very convenient, but to which the Chinese feel no objection. It is a wheel-barrow. Their wheel-barrow, however, are not made like ours, for the wheel is much larger, and it is fixed just under the middle of the barrow, instead of being at the end. Sometimes one of these carries a load of goods, together with a passenger sitting astride upon his load, with his legs dangling down, as if he were on horseback. And it is not an uncommon thing to see even two men sitting back to back on each side, just as they sit in an Irish car.

But although these means of going from place to place are not quite so fast or so pleasant as our coaches and trains, there are some things about travelling in China which are very creditable to its inhabitants.

Though the roads are paved and the bridges numerous, and therefore must cost a great deal of money, there are no taxes for making them, nor turnpikes to keep them in repair. All is done by the free offerings of the people. Sometimes a rich man makes a vow to construct a road or to build a bridge, or to keep it in good order at his own expense. And

at other times, a subscription is got up for the same purpose, and money is seldom wanting. But those who do these good works, think themselves rewarded for it in having a stone tablet put up in some public place with their names and subscription upon it.

But ferries are often as free as the roads; for boats are provided, and boatmen paid, not by the halfpence of the passengers, but by the generosity of other people.

By the same means, the roads which are most frequented are provided with lamps. Those lamps are made of oyster shells, and do not give a very bright light; but still it is sufficient to show the traveller the way, and to prove that this remarkable people are not without kindness.

But there is still another proof of this good feeling, which is more singular than those already-mentioned. It is the fact that Societies are formed amongst the Chinese for providing tea and soup to weary travellers. Along the main roads will be found little sheds or houses, where an old woman is stationed to keep the kettle boiling, and to supply, not only hot water, but fresh tea, to any stranger who asks for it. And this use is sometimes made even of the heathen temples, and the priests are paid to render this service. It would be well for the Chinese if all their actions were equally useful

ZOLU TYRANTS.

Few tyrants have been more cruel than the chiefs of the Zulus or Matabeles. Often without cause they torture and destroy their subjects. Even their favourite warriors are sometimes sacrificed for the most foolish reasons. Thus, a few years ago, millions of locusts covered the fields near the dwelling of one of these despots. His soldiers were commanded to destroy them ; but, because they could not do this completely, their commander was slain. At another time, he ordered them to catch and bring to him a lion alive. Without a murmur, they went into the forest, and having found a lion in his den, they attacked him ; but before he was overcome, four soldiers were sacrificed to his fury. At length one seized him by the tail, and two others by the jaws, and after much struggling, and with many wounds, the king of the forest was bound, and brought into the presence of the more cruel ruler of men. But this is only one proof out of many, that these chiefs set no value on human life. Their's is truly and naturally a reign of terror. Fear fitly fills and freezes the hearts of their people. *Chaka* was a tyrant of this class ; he was dreaded by all, but loved by none. It is said that, when reviewing his troops, he wept with joy, while he said, "See my power! I alone hold the life and death of these men in my hand!" Even his own nearest relations and his children found from him no mercy. In order to save the life of the infant son of his favourite wife, his mother, *Nate*, hid him for five or six months in a large earthenware pot; and after that, (just as Joseph and Mary took their child to Egypt, out of the reach of Herod,) she carried him beyond the boundary of his cruel father's kingdom. As soon as *Chaka* heard of this, he sent an assassin to his mother's house,

who stabbed her to the heart. He himself, however, pretended to be very much grieved at this, and went so far as to kill, with his own hand, some who saw his hypocritical sorrow without showing sympathy. He also sent persons about the town to spear all who were not grieving for his mother. But at length the end of *Chaka* himself came. Two of *Nate's* sisters went to the tyrant's brother, and said, "The blood of your mother cries for vengeance! The tiger who drank it is thirsting for your own. Go, then, and kill him before he can throw himself upon you." They answered, "You have spoken;" and the next day, *Chaka* was slain. One of his murderers, *Dingan*, succeeded him, both in power and cruelty; but, like all such wicked beings, he is most wretched. Strange fears of danger and death continually haunt him. In the dark, he often thinks he sees the ghost of the murdered *Chaka* standing in his presence. But, notwithstanding his misery and fear, he continues very wicked. He has destroyed many tribes, and left their towns and countries desolate. He delights in the names of the "Vulture," and the "Hard-hearted Lion," which others have given to him. To keep his throne, he has murdered all his children. When, on one occasion, a wife of his presented to him her smiling infant son—hoping that his heart would be moved by the sight—the monster seized the babe by its little feet, and dashed it to the earth. He then thrust the mother through with a spear, who died with her eyes fixed upon the mangled body of her murdered babe. And yet this horrid wretch calls himself the *Saviour* of his subjects, who fall down at his feet and worship him. And when going to battle, his soldiers thus address him: "Thou human hyæna! give us nations to devour;" and in terms such as these: "Thou who art high as the mountains!" "Thou who art exalted as the heavens!" "Thou who livest for ever!"

Such is man without the gospel. And is he to remain in this state? Dear young friends, what do *you* say? But for that gospel, you yourselves might have been speared, or dashed to the ground, or strangled, or strung-up by the head, or devoured. Darkness like that which has settled down upon the wretched Zoolus, might have surrounded you. You might have trembled under the tyranny of monsters like *Chaka* and *Dingan*. And will you not try to enlighten such "dark places of the earth," and to save their miserable millions from death? Will you not *pray*? Will you not *collect*? Will you not *give*, that missionaries and Bibles may be sent to them, and that they may be delivered from the power of darkness, and taught the way to happiness and heaven?

HEATHEN REVENGE.

A MISSIONARY, named Külle, made a journey from the West Coast of Africa towards the interior. As usual, he found the people engaged in war, and living only to destroy each other.

"During the time," he says, "that I was detained near the inlet, several engagements took place in the neighbouring forest, in which some were killed or wounded. At last, a party surrounded a town called Tusso, whose inhabitants hindered the trade between the coast and the country. While there, I was the means of preventing an act of cruelty, which is but too common among these savage people; for, just as I was about to depart, I heard some one say, 'They are going to cut off his hands directly.' Immediately, I asked who it was they were going to do so to, when they told me, that it was a Tusso youth, who had

been taken prisoner; but, because he was a relation of some people who had murdered their chief, they had carried him down to the river to cut off his hands.

"As soon as I heard this, I hastened to the camp, where I found the leader of the soldiers already sharpening his sword. To my question, What he was whetting his sword for? he replied, 'I whet my sword to cut off the Tusso boy's hands, and then to send him back to Tusso; for why did they kill my brother?' I entreated him to have pity on the poor boy, but it seemed of no use. I would not, however, leave his side, but mentioned every possible motive to prevent the cruel deed. After much entreaty he gave way, and promised to save the poor boy's hands; but said that he would lay heavy chains upon him. The lad was then brought from the river side to the camp; his hands were bound behind his back; a heavy chain was put about his neck; and, in this state, he was placed under the burning sun, and forced to sit there as a mark for the hatred and scorn of the surrounding crowd. While in this situation, and as an act of compassion, I reached the poor sufferer a cup of water, when the women screamed out that I should not do so, but leave the cup alone. I persevered, however, in this act of mercy; and when the boy had drank the water, I turned to the women and said, 'If ever I should see any of *your* children bound, as that poor lad is, I would bring *them* a cup of water too.' This silenced them, and they went away ashamed. Oh that the Saviour's name were known and loved in these habitations of cruelty!"

POISONING IN AFRICA.

"In Accra," writes a Missionary, "we lost, a little while ago, a valuable member of our church, by a horrible death.

Okoi, the most hopeful of our converts, went to bathe in the sea, with a young companion. A person passing the place saw the water tinged with blood, and asked the other bather what was the matter. He went toward the spot, and there found that *Okoi* was attacked by a shark. Happily, he rescued him from the jaws of the ravenous creature; but, alas! not until the right arm of the sufferer had been bitten off, and the flesh of the left arm torn away. The poor fellow was brought to a hut near the Mission-house, before we knew anything of the accident; but as soon as we heard of it, we ran with what means we had, to try and save life. We brought him to the Mission-house, and amputated the left arm—an operation which he bore with great fortitude; but, according to the wretched custom of these heathen, his father and brother, who were both present, proposed to give him poison, to put him out of pain. This wretched custom had also some countenance from the Negroes, who do not suffer a maimed person to live among them. If, for example, a child is born imperfect in its members, they drown it in a tub of water. Knowing his danger, and to prevent such cruel tenderness, we had the youth brought into an inner room, where we thought him secure from having poison. But we were mistaken; for his relations contrived to give it, but in what way we could never find out: and, unhappily, what they gave was sufficient, for, in a short time, the body began to swell dreadfully, as is the case with those who are poisoned, and death soon followed. Thus is our little congregation in Accra lessened; but there is a Providence over all the affairs of men, and God's own cause will never languish, through death or destruction. Others, we hope, will soon be baptised for the dead, and from the grave of poor *Okoi*, many may arise to fill his place.

MOLAPO, THE BASUTO.

MOLAPO was a son of Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos. In 1833, he was placed by his father under the care of the missionaries. As he was very diligent, he made rapid progress, and was the first native who learned to read. But his pride was great, and his passion fierce; and these evils were increased, when, at the the age of seventeen, he led his father's warriors against the Caffres, and became their conqueror.

Soon after he began to hear the gospel, he became very unhappy. On the one hand, conscience said to him, "Repent;" but the fear of man, and the love of sin, kept him from doing so. This made him so sad, that he seldom smiled, and never seemed happy. Often he would go to the missionary, and tell him his misery; but when the good man urged him to obey the Bible and become a Christian, he would answer, "But the Bible gives only sorrow." "Ah! no, my friend," replied the missionary, "Jesus comforts those that mourn. He only asks you to give him your heart."

After such conversations, Molapo would resolve to be a Christian; but alas! his goodness, like the early cloud and the morning dew, soon vanished away. Sometimes he would cry, "Why does not God convert me at once? Is it impossible, or does he desire to see me unhappy?" This was very wrong; but at such seasons Molapo felt so much that he scarcely knew what he said.

While he was in this state, his young wife, Inimosa, became a Christian, and, by the blessing of God, this great change in her, led to the conversion of her husband. How this happened, you shall hear. As yet, Inimosa could not read, but Molapo became her teacher; and, while he taught her the *letter* of Scripture, she explained to him its *mean-*

ing, and its *spirit*. This was a good exchange; and must it not have been a lovely sight? Here was the proud, fiery warrior, patiently instructing his wife in letters, and words, and sentences, while she, young, and meek, and beautiful, full of love to his soul, and desire for his salvation, spoke often and kindly to him about the things he read to her concerning sin, and Jesus, and heaven. By her sweet temper, and constant endeavours to make her husband happy, she gained great influence over him. No foolish conversation was allowed in the house. No day was closed without reading the Scriptures, and prayer; and often would she ask Molapo to go with her to the chapel, "where," she would say, "we shall learn together how much the Saviour has loved us."

One day, when they were both in the house of the missionary, Molapo said to him, "I have found Inimosa without fault. She is so kind, that she would not hurt the meanest thing. Religion has increased her excellence. I now love her more than ever, and I love the God whom she worships; but I am fickle and cold. It grieves me much to see her unhappy on my account. What shall I do? You say, 'Embrace the gospel.' But what if I should afterwards do what it forbids, and dishonour it? I have many things to give up. I wish, therefore, to wait a little longer."

Inimosa bowed down her head, and sighed.

Her husband heard that sigh—it touched his heart, and he said, "Thou art alarmed, Inimosa. I, too, feel my sinfulness. I confess I am wrong. A thousand sins stain me; but I trust that God will give me the assistance I need."

They then knelt down together, while the missionary prayed for the penitent sinner.

Some months afterwards, Molapo said to the missionary, "I have now given up all for Jesus, because in hearing of his sufferings, I have *felt* that he has loved me."

"His heart," adds the writer of this account, "seemed full of joy, and a sweet, smiling cheerfulness was on his face. Since that time, Molapo and his wife have continued bright ornaments of the profession they have made."

CHANGE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL.

BEFORE missionaries went to South Africa, the Hottentots had learned from the white man to drink and love intoxicating liquors; and, in consequence, they would do or give anything in their power to get them. But the gospel showed them the evil of this practice, and made them sober, as well as wise. This change was so entire, that at some of the missionary stations, drunkenness was a vice altogether unknown, and the young people, who had been born and brought up there, had never even seen a drunken man. This was the case at Kruis Fontein, as the following circumstance will show:—

One day, a white man, in a state of intoxication, came into that settlement. Like other wretched beings in the same condition, he was unable to walk steadily, but staggered about from side to side. The children saw him, and wondered not a little at so strange a sight. Many were the opinions they formed to account for such conduct. Some supposed that he was ill, and pitied him; others thought that he must be blind, because he could not walk in the proper path, and therefore, they went to him, and very kindly held out their little hands, and offered to lead him in the right way; but the rest considered him mad, and they were so frightened at his wild looks, and odd conduct, that they wisely got out of his way. Unhappily, in our country, "Christian" though it be called, the young would have been at no loss to understand such conduct, and the cause of it.

Still, though the Christian Hottentots had become sober, wicked white people in the colony, who did not know what a great change the gospel makes in the heart and life of him who believes it, constantly said, and perhaps supposed, that the Hottentot loved brandy as much as ever, and was sober only because he was afraid of the missionary. Believing this, and fancying that, if the intoxicating liquors were again put within their reach, in some secret place where they could get them without being seen, they would greedily pay for the gratification, a wicked Dutchman went to Hankey, and built a public house in a situation across the Gamtoos river, which the people might secretly visit, and where they might drink until they were drunken, without being seen by the missionary. In this way, he thought to get rich; but he found the truth of the proverb, "Surely, in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" for the Hottentot saw his intention, and shunned his house, which, after a little while, he was forced to leave, for want of customers; and there it still stands, a forsaken ruin, but a striking proof of the greatness of the change which the gospel had produced in the people.

THE LION CONVERTED INTO A LAMB.

An aged Basuto warrior, whose body was covered with scars, the marks of spear wounds, or of the teeth of wild beasts, became a convert to the truth. All the neighbouring tribes had once trembled in the presence of this man; indeed, his very name frightened those who heard it, for he had slain forty-five persons in cold blood. One day, as he lay on the ground, in a battle-field, pierced with a spear, and sorely wounded, he drew the weapon out of the wound, and swore that he would not leave the field until

he had, with the same spear that had wounded himself, slain as many men as he had fingers on his hands. As soon as the blood was stanch'd, he arose, and raged like a tiger through the field, with the spear still wet with his own blood, in his hand. In a few minutes, he struck ten of his enemies to the ground, and slew them with savage joy. Yet this man of blood has found grace. He is now sitting at the feet of Jesus. From a lion, he has become a lamb, and he now lives an honour to the gospel.

HAPPY INDIAN CHILDREN.

OUR young readers sometimes sing—

“I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy *English* child.”

But, since missionaries went to the dark lands of the heathen, many a poor child has been made happy by the gospel, and could with all their heart sing the little hymn from which the above verse is taken, if only one word was changed, and the name of their country put for that of ours. You have read in this Magazine of a happy Siberian Child, a happy Polynesian Child, of happy Negro and other African Children, and now you will read of two happy Indian Children. The account of the first is sent to you by the kind wife of a good missionary, and I hope you will all learn to be and to die like Elizabeth Ann.

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You have often heard of the happy death of children, of their trusting only in Jesus, and of their longing to be with him in that bright world where sickness and death never come. An instance of this kind occurred lately, of which I should like to tell you, that

you also in the morning of life may be led to seek the Saviour, and when he shall call you from earth that you may 'depart to be with him, which is far better.'

"Elizabeth Ann, a little East Indian girl, attended for a considerable time at the Mission day-school. She was always very obedient to her teacher, and tried to get on nicely with her lessons. She was remarkable for an amiable and affectionate disposition, and was much loved by all. But at length she fell sick, and for many days was very ill. Amid all the pain, however, which she suffered, she never complained, but bore it with patience, because she knew that it was God who had afflicted her. She had no wish to recover, and seemed to think that God was going to take her to heaven; and this thought made her very happy. She knew that she had been a great sinner, but she knew also that the blood of Jesus could take away *all* sin. At one time she said to her mother, 'O mother, I have been a very wicked girl; but were not Mary Magdalene, and Paul, and Manasseh, pardoned?' Before her mother could answer, she cried out, 'Yes Lord, I believe it, for thou hast pardoned *me*.' She then spoke many sweet words about the Saviour. At another time, she said, 'Don't cry for me, mother; I am going to my Father in heaven; Jesus will come, yes, he will come and take me to himself.' To a friend who called to see her, and who directed her mind to the tender love of Jesus in the midst of sorrow and suffering, she said, 'O my Saviour! my Saviour!' She then said 'Pray for me,' and during the time prayer was being offered, she lifted up her hands and cried, 'O Lord, undertake for me.' A day or two before her death, she said, 'Mother, I am going: God bless you!' Her mother rejoined, 'My poor child!' She replied, 'No, mother, rich, rich; I am going to my Father in heaven.' She then turned to her brother and said, 'God bless you, and you too sister!'

and to several others who were in the room, she said the same thing. She then appeared to be in earnest prayer, that God would bless them all, and repeated these words: 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money come; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' She also repeated many favourite hymns, with which her mind was well stored. The last words which she was heard to say were, 'My Father! my Father!' and thus her happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the blessed Saviour, who had redeemed her and washed her in his own precious blood. Are you not ready to say, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like *hers*?' She was only in her eleventh year. Some of you are perhaps more than that; and have you still a Saviour to seek? O do not delay. Jesus says, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.' 'Seek, then, the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near.'

"Bellary, March 10th, 1851."

"A. W."

Having furnished this account of a happy Indian girl, you shall now read about a happy Indian boy. He was the son of a Christian servant, and lived at Monghin. When very young, he was brought by sickness to the borders of the grave, and the word of God was his comfort, especially the texts that describe the happiness of heaven. From this illness, however, he recovered, and from that time, he attended Divine worship constantly, both on Sundays and week days, and when he was too weak to walk, he begged his father to carry him there. One day his father found him weeping very much, and on asking him the reason, he replied, "I weep on account of my sins! I am a great sinner. My heart is all sin together!" He loved his

mother dearly, although she was still a Heathen, and had left her husband and family because he had become a Christian. Once the boy begged his father to take him to see his mother, who lived in the neighbourhood; but she sent him back without speaking a word to him. How bad and cruel is the effect of the worship of idols, which leads even mothers to forsake and despise their own children! But God, who is rich in mercy, did not forget him, but prepared him early for heaven. When native Christians visited him, he besought them to speak to him only about Christ, to read the Bible, and to sing hymns. He would have family worship every morning at eight o'clock. One morning he called his father, and said, "Father, my home is not here; my home is in heaven! The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." When he was asked what he should do in heaven, he said, "I shall sing the praise of Jesus." A few days after this, he could speak no more, but his friendly smiles showed what inward joy and peace he possessed; and in this state died this happy Indian boy. He was only seven years old; but he loved the Saviour, and had learned below that song of praise, which, "in nobler, sweeter strains," he is now, we doubt not, singing in heaven.

THE FATAL FIRE-DANCE.

LATELY, writes a missionary in India, I had an opportunity of seeing the wretched folly of the heathen, in a way not generally known. It was a Fire-Dance.

In certain cases, a married woman, if she has made a vow to the goddess Bagavati, fulfils her vow by having the ceremony performed. A woman had taken this vow; and, in the evening, when a large crowd of people were gathered together, the dancer made his appearance amidst shouts and music. Having smeared his body with some stuff to protect his flesh

from the fire, he put on a netted garment, and then fastened over it a certain kind of leaf. When this was done, he rolled a quantity of cloth around himself, and fastened it well to his body and limbs. Thus protected against the flames, his clothes were anointed with oil, and set on fire; and as soon as the flame began to burn brightly, he began to dance. The crowd around did the same, and by songs and cries increased the uproar. After the fire had burned some time, and when it was likely to reach his body, the friends of the fire-dancer threw water upon him to put it out. But, on the other hand, the relations of the woman, who had to fulfil her vow, poured more oil upon the burning body, that the fire might continue to burn. This contest was kept up almost the whole night, and the poor hireling of such wickedness and folly with difficulty escaped with his life.

This dangerous dance was observed by many Hindoo boys, who were so pleased with it, that they agreed to amuse themselves in a similar way. Accordingly, several of them met in a solitary spot, and one of them consented to be the fire-dancer; his companions smeared him all over with mud, and they fastened round his body withered palm leaves. Upon this they began to dance and shout, all delighted with the sport.

This play was carried on for some time without danger; but, one day, as they were enjoying their sport, a person said to them:—"Your play is not perfect, it wants the fire, and the boy in the palm leaves must be made to burn." This pleased them all, and a boy went to the mother of the one who was acting the fire-dancer, and asked for a light. Not knowing the purpose for which he wanted it, she let him take a firebrand from the hearth. Highly pleased, the boy returned with his prize, when all of them rejoiced that their sport would now be perfect: and, without delay, the poor little dancer was set on fire, with the brand from the house of his

own mother. The boy of course instantly felt the heat, as he had no protection from it ; and he began to scream and dance about in torture. The other boys, heartily pleased with his shouts and capering, and not thinking of his pain, screamed and danced with him. Soon the cries of the burning boy became more wild and piercing, and he entreated his play-fellows to put out the fire. They, however, supposing that he was in sport, drowned his shrieks with louder noises ; but in a few moments, the burning boy fell to the ground. His companions gathered around him, and now, for the first time, they saw that the flames had consumed his flesh. It was too late to save him, and after a little while he died in agony ; nothing was left of him but a heap of ashes, and the shout of mirth was changed into the cry of terror.

Now, dear readers, there is something to be learned from this story, besides the folly and wickedness of the heathen. You have been often told that it is a dangerous thing to play with fire ; but it is much more dangerous to take pleasure in sin. Many of you live in the midst of wicked people, and you see and hear them do a great many wicked things. Now, children are fond of imitating their parents and others ; and this is very right, when the example is a *good* one. But it is a sad thing, indeed, when that example is bad. In such a case, they are in danger of greater suffering than that of this poor heathen boy ; for the evils they copy, and the habits they form, are fuel for a fire which will burn into the very soul, and which the Bible tells us will never be quenched.

Follow not, then, those that do evil. Never trifle with transgression. Only "fools make a mock at sin." It may be sport now, but it will bring sorrow hereafter. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The wages of sin is death."

THE PRAYING COLLECTOR.

Two little girls, sisters, were collectors for a Missionary Society; and, at the end of the year, they brought to their mother more than £6, which they asked her to send to the treasurer of the Society. She was a pious woman, and pitied the poor heathen, and wished above all things that her dear children should be trained up in the way of wisdom and usefulness. You may suppose, therefore, how gratified she must have been at the success of her two girls. But there was something which pleased her even more than the large sum of money which they had collected. It was a conversation she overheard between them, which was as follows:—

"You have got much more money than I have," said Helen to her elder sister, "but that is not very wonderful, because you are older than I am." "That is quite true, Helen," answered the sister, "but you *might* have collected quite as much as I did, if you had done all that you ought." "How is that, Jane?" said she; "for I am sure I took quite as much trouble as you took, and asked as many people." "Very likely; but there is one thing, Helen, which you neglected. You did not pray to God, before you asked your friends for their money." "Pray! No I did not. I never saw the good of that. God could incline their hearts to give without our asking." "No doubt," said Jane, "he could; but you know we ought to undertake nothing without prayer." "Have you prayed, then?" quickly inquired the younger sister. "Certainly, Helen; for every morning before I went out to collect I begged of God to direct my steps where to go, that I might get something for the heathen. There was only one morning when unhappily I did not pray; but *on that day I collected nothing.*"

PILGRIM'S SONG.

Words by Rev. Dr. Cope.

Music from *Handel*.

Solo.

Stran - gers and Pil - - grims here be -

- low, We seek the land of rest,

Where joys trans-cen-dant ev - er flow, In climes su-

- preme - ly blest, In climes su-preme - ly blest.

PILGRIM'S SONG.

CHORUS. We're marching through Im-ma-nuel's ground, And soon

shall hear the trumpet sound, And then we shall with Je-sus

reign, And ne-ver part a - gain. What ne-ver part a -

- gain? No, ne-ver part a - gain! For then we shall

with Je - sus reign, And ne-ver ne-ver part a - gain.

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS IN THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

By REV. DR. COPE.

STRANGERS and Pilgrims here below,
We seek the land of rest,
Where joys transcendent ever flow,
In climes supremely blest.

(Chorus.)

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound ;
And then we shall with Jesus reign, and never part again.
What! never part again? No, never part again!
What! never part again? No, never part again!
For then we shall with Jesus reign, and never part again.

Come, little children, set your face
Towards heaven's eternal shore;
And point the heathen to the place
Where parting is no more.

(Chorus.)

There Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
Shines in Divine array;
And there his saints, in glorious dress,
Salvation's work display.

(Chorus.)

No clouds nor darkness there appear,
Nor storms nor tempests rage ;
Nought to create a sigh or tear,
Nor sickness, death, nor age.

(Chorus.)

What praise they render to the Lamb,
For guilty sinners slain!
Their song, their joy, their theme the same,
And one their loud Amen.

(Chorus.)



THE "JOHN WILLIAMS" IN THE WEST INDIA DOCKS,

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1851.

THE MISSIONARY SHIP AS SHE WAS AND AS SHE IS.

THE *John Williams* is "the children's own ship." She became so when they raised the money that bought her; and now they have secured their rights and privileges by putting her in repair. When she came home she was not *very* beautiful to look at; and if you had gone into the ship-builder's yard, when they were repairing her, you *would* have been surprised. As you looked at her, with her masts and rigging gone, her copper stripped off, her deck torn up, large holes in her sides, through which you could see that even some of her ribs were worn out, you would have stared, and said, "What! is *this* the *John Williams*? Can this dirty, old-looking, half-rotten hull be the ship of which we have heard so much—the *beautiful* ship, which the children of England bought, of which the Missionaries are so fond, and the sight of which gives such joy to tens of thousands of South Sea Islanders? But, though you might have been tempted to talk a little in this way *then*, you would not do so *now*. There is as great a change in the appearance of the vessel as

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there is between the brown grub while it lies in the ground, and the bright and beautiful butterfly as it wings its way through the air. Now, by the help of the money you have raised, she is herself again. Her sides, her deck, her cabins, and masts, and spars, and rigging, are all perfect; and, as she lies in the West India docks, everybody admires her, and many thousands of the old and the young have paid her a visit. Day after day, for three weeks, they came trooping along the wharf, running over the sides of the ship, racing about her decks, peeping down into her hold, then cautiously stepping down the cabin stairs, looking into the berths, making their remarks upon the little sleeping places which are fitted up for the Missionaries, and wondering at many other things which they saw, or which good Captain Morgan told them. Some of these little parties brought with them bread and butter, and tea and sugar, and having got boiling water and cups and saucers from the sailors, set to work in the cabin and upon the deck, just as if they had as much right to eat and drink in their ship as they had in their houses. They were most merry and happy parties, and many of them will never forget their visit. We wish all the young folks throughout the country could have shared in the pleasure. You may have a little idea of the place where she was lying if you look at the frontispiece; for our artist went down there, and took this portrait of her.

But just after the time when this Magazine reaches our readers, she will be ready to depart, and perhaps will have weighed her anchor, unfurled her sails,

and be gliding along over the broad ocean. And, while we shall rejoice to hear that she has once more reached that Southern Ocean, and those sunny lands to which she is sent, while we shall follow her with our loving thoughts and frequent prayers, we shall not soon forget her visit to this land. That visit will be to many the beginning of a new and better course. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the young, who never cared about the Missionaries before, and thought little about the great work they are doing, will, from this time until they die, find pleasure in helping them. Not a small part of the large sum raised for the repair of this good ship was the first money many gave or collected for the spread of the gospel; and, by this attempt, they have found that they have the power of doing good, and a pleasure in it which they never knew and felt before. And it is most encouraging to those who have watched the kind young friends who have done so much, to see the spirit in which they have worked and given. That spirit, we trust, they will never lose. Since the accounts of the London Missionary Society for the last year were closed, ship-money still comes in. One of the last sums received was £5 from a Sunday-school at Philadelphia, in America; and the good clergyman who sends it says, "The dear children were delighted to have a plank in the good ship."

And now, dear children, we know you will think about her; but we want you to do something more—to pray for her; to watch her progress; and, as she will cost more than two thousand pounds every year, to get regular subscribers to the ship-fund, and send

some annual help to the Directors. From time to time we shall let you know where she is, and what she is doing.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

SOME time has passed since the May meetings, and it is now too late to give a full account of what was said and done at them. But there were some things in the Annual Report, read at Exeter Hall, which our readers will like to know, and which they ought to remember.

One thing mentioned in the Report was the very pleasant fact, that the money given to the Society last year was more than that subscribed the year before, by from five to six thousand pounds. This is very encouraging to the Directors, and will also gratify our readers, who know quite well that, with God's blessing, more good will be done among the heathen, just as more money is given to send Missionaries amongst them. But though the increase of income is cheering, it is still more cheering to know that it comes chiefly from two classes—from the young, and from the converts at our Missionary Stations. The YOUNG have done their part well. By their efforts no less than three thousand three hundred pounds have been obtained for the Missionary Ship ! In the Report there is the following passage, which every child who has given anything to the *John Williams*, or collected anything for her, should read:—"While the Directors would offer grateful praise to the God of all grace, who has given to the contributors the willing mind to present those generous gifts for his service, they have peculiar pleasure in rendering their warmest thanks to their juvenile friends, by whom the fund required for the repairs and outfit

of the Missionary Ship has been raised, and more especially to the children of Sabbath-schools, who, under the guidance of their ministers and superintendents, have been most active and liberal contributors to this work." But there is another class—the Christian people at the Missionary Stations, who have subscribed eighteen hundred pounds more this year than last! Altogether, nearly thirteen thousand pounds have been raised at these stations, and much of that large sum has been given by those who, a few years ago were wretched heathens, but who now love the gospel which has delivered them from their former condition, and freely offer their money, or the produce of their country, to send the same blessing to their benighted brethren. There are few proofs of success more striking or gratifying than this. Besides these sums there was also a large subscription raised for the widows and orphans of Missionaries. Those who heard this part of the Report were very much pleased, and we think our readers will be pleased also.

The part of the world which the Report first names is *Polynesia*. It is a reason for great thankfulness to learn that Popery has not made a single convert in *Tahiti*; that the good Queen Pomare continues a firm Protestant, and a consistent Christian; and also that a large number of members have joined the churches, amongst whom are many who, a little while ago, were careless young persons. At *Samoa*, the hearts of both the Missionaries and their people had been cheered by the arrival of a large supply of New Testaments in the native language. For these the Samoans gladly gave half-a-crown a copy. One of the Missionaries says, that seven young men were employed to do some work about the ship which brought this treasure, and in this way earned three shillings each. As soon as they had received the money, they hastened to the house of the Missionary to buy a book, and thought themselves well

paid for their labour by possessing a copy of the Word of God.

At *Mangaia*, the Rev. George Gill gives a pleasing account of the opening of a large new chapel in that once savage, but now truly Christian island. The people came in from all the surrounding villages and filled the place, and "it was an interesting sight," writes Mr. Gill, "to see upwards of 500 church members, and 400 candidates for communion, sitting, clothed, and in their right mind, to dedicate the work of their hands to the worship of the only living and true God." The services lasted two days. Mr. Gill, in describing these services, says, that the people not only ate a bullock, the first that had been killed there for five years, but upwards of 300 hogs roasted whole, and 400 turkeys!

Mr. Gill gives a very pleasing account of the introduction of the gospel into another island, which, until then, had been the home of none but idolatrous and savage men. This was done by the blessing of God upon the labours of native teachers—men who themselves, a few years ago, were wretched heathens. The island is one of the *Penrhyn* group, and contains about 1200 inhabitants. Though, when the teachers landed, the chiefs promised to take care of them, not a single day had passed before the people had stolen everything they possessed. But the good men say, in the account they sent to Mr. Gill, "We were not much troubled at this—we knew they were heathens." They kept at their work, and, four months after they had landed, they were rejoiced and rewarded at seeing the chiefs and people join together to destroy all their temples, and to fling their idols into the fire. Two chapels were afterwards built, and now the Sabbath-day is kept, schools are opened for old and young, and the knowledge of God's Word is spreading through the land.

When we see what great good these native teachers can

effect, we must be glad to learn that, not only are there many of them labouring in different islands, but that in the three seminaries in the South Seas, between fifty and sixty more are receiving instruction, to fit them to go forth in the same service. It is also a pleasant thing to hear that, when the *John Williams* goes back, she will carry five thousand copies of the entire Bible, which have been printed in this country, in the language spoken at Rarotonga, Mangaia, and the other Hervey Islands.

In the *West Indies*, the Missionaries have had their trials and their encouragements. The ravages of the cholera at Jamaica have been very dreadful, but the visitation seems to have awakened many to care more than ever about their souls. One of those who died during the year was an old African. In early life he was taken in battle by the king of Ashantee, and condemned to death; but his life was spared, and he was sold to the slave-dealers. When the Missionary first settled near the place where he lived, he was a very ignorant and wicked man, but he became a Christian, and proved a faithful servant of God until his death. That death was, indeed, a happy one. His conversation was chiefly about the goodness of God in bringing him from his native land to the place where the light of the gospel shone, and then in making him a Christian. The Missionary says, it was delightful to visit him. Jesus Christ appeared to engage all his mind and heart. Just before he died, he said, "I have been a very wild and worthless sinner, but all my trust is in the blood of my Saviour Jesus." "I must wait with patience, till he thinks me fit to die, and then I know he will not forsake my poor soul, but receive it up to heaven."

After referring to South Africa, the Report goes on to describe the sad circumstances of the suffering Christians in *Madagascar*. You have heard before of the persecution in

that island, and of the martyrs there. It was hoped that the cruel Queen, and her wicked counsellors, had become weary of the work of destruction. But this is not the case. The Report says that 1200 Christians (but there is now reason to believe that the number is nearly 2000) were during the last summer, commanded to come to the capital, to answer for the crime of being Christians. They came. Four of the most eminent of them were then burned to death; but while they were suffering, the rain came down in such torrents, that three times it put out the fire. Ten or twelve others were flung from a very high rock, and dashed to pieces. And it is probable that many more would have suffered in the same way, if the young Prince, who, you know, is a Christian, had not saved their lives at the risk of his own.

The Report makes some encouraging statements about the progress of education and religion in *China*. Amongst other things it gives an account of the discovery, by two native teachers, of some Jews in a city in the interior of China. It also contains a very remarkable description of the Christian religion, written by a mandarin, who has great influence amongst his countrymen, and who, at one time, was the Governor of Canton. This shows that some Chinese have the knowledge of the true God and of Jesus Christ, who never saw the face of a Missionary, but who have been enlightened by the numerous Christian books which have been scattered throughout that great empire. The mandarin's name was Ki-ying. He had a secretary called Li-Ting. This man was for some time very ill, and he had prayed to the gods of China, and had given money to the priests, and had consulted the doctors, without getting better. While in this state, he heard that the men of western nations (Christians) got good by praying to God, in the name of Jesus Christ. And though he knew very little about the Father

or the Son, he resolved to pray. Shortly after this, he became well again, and called upon his master, the mandarin, to tell him what had happened, and to ask him to write a prayer in acknowledgment of what God had done for him. That prayer was written, and has been translated by the Missionaries, and is now printed in the Report. The Missionaries say that it is very encouraging to them to find a man, so high in authority, publishing at Peking a paper to explain the Christian religion, and saying to his heathen countrymen that, having examined it, he has found it "*all verily good.*"

An important part of the Report is about *India*. Until last year, there was a very bad law in that country, which punished any heathen who became a Christian with the loss of all his property. Some Hindoos, indeed, who felt that the soul was worth more than the world, and that silver and gold were poor things compared with salvation, have taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods; but, of course, such a wicked and cruel law was a great hindrance to the gospel. Happily, that law has just been done away, and now any one may change his religion without paying this penalty for so doing. Now, you might suppose that no one could be displeased with this alteration. But that is not the case. On the contrary, the bigoted Brahmins have formed a society at Calcutta, in order to get the old persecuting practice restored; and for this purpose they have raised money, and are sending an English lawyer to this country, to try to persuade our Government to do what they desire. In an address which the Committee of this curious Society have published, they give the following account of the effect of Missionary labours in India, and which, as all our readers will see, contains strong proof of their success. "The Missionaries," they say, "lose no opportunity to do us all the injury in their power. We know very well that a very

great number of Hindeos have become Christians. Even of those who have not publicly professed Christianity, a great many adopt in secret Christian practices. Many boys have forsaken their mothers' arms, and fled; parents have been bereft of their children, brothers of their brothers, wives of their husbands. All the corners of the earth have been filled with the sounds of lamentation through the power of the Missionaries!"

But we have said enough about this interesting and very encouraging Report, to show all our readers that God is wonderfully blessing the Missionary cause, and doing great things among the heathen.

THE HEATHEN'S DREAM.

SOME of the good Missionaries in South Africa are just now in very great trouble. The dreadful war which has just broken out between the Kaffirs and the British has scattered their people, and hindered their usefulness. Some spots which Mr. Freeman lately visited, and where he found so much to gladden his heart, are now left desolate; and others, where the people had a quiet habitation, are occupied by soldiers, or threatened by savages. But while we mourn over this sad change, let us rejoice to think that it does not affect the spiritual so much as the temporal condition of the people, and it is pleasant to turn away from painful objects to others of an opposite character. Several of these may be found in the latest accounts from that part of the world. Amongst the instances of usefulness mentioned by the Missionaries, Mr. Helm, of Caledon Institution, relates the following:—"Last July, there was a good and great work, which may be called a religious revival, begun at this station. It began with one individual. She was a young woman. Up

to that time, like so many of the young, she had heard the word of God in vain. The sound of the Missionary's voice entered her ear, but it did not reach her heart. One night, however, she dreamed a dream. In that dream she fancied herself in the house of God. It was the Sabbath-day. The people with whom she had often joined in that place were all around her, and before her stood the Missionary of Christ—the messenger of God, whose warnings she had till then despised—whose message of mercy she had disregarded. There he stood, as she had often seen him stand, with God's book open before him, and the congregation waiting in silent attention for the text he was about to read. His lips opened. He named the passage from which he was about to preach. It was the 13th chapter of Zechariah, and the 1st verse, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin, and for uncleanness." When she awoke, her first thoughts were filled with the dream; but she was most of all impressed by the text of the Missionary. She became uneasy and unhappy. Her conscience, which had been asleep before, was now aroused. She saw, as till then she had never seen, her state as a sinner, and while she thought upon it, she trembled. The morning broke. It was the Lord's-day, and as the hour of worship drew nigh, and she heard the sound of the Sabbath bell, her trouble increased. With a burdened spirit and downcast eye, she went up with the multitude to the house of the Lord. *They* began the service with a hymn of praise, but *her* heart was heavy, and though she tried to raise her voice with theirs, she felt that she could not sing. At length, the Missionary stood up in the pulpit, just as he had appeared in her dream, when about to read his text. Full of desire to hear some words of peace and pardon, she little expected to listen to those very same words which, in the vision of the night, had so deeply affected her. But

those *were* the words which fell upon her ears. As she heard them she wondered, and held her peace. And while the Missionary spoke of the sin and uncleanness which required to be cleansed, she felt that all he said was suitable to her; and when he described the fountain opened through the death of Jesus, the glorious truth, though she had often heard it before, came to her thoughts and her heart with power. That day she became a true penitent, and, adds the Missionary, "she was led to seek, and, I trust, obtain peace in the blood of sprinkling."

But this conversion was only the first of several which soon followed it. In a few days, three other young persons called upon the Missionary, under deep concern about the salvation of their souls. Much encouraged, the good man prayed and preached more earnestly than before, and, in consequence, the hearts of many were moved, and the cry was heard from young and old, "What must I do to be saved?" In four months, thirty-one were added to the church; others followed them who gave evidence that they had passed from death unto life, amongst whom there were five sisters, all of whom were received as members of the household of faith, and heirs together of eternal life.

SELF-DENIAL AMONG THE CHILDREN AT SALEM, INDIA.

Letter from Mrs. Lechler.

To the beloved young friends who support children in the Salem Orphan and Boarding Schools.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It has struck me, while writing to a little class of children who send us every year the means

of boarding an Indian girl, and bringing her up in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, instead of leaving her in the dreadful ignorance and misery of a heathen, that there are many who thus help us whose directions we do not know, but who would like to hear something about those dear children. Now, I know most of you read the JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, so I send this letter to the Editor, with the hope and prayer that it may encourage you to continue in well-doing, and to do well, from love to the Saviour. Oh, dear young friends, if this indeed be your motive, you are truly blessed, as well as the children you support.

As we love to see the young coming forward to praise the Redeemer, and to do his work, it gives us much joy and gratitude to find that, out of our schools, consisting of ninety-two children, twenty-two are supported by the young, chiefly of Sabbath-schools. This is, indeed, a good sign of the feeling both of teachers and children, and especially as we know that some of their efforts are accompanied by real self-denial. But we are happy, however, to tell you that there are also some of the children in these schools for the heathen who desire to serve the Lord in the same way; but, as they have no kind parents and friends to give them money, they can only do a little, and that by very great self-denial. Hindoos seldom think anything more valuable than their food. We often hear them say, "I must do anything [*i.e.*, commit any sin] for my rice." Yet these dear children, *of their own accord*, have given one meal every week for three years to the Salem Auxiliary Missionary Society; and, so far from being wearied in well-doing, they now propose to give another meal a-week, to help to build a new chapel, which we very much want, the old one being too small for the congregation even to stand in.

Now, remember that these poor children have no friends

to give them anything to eat, and no money to buy it, so when they give a meal they actually fast. You will, I am sure, admire them, and be glad to hear that, instead of looking wistfully upon others who eat, they usually sit in the verandah of their school, and sing hymns. Some people who do not *feel* how graciously the Lord supports and helps those who love him, will say, "This is too much. Children cannot fast twice a-week without injuring their health; and their teachers are wrong in allowing it." I wish some such could see our schools. I do not think I ever saw a school of more healthy and happy children; and we have noticed, and *they* have too, that their health is better now than when they ate all their food. During the past four months, the people that dwell around us have been dreadfully afflicted both with cholera and small-pox, and there are few houses from which one or more children have not been taken. In some cases *all the children* have died. Now, though we have about one hundred and twenty children under our care, including the children of the catechists, &c., only one, a very little boy, had died of cholera, and none of small-pox. Twelve, indeed, have been attacked by cholera, and one by small-pox, but they have all recovered. I hear that, in one village, quite close to our garden, nearly all the children are dead. About forty died in one month.

I must not make this letter too long, so I will only say I shall be very happy to hear from friends who support children in this school, and especially from young friends and their teachers, and will, if God permit, tell them more about these dear children in my answers.

Commending you, dear young friends, to the Lord and the Word of his grace,

Believe me, yours most affectionately,
Salem, South India.

ROSA LECHLER.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

At the adjourned meeting of the London Missionary Society, held at Finsbury Chapel, on Thursday evening, May 15th, the Rev. H. Addiscott, of Taunton, related the following anecdote:—A little girl attended a Missionary Meeting, and sat upon her father's knee. While listening with deep attention to the speech of the Missionary, who was describing the miseries and cruelties of the heathen, she was seen to weep. On her return home, she said to her father, "Father, could I not do something to send the gospel to the heathen?" He replied, "What can you do? you are but a little girl, and have nothing to give." To which she answered, "Mother gives me a penny a-week—I could give that." "So you shall," said the father, "and I will buy you a little box to put it in." An earthenware box, with a hole in it, was purchased, and every week did the little one drop into it her penny. Not many weeks had passed when she was taken ill of fever and died. Some time after her burial, the father took the box to his minister, and, on putting it into his hand, he said, "This box belonged to my little daughter." And then he told him about the Missionary Meeting, and added, "I have had no heart to break it myself, but have brought it to you; if you will break it, you will find *seventeen pence*." The clergyman did so, but found there *eighteen pence*. The father was surprised, and could not account for the additional penny. He therefore inquired if it was not seventeen weeks since the meeting, and found it to be so. When he returned home, he told his wife of his difficulty, and asked her if she knew where the other penny could have come from. "Oh, yes," she said, "I can tell you. The day before our dear child died, a neighbour, calling to see her, observed that she was suffering from thirst, and on leaving

said, 'Here, dear, is a penny for you to buy an orange.' When she left us, our little one called me to her bed-side, and said, 'Mother, true I am very thirsty, and the orange would be nice, but I would rather you would fetch me my Missionary-box, that I might drop the penny in there.' I did," said the mother, "and it was the last thing she did before she died. With her trembling hand, and a faint smile on her pale cheek, she dropped the money in, and *that* penny made up the *eighteenpence* found in her box."

Dear children, you see in this a striking instance of sacrifice made by a little girl when dying, that the heathen might have preached unto them the gospel.

KAFFIR CONVERTS.

IN the very interesting speech about Africa, which Mr. Freeman made at the Annual Meeting of the London Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall, he mentioned the case of two Kaffirs, one an old man, the other a young woman, which showed what the gospel can do for people who have been called "untameable savages," and are now treated as if they were no better than furious wild beasts.

The man had grown old in ignorance and in sin, but one day he heard a Missionary preach. The subject of the discourse was "the wrath to come." The Kaffir heard, but understood not. Still he was unhappy, for he knew and felt that he needed something which he had not, and which he could not get from his fellow-creatures. In this state of mind, he visited the Cape Colony. There he met with Mr. Hood, another Missionary, told him how he suffered, and asked what he must do. Mr. Hood told him about Jesus Christ, his love, and death, and power to save. He listened with great attention, and stood trembling in the presence of

he Missionary. "Sir," said he, "I am old and stupid, tell me again." As the Missionary repeated the story of the Saviour's grace and salvation, tears rolled down the dark cheeks of this awakened heathen; and it must have been a fine sight and a great delight to the Missionary, to watch those tears, as they flowed from eyes which had seldom wept before, and to hear from his stammering tongue the words of wonder and joy, as he spoke of the love of God and the compassion of the Saviour. At once he resolved to come and live at the Missionary Station, that he might learn more of the gospel; but as he had cattle, and there was no room in the village where they could graze, there was a difficulty in the way of his doing so. This difficulty he named to the Missionary; but he added, "I am a Kaffir, and I love my cattle; but I'll part with the last one I have if that stands in the way of coming to hear the Word." This was a noble decision. He was willing to give up all for the sake of Jesus Christ, and the salvation of his soul.

The other case was that of a Kaffir young woman. She had become a Christian, and had, therefore, put off her Kaffir dress, and given up her heathen customs, and in their stead had clothed herself in English garments, and was diligent in attending the means of grace. Her brother was still a heathen, and did not like the change which he saw in her character and conduct. One day he came to ask her to accompany him to a heathen dance. She refused to go. Determined to get his object, he fetched a stick, and threatened to force her to do what he desired. Still she would not yield. Angry at her conduct, he then tore off her clothes, and beat her until he broke the stick with his violence. But she never shrunk from the strokes, nor uttered a cry, nor said one unkind or reproachful word to her cruel and unmanly brother. Finding that he had not prevailed he went to get another stick. But now some native women

came forward to save her from further violence, for they thought she had had punishment enough. But when the brother found that he must cease to beat her, he forced upon her a heathen dress. This was more than she could bear. Loud sobs and bitter tears showed how much she felt the degradation, for it almost seemed as if she had returned again to her former state of darkness and sin. Her brother was surprised at her grief, and said, "Why did you not cry before? When I *beat* you, you were silent; now I *dress* you, you weep." Some time passed by, and he came again to visit her; but he would not enter his sister's hut, as if he were ashamed to see her, and expected to be reproached. In this, however, he was mistaken. He did not know what a kind and forgiving spirit the gospel produces, but now he saw it in his sister. She met him at the door of her hut, gave him her hand, and with it a sister's kiss. Such love was more than he could bear. He might have stood firm against opposition, but kindness overcame him. "I called on her," said Mr. Freeman, "in company with Mr. Birt. I admired her for her patient and amiable spirit. I wished her many blessings, and I was delighted to leave with her a little present, as a token of my esteem." Well might he add, "These people are surely worth an effort to redeem from heathenism! Such are the fruits of the Spirit in South Africa!"

HINDOO BLACKSMITHS.

THE forge of these smiths is a very rude affair, made of sand and clay. It is about three feet high, half a foot thick, and two feet and a half broad. In front of this flames the fire, and behind it is squatted the bellows-blower. If you saw this man working away in a most cheerful mood, you would think that he was quite satisfied with his voca-

tion. The bellows are made of leather. They are about two feet long, and are furnished with a hand-piece of wood. The anvil is made of iron. It is oblong, and is about three feet long, two feet wide, and half a foot high. These men are worshippers of Siva. Their forehead, arms, and breast have the white marks which distinguish that class. You will also notice that they wear a string, like the Brahmins, passing round the neck and under the left arm. You will ask, How is this? Does not the sacred string belong exclusively to the haughty Brahmin? I answer, the Brahmin claims the string as his peculiar right, and this claim is acknowledged by the people at large; but there are some classes that arrogate this Brahminical prerogative to themselves. The blacksmiths are one of these classes. They do not acknowledge or submit to the Brahmins, except where forced to do so. They have priests of their own caste. They give out that they are not only equal to the Brahmins, but superior to them; and their mode of argument is as follows:—"It is by our instrumentality that the world moves on. What would the world do without our labours? In how many thousand forms, in every-day life, is the utility and absolute necessity of our work apparent! Hence we ought to be considered the highest caste, since so much depends upon us. Yea, what would the Brahmin do without us? We build his temples and make his idols. They perform service in the temples that our hands constructed, and take care of the idols that our fingers fashioned. *We are the god-creators*, while they are the god-servers. We, therefore, are the greater, while they are the less. We are the masters, and they the servants!" These lofty claims, however, are not all acknowledged by the people. It is quite a matter of self-glorification on the part of the blacksmiths. The Brahmin stands universally as the acknowledged priest, and the Brahmin caste is the highest caste in the land.

Not only do the blacksmiths worship false gods and goddesses, but once a year they offer homage to the instruments with which they perform their daily labours. This is done in the following manner:—They gather together their hammers, tongs, &c., and begin by anointing them with oil. They then daub them with Seyakai. This is a sort of pod which the native women use to cleanse their heads: they wash it and boil it, and, straining the water, apply it to their hair. This pod the blacksmiths grind and smear upon their instruments when they worship them. After having done this, the tools are washed with water. Then a suitable spot in the house is selected and plastered over with that universal purifying agent, the potent cow-dung, and marked with many white stripes, which are made of rice flour. The spot having been thus prepared, the tools are placed in it. Sandal-wood dust, mixed with water, is sprinkled upon the instruments, and spots of the same material are formed upon them. Flowers are then offered. Fire is brought, and Benzoin (gum Benjamin) being put upon the flame, incense is offered to these tools. Subsequently, camphor is burned and waved before them. Rice, and curry made of green fruits, are set before them, as are also betel leaf and areca-nuts. Cocoa-nuts are then broken in honour of these unconscious instruments. Some of the blacksmiths eat meat, and others do not. Those who do, make also a sacrifice of flesh on these occasions. After all these ceremonies are completed, they take water in the hollow of their hands and pour it before the instruments, passing the hand three times horizontally in front of them. They then fall down at full length and worship the tools. The reason they give for offering this homage is, that because they get their livelihood by their tools, these tools are their god, the bestower of their daily food.—*Youth's Day-spring.*

A BOLD BOY AND A COWARD.

TWO boys were one day going home from school, when on turning the corner of a street, the biggest of the two called out, "A fight! a fight! let us go and see." "No," said the other, "let us go home; we have nothing to do with the quarrel, and may get into mischief." "You are a coward, and afraid to go," said the other, and off he ran.

The younger went straight home, and in the afternoon went to school as usual, when the boys laughed at him a great deal for not going to the fight. But he had learned that true courage was shown most in bearing blame when it is not deserved, and that he *ought to be afraid of nothing but sin*.

A few days after, these lads were all bathing, when one of them got into deep water and began to drown. The boys were all afraid to go near him, and got out of the water as fast as they could. The lad would very soon have been lost, had not the boy who would not go to the fight, and who had been laughed at by them as a coward, just then came up. He at once threw off his clothes, and springing into the water, just reached the sinking boy in time, and by great effort brought him to shore. The other boys were now all much ashamed, and confessed *he had more courage than any of them*.

 ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

A GOODLY BARK is bending from the shore,—

A Martyr's name her streaming pennant wears;

She asks the winds again to waft her o'er

To yonder Isles the far Pacific bears.

Go, Herald of the Churches, o'er the deep,—

Our hearts breathe after thee a warm farewell;—

The ocean-realms where Williams' ashes sleep

Are bound to Britain by a sacred spell.

No ship is rearing for whose sake arise
So many thousand pleading hearts in prayer;
E'en Childhood lifts to Heaven its beaming eyes,
To seek thy safety from its Father there.

More precious, priceless freight hast thou on board
Than treasure that the mines of earth have given;
The bright revealings of God's living Word
Are peerless gems of mercy—brought from Heaven.

And thou art bearing to their exile sphere,
Devoted hearts, whose vows are in the skies;
Their blest communings reach Jehovah's ear,
Acceptable as holiest sacrifice.

And then, as comes the day of worship round,
And all thy company in hymns adore,—
The song shall mingle with the Sea's deep sound—
And Ocean shall keep Sabbath—as the shore.

Angelic spirits—in their winged speed,
On gracious errand from their native sky,—
(Some saint, mayhap, to succour in his need)—
Shall gaze and smile upon thee as they fly.

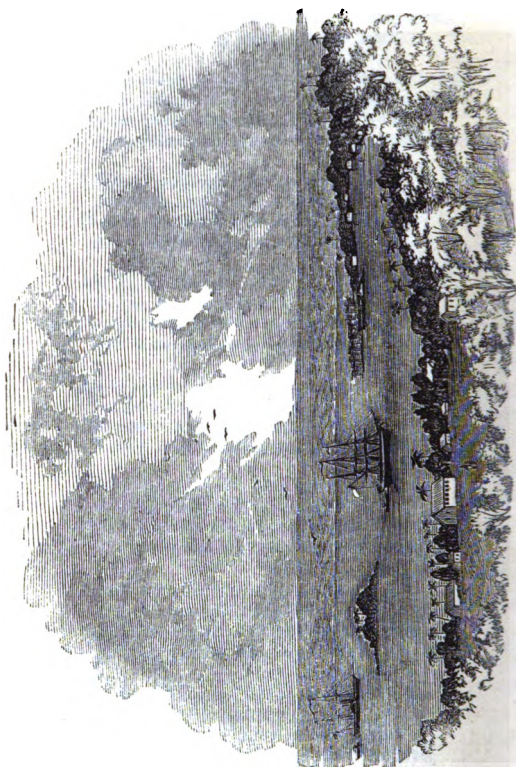
Away, away, along thy billowy path,—
Blow ever fair the breeze,—no ill befall!
Should perils frown—or tempests mutter wrath,
The God of Missions shield thee from them all!

Tahiti—with her faithful Queen, shall raise
Glad signs to greet thee—yet a league at sea;
The crowded beach shall echo shouts of praise,
And tiny children clap their hands for glee!

God give thee favour 'mid those clustering Isles,
Till even savage hearts begin to move;
Till each green spot that bloody war defiles
Shall, smiling, bear the happy homes of love.

Huddersfield.

M.



PAPETE BAY. TAHITI.

THE
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TAHITIAN CHILDREN.

THE people who live in the Tahitian Islands once thought that they were the only people in the world. When they climbed up to the top of one of their high mountains, which rise several thousand feet above the sea, and which point to the bright sky, and when they looked far away over the wide ocean, they fancied that, very far off, the sea and the sky met, and that they were the only men and women living beneath the blue heavens.

Now you, perhaps, will think, that a people dwelling in such beautiful islands, where fruits and flowers grew in abundance, where want was unknown, and where the people had never heard of the great conquerors, and the dreadful battles that we read of in history, would be a good and happy nation, contented with their lot, and kind to one another. But it was not so. When the white men first saw Tahiti, they found the people often engaged in cruel wars; the parents sometimes murdered their own little infants; sick and aged people were very unkindly treated; and they knew nothing at all about the great and glorious

God, "who spread the flowing seas abroad, and bid the mountains rise;" but they worshipped idols, and offered human sacrifices to the god of war. But the time arrived when Christian Missionaries went from England, and preached the gospel there; and since then, all those cruel customs have ceased, and now Tahiti, like England, is a Christian land; and there are chapels in every district, and schools where the children are taught to read the Bible, and to sing hymns of praise to God. Were you to go to Tahiti, you would hear the children sing just the same tunes as the children of this country sing, only the words are in a different language. In one of the schools at Tahiti, there was a little girl about eight years old, named Teina, who had a very sweet voice, and often led the singing in the school. She was very fond of plaintive tunes. It is a custom at Tahiti to sing a hymn at funerals, when the people are standing around the grave, which is usually dug in a shady spot, sometimes in a valley, and sometimes in a grove of trees. Now Teina often went to help them to sing the funeral hymn; and her sweet voice could be heard above the soft murmurings of the trade wind, as it rustled amongst the foliage over their heads. She was not at all proud of her voice, but she seemed to delight in these engagements; and we hope she loved not only the tune, but the truth of the hymns she sung. Some of the children are very attentive in school; and many take small slates with them to chapel, on which they write the text and the divisions of the sermon; and when they go home, they repeat these, and converse with

their parents about the things they have heard. There was a boy in one of the schools who became a very pious youth, and had a great desire to be a minister amongst his countrymen. He went to the Institution for training native young men for the ministry; and there he began to study under Mr. Howe, one of the Missionaries. He was very diligent; and, as he had learned English when he was a boy, he was able to read English books; and it was hoped he would soon become a very useful preacher. But, before long, he was taken ill with consumption, and was obliged to leave the Institution and go home. He gradually grew worse; and at length he knew he must die. He was not, however, afraid to die. He had given his heart to God, and he loved the Saviour; and he waited with calm hope and firm faith for the moment when his soul should be taken to heaven. A short time before he died, as his father, and mother, and sisters were standing around his bed, he closed his eyes, and lay so still that they thought he was dead, and they all began to weep; when, all at once, he opened his eyes again, and, looking round, he fixed them on his mother, and said, "Mother! I thought I was in heaven. I have seen sights, and heard sounds, so beautiful and glorious, that I cannot describe them. I thought I was in heaven; but the voice of your weeping has brought me back again: kiss me once more, my mother, and let me die." She bent over him, and kissed her son, and then he died. His parents mourned for him a long time; but they did not mourn as those that have no hope, because all who

knew him believed he had gone to Jesus, and had joined the happy band who have crowns of glory and harps of gold, and who live with angels, and, like them, do the will of God in heaven.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT BHOWANIPORE.

Letter from Mrs. Mullens.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You have heard much lately about the college that is to be built at this place; and now I want to tell you something about the Girls' School here. Mrs. Campbell, the wife of one of our Missionaries, began it about fourteen years ago; and for the last four years it has been under my care. In this school we have thirty-eight little Bengali girls. They are all boarders, and go home only twice a year. How I wish you could see their happy little faces, as they sit in their gallery, and sing "O that will be joyful!" not in English, but in their own language. Many of the girls read very well, and they know the Bible history almost by heart, besides a great many chapters and hymns. A kind lady in England sent them a set of Scripture prints, of which they are very fond, and from which they have gained a great deal of knowledge. They like to read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and other such books, and take great delight in hearing everything I can tell them about England and English people. There are some of the little girls who are supported by kind ladies in England, who now and then write to them; and when a letter comes, they all gather round me to hear it read; and then they have so many questions to ask! You would laugh very much if you heard some of them. On Sabbath-day the children go twice to chapel, all dressed in clean white clothes; and

sometimes I think that they sit more quietly, and pay greater attention to the minister, than some little Sunday-school children that I have seen in England.

Our girls sleep in a long thatched house, called a bungalow, which stands in the middle of a large grassy playground, with high walls all round it. This bungalow is raised on brick pillars about two feet above the ground, and has a boarded floor, which keeps the room nice and dry in this damp country. The little girls have no bedsteads, but sleep on clean, soft mats, made of rushes. In another part of the playground stands a long thatched verandah, which is used as a dining-room. I am sure you would be amused to see the children eat their rice and curry with their fingers. Each little girl has a bright brass plate and cup; and, when they are all helped, the youngest amongst them stands up, with little folded hands, to ask a blessing.

Our object in having these dear children is to teach them to love Jesus. At home they would see and hear very much that is wrong, for many of their parents and friends are poor ignorant heathens, who could not teach them anything that is good. I am thankful to tell you, that, though some of these children give us pain, yet there are others who, I hope, really love the Saviour. One of them, whose parents are now dead, but were followers of the false prophet Mahomet, has, without my having known it, been in the habit for more than a year of holding a little service for reading and prayer with her young companions, just before going to bed. It was only the other day I had an opportunity of hearing her, when she did not know that I was near, offer up a most beautiful prayer. Few young people in England could have chosen more simple and suitable words; but, what was far better, her *heart* seemed to be really in her prayer. She spoke about the awful state in which they had been, and must have been still, if Jesus Christ had not pitied them;

and then she prayed for the conversion of all Hindoos and Mahometans. That night there happened to be a little heathen girl present as a visitor. She was the child of one of our servants. Our young disciple most earnestly prayed to the Lord for her conversion, asking him that *they* might so behave, that she might see in their conduct how much better the religion of Jesus was than her own.

But, my dear young friends, I must finish this letter. I wished to tell you these things, that you might sometimes think of these dear little girls, and, as they are surrounded with difficulties and dangers in this heathen land which you know nothing of in happy Christian England, therefore pity them, and pray that God may preserve them from all evil, and bring them to his kingdom in heaven.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

HANNAH MULLENS.

HINDOSTAN AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

BY A NATIVE TEACHER.

LATELY a native teacher in Benares, called Treloke, delivered the following address:—"What has God done in India the last thirty years? I remember that once an officer of the Government, who was a Christian, came to our village, and we all cried out, 'Alas for us! he will destroy us all!' But, behold, in five years, I was a Christian myself, and I must again exclaim, 'What great things the Lord hath done for us!' Hindostan was for years a land of darkness, so thick, that I can only compare it to the deepest midnight. There were, indeed, stars to be seen, greater or less; but so faintly did they glimmer through the darkness, that they could give no light to others. Such stars were the holy books of the Hindoos, together with the Rishees and Fakirs.

In this darkness the moon arose, which gave more light than the stars. That was the occupation of the land by the troops of Britain, when justice and protection began to take the place of cruelty and lawless oppression. But the moon does not shine with her own light. What she has is borrowed. She could not, therefore, improve the Hindoos; she could not warm the earth, nor make it fruitful. She left the land desolate and dead. But while Hindostan was thus quite hopeless, behold the Sun arose—the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings. The stars disappeared; the moon grew pale before his glance; and, behold, his light spread warmth, and, with the warmth, life and joy. We have to thank that blessed Sun that Hindostan is not now a howling wilderness, as it was. What the moon and the whole host of stars could not do, this Sun has done. This Sun is Jesus Christ the Lord. Where his beams alight, there arise love, joy, and delight. He has brought us peace, rejoiced the sorrowful, and quickened the heart of the despairing. He alone gives eternal life to sinners. I re-echo what I said before—What neither the stars of Hindooism or Mahometanism, nor the moon of the reign of just British laws, borrowing their light from the Bible, could do, Jesus with his glorious gospel has brought to pass. He has brought salvation to lost sinners, and spread over all who hear his word and receive it, life and happiness.”

DESIRE FOR BOOKS IN SAMOA.

IN 1830, the inhabitants of the Samoan, or Navigator's Islands, were sitting in darkness. Up to that time they had never seen a book, and had no idea of any way of receiving or imparting knowledge but by speech. In this respect they were just like the people of Rarotonga when Mr. Williams, to their great amazement, “made,” as they

termed it, "the chip talk." But Missionaries have given them a written language, and provided for them in that language the printed Scriptures and other religious books; and as numbers of them have learned to read, these books are in great demand. One of the Missionaries says, "Could our friends in England witness the desire of the natives for books, I am sure that printing-presses could not long be wanting. I have known individuals travel 10 or 15 miles in a small canoe upon the open sea to obtain a single book, bringing articles of native produce in exchange for it. Numbers have gladly walked 20, 30, 40, or even 50 miles carrying a burden the whole way, and only asking in return a copy of the Gospel of John. An edition of five thousand has not been at all equal to the demand."

One of these natives, thirsting for knowledge, and wishing above all earthly treasures to possess a book, fenced in a plot of ground, planted it with arrow-root, and having waited until it was ripe, dug it up, and prepared and packed it for use. He then got into his little canoe, spread its sail to the wind, and steered for the Missionary Station, that he might get a book in exchange for his produce. After gliding many miles over the bosom of the ocean in safety, just as he was drawing near the desired spot, a sudden gust of wind filled the little sail, upset his canoe, and sent his arrow-root to the bottom. The poor fellow soon put his canoe right again; but alas! he had lost his cargo, which grieved him very much, as he feared that he could not get a book without paying for it. He therefore turned the bow of his canoe back towards his home, which he reached with a heavy heart. As soon, however, as he had returned, he planted a fresh plot of arrow-root, and, having patiently waited until it was ready, he set out again, sailed once more across the open sea, reached the Missionary settlement, and thought himself well rewarded for all his toil, when he

obtained a book, when, with this precious treasure, and a thankful heart, he returned to his distant home.

Surely those who thus value knowledge should be well supplied with it; and our young friends will be pleased to know, that amongst other good things which the *John Williams* will take to the South Seas, will be more Missionaries and more Bibles.

INDIAN FRANCIS.

SOME time ago there dwelt in Guiana an Indian of the Arawack race, called Francis. He wandered with his tribe from place to place, and was a great man amongst them, for he gave himself out as a conjuror, and they believed what he said. At length, amidst the sin and darkness in which he lived, the light of the gospel shone into his heart, and he became a Christian. For five years he lived a life of faith in Jesus, and not only loved the Saviour, but warmly invited his people to come to Him, and be servants of the living God. The Indians are a wandering race; but as soon as they become Christians they give up their roving life, and dwell together in villages, where they can have the blessing of Christian instruction from a Missionary. Now in some respects it is not so pleasant to such a people to build huts, plant gardens, and cultivate the ground, as it is to fish or to hunt all the day long. But yet, the converted Indians want the comforts of Christian friendship, and therefore they build huts near the Mission station, wherever it is. Thus Francis built a little house for himself just by the house of the Missionary. It was a pleasant place, on the borders of a river in British Guiana.

At last Francis caught a bad cold, and became so ill that the Missionary told him he would die. But Francis was not alarmed at this. When he heard of the

prospect of death, his eye gleamed with pleasure, and, taking the Missionary by the hand, he said, "Do you indeed think I am so near heaven? Well, then, I will put my house in order and only think of Jesus; for when I think what he has done for me, my greatest desire is to be where Jesus is." The day before he died he called the Missionary and said, "I am concerned for my family; but I am persuaded you will be a father to them." His three children were then brought to him, and he thus addressed them: "My dear children, you will soon have no earthly father; but you have a heavenly one, and the Missionary will take care of you, and tell you all about the best things. Follow his words, love him, learn from him, and soon we shall see each other again. I go to your mother. O my dear children! love the Saviour, who has so loved you as to shed his precious blood for you." He then laid his hands upon their heads, blessed them, and gave them to the Missionary's charge, and fell asleep in Jesus.

What a change in Francis from what he once was! How glorious is the meanest Christian's departure! From his faith, his pious life, and happy death, we have every reason to believe that angels came from heaven to carry his soul to Abraham's bosom. Is not Missionary work a good work? How does it bless the poor dying heathen, and bring down heaven into the homes and hearts of savage men!

Francis left three dear children—a boy and two girls. The two girls became sweet and precious Christians, and both died soon after their father. They have doubtless met in glory, and are singing hosannas before the throne of God and the Lamb; and they with him will have reason to bless God to all eternity that Missionaries ever visited the desolate region of Guiana.

MAGICIANS.

AMONGST all nations there have been wicked people who pretended to knowledge and power, such as none but God possesses, or could give to men. These deceivers have been known by many names. Some have been called *diviners*, or those who could look into the future; others *enchanters*, a class who in ancient Egypt pretended to prophesy by means of serpents; others, again, named *necromancers*, who professed to converse with the dead. There were also *star-gazers*, who were also thought to get supernatural knowledge from observing the heavenly bodies; and *wizards*, *sorcerers*, or *magicians* (for these names belong to one class), who used arts or supposed enchantments, generally to the injury of their fellow-creatures. Many deceivers of this kind were found amongst the Jews; and there are some such still, even in the most enlightened countries. It is not surprising, therefore, that they should be numerous amongst the heathen; and that those who know not God, and the truth he has taught, should "seek unto" such pretenders to superior power and wisdom. This has been the case with pagan nations of old, and it is so still. Of this our Missionaries saw sad specimens, in which these workers of iniquity have not only deceived, but destroyed the people. Thus it is amongst the Zoolus, a powerful African race; for when one of them, from a feeling of revenge, or for any wicked purpose, desires the death of an individual, he employs a magician. A young man, for instance, wishes the removal of his elder brother, that he may get his property or his power. But he cannot get what he wants without some pretext. What does he do? He bribes a sorcerer to say that his brother is a traitor; and so generally are these worthless deceivers trusted, nobody will contradict their words. Without proof or

trial, therefore, the unhappy being thus accused is either speared on the spot, or is forced to sit down upon red-hot stones until his body is burned to a cinder. Were not the laws of Moses against such wizards and sorcerers, wise and just and kind? and should not we do our utmost to deliver the poor heathen from these cruel deceivers and destroyers, and from that great adversary, the devil, by whom they are employed?

IDEAS OF THE ZOOLUS ABOUT A FUTURE STATE.

MANY heathen nations, whose "foolish hearts are darkened" by sin and superstition, still believe some things that are very true and good, though these are generally mixed with others that are just as false, foolish, and wicked. It is so with the Zoolus, a tribe of South Africa. They suppose that the world is ruled by two beings—one good, whom they call *Naputsa*; the other evil, and named *Kofané*. These powers, they believe, are constantly working against each other. How they are thought to do this, will be seen from the following fable, the subject of which is the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body:—

"The Lord (*Morena*) sent in the former times a grey lizard with this message to the world: '*Men die—they will be restored to life again.*' Then the chameleon* set out from his chief, and, arriving in haste, he said, '*Men die—they die for ever.*' Then the grey lizard came and cried, '*The Lord has spoken, saying, "Men die—they shall live again."*' But men answered him, '*The first word is the first; that which is after is nothing.*'"

Though they know not that "heaven of joy and love"

* The slow-moving grey lizard is a great favourite with them, but they very much dislike the nimble and cunning chameleon.

which the Bible describes, they have some dim idea of a better world than this—a happy world beyond the grave. This appears from a hymn which the afflicted, and especially widows, are very fond of. These, when death has taken away some friend, meet together and sing this hymn in chorus, beating the ground softly with their feet, and using a kind of tambourine, made of an earthen vessel, covered with the skin of a kid. The following are the first two verses of this poem:—

“ We are left outside, [meaning on the earth,]
We are left in sorrow,
We are left to despair,
Which increases our miseries.

“ Why have I not wings to fly to heaven?
Why does there not come down from heaven a twisted rope?
I would cling to it, I would mount on high;
I would go and live there.”

Thus you see, dear young friends, that the very “light which is in” these poor heathens, “is darkness.” “They grope like the blind.” And they will remain in this wretched state until that gospel is sent to them which “brings life and immortality to light.” But then, like many who were as ignorant as they are, they will discover the happy road which leads to joys on earth. When shall all that sit in darkness see this great light?

KIRO'S RETURN TO RAROTONGA.

THE following extract from a letter, written by the Rev. Wm. Gill, of Rarotonga, will be read with interest by many young people who saw and heard Kiro when he was in this country:—

"On the 10th of June, Kiro, the native teacher, arrived here from Sydney. Although disappointed by the non-arrival of Mr. Buzacott with him, yet we could not but thank Almighty God, who had restored his health, and given us almost a sure prospect of his return in the *John Williams*.

"Kiro was well received. Early in the morning, natives who had had communications with the vessel some eight miles off, came running through the station, shouting as they ran, 'Kiro! Kiro! from Baretani; but Barokoti (Mr. Buzacott) still remains behind to complete the printing of the Scriptures.' Long before Kiro could come on shore, the beach round the harbour was thronged with men, women, and children, who gave him a welcome which baffles all description, by shaking hands, 'rubbing noses,' pulling his arms, clasping his body, exclaiming, 'Alas! are you indeed returned from that distant land? How wonderful the love of God! Where is Barokoti? Where are the Scriptures?'

"A few days after his arrival, a large feast was prepared in Rarotongan fashion, and the whole settlement assembled to hear Kiro's wondrous tale about England. After singing and prayer, the senior deacon of the church addressed a few words as follows: 'Kiro, my son, blessings on you! you are to us as one returned from the dead. Twice twenty moons have passed away since you left us. We have prayed for you by night and by day. God has magnified his love towards you, and this day we have kissed each other. We have, as you see, prepared a feast for our bodies; we will eat together with joyful hearts, but we expect you to feed our minds. We will sit here until the shades of night cover us: you must expect no sleep until you have told us the wonders you have seen in that far-distant land of love—England. Blessings on you!'

"Kiro then gave his account; and I should like to convey to your mind the full impression produced on the people by his native eloquence, while describing the wonders of his long voyage, and the still greater wonders he had seen in England. After giving a terrible description of 'the mountains and valleys of sea at Cape Horn,' and telling us how he felt on seeing for the first time the snow and hail and frost, he told us of his first impressions on reaching London. The docks he described as 'large rivers' dug out and built up by the English people, in order to take the ships 'in land.' Of the countless number of ships, he said, he could convey no idea to their mind, only that 'the masts looked like an endless forest of leafless trees.' On going into the docks, he said to Mamoe, the Samoan native, 'Look at those long and lofty ranges of buildings; surely those are "*te an are bure anga*"'—houses of prayer. But, to their surprise, they found they were '*are apinga*,'—storehouses.

"On being told to prepare for landing, he said he put together a few clothes in a bundle, but on coming upon deck, he was told by 'the Queen's officers' that he must leave his bundle behind; 'to this,' he said, 'I objected. I had no idea of leaving my clothes behind me, and especially my blanket, in which I expected to sleep at night. I was *maro* (obstinate) to take my bundle. I knew it was my own, but the "Queen's man" was *maro* too, and I had to yield.' This was a most unaccountable custom, to poor Kiro; he had no idea of being suspected of dishonesty. He said his mind was a perfect maze with the multitudes of men and things. He wished to remain a short time on board, to gain a little quiet and confidence before he went into the wondrous city before him. To his surprise, he was told that the 'Queen's man' gave orders for all to leave the ship! At the time appointed he said, 'Mamoe and I were conducted on shore: we

walked through an unbroken line of people to a street, when we were led into a beautiful long room: there were glass windows on either side, and gentlemen and ladies full dressed, in quiet order, each one on his own seat. For some time,' he said, 'Mamoe and I sat in silence, wondering what we were brought here for, when on a sudden, a bell rang, as our bell is rung for Sabbath services. Turning to Mamoe, I said, "We are going to have a '*pure anga*'"—a prayer meeting. I had scarcely said this, when we received a sudden and violent jerk. Our hats fell behind us. We were all in trembling motion outside; all was fear within, until we learnt that this was the English people's "*kariota anai*"—steam chariot.'

"He then gave an account of his reception at the Mission House, where he said he found that 'people loved him with the love of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters.'

"Having quite exhausted himself by long speaking, he said he could say no more. In order to gratify the people, who were urgent for him to continue, I said Kiro should preach on the coming Sabbath. On that day he gave an account of the church of Christ as he had seen it in England—its meetings, its prayers, its liberality, its knowledge, its love. England was a land where God delighted to dwell. In fact, while mingling with the people of God here, he thought himself in heaven.

"At the evening service he spoke to the young people. He told them of the Day and Sabbath-schools he had visited in England. I was glad to find that the youthful piety of English churches and Sabbath-schools had made so favourable an impression on his mind.

"Towards the close of his address he said: 'Ye youths and children of Rarotonga! how little do ye yet understand the message of Christ's love to you, while he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." I could tell you,' he said,

'of many English children and youths, who not only go to school and read God's Word, but *early* give themselves to God's people, by joining the church.' Soon after his arrival in England, he was uniting with a church in London, in receiving the Lord's Supper. He was deeply struck with two little children, he said, who sat beside their parents at the ordinance. He thought at first they were merely kept there by their parents, and had no idea of their being members. He said, 'I kept my eyes fixed on these two children, and by-and-by I saw them take the bread, and afterwards the deacons came with the wine: this they also took, and I knew they were members of the church. My heart was soft with affection towards them, and I silently wept as I thought of you children of Rarotonga, who waste your youthful days in sinful folly, and think old age will be soon enough to give yourselves to God.'

"These and many other things Kiro has told the Rarotongans, and I trust his return will do great good to our people here. He is now in the Institution, and at no distant day I hope will be usefully employed at a station."

JULIA, THE HEATHEN GIRL.

PERHAPS there are none of my dear little readers who have not heard the gospel from their early days. They have been told so many times of the love of a Saviour, that it ceases to affect their hearts, and for that reason they go away and forget the instructions they have received. Not so with little Julia. She had lived to the age of ten years without ever having heard of a Saviour, with no kind parents or teachers to tell her about Jesus, and what she must do to be saved. In this sad condition a Missionary found her, and placed her in a mission-school, where she would be

taught the way of salvation. She had been in school only a few months, when she gave her heart to the dear Redeemer, and became one of his precious lambs. She loved Jesus very much, and used often to go away by herself, to pray to him. One day, after she had been praying, she went to her teacher and said, "My heart is so wicked, I can't pray; I have to cry all the time." But when she was told that God would forgive her all her sins, if she was truly sorry for them, she wiped away her tears, and said, "Yes, I *know* the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I *know* he will forgive me!" and then went away and prayed again. She did this, dear children, because she loved her Saviour so much; and now she is dwelling with him in heaven. Soon after, she was taken very sick, and her teacher feared she could not live. She was then asked if she thought she should recover; to which she replied, "If it is God's will; if not, I don't want to." On being asked if she was willing to die, she replied, "O yes, for then I shall be with Jesus!" She was then asked if the Saviour seemed near to her; to which she promptly said, "Yes; he is with me *all the time*." When asked if she would like to get well again, she very sweetly answered, "If it is God's will; if not, I want to die, and be with Jesus, where I shan't sin against him any more. I am a great sinner, but Jesus has pardoned all my sins." Her teacher then asked her if she should pray for her, and what she should ask God to do for her; to which she replied, "Pray that God will forgive me all the time, and then take me to live with him in heaven." In a few hours she grew worse and inquired for her playmates. They were called, and stood around her bedside, weeping. She then told them not to weep, but to love the Saviour, and not wound him any more by not giving their hearts to him. Many other words like these she said, which I have not space to tell you. She continued to fall very fast, and soon was thought to be

dying. After a few words of parting counsel to her young associates, she asked to be raised up, and soon expired in the arms of her teacher. Her last words were, "I am happy! happy! I am going to be with Jesus!" Thus did that dear little girl fall sweetly asleep in the arms of her Saviour. Will not all my dear little readers give *their* hearts to this precious Saviour that Julia loved? Then when they die, they too will dwell with her in heaven. If she, with only a few months' instruction, received him to her heart, and loved him so ardently, how much more, dear children, should *you* love him! Oh! may not this little heathen girl rise up in judgment to condemn you, who all your lives long have known of a Saviour!—*Youth's Dayspring.*

JUVENILE USEFULNESS.

A MINISTER at a Missionary prayer-meeting lately addressed the young people present as follows:—"I hope that among the children who are here, there are some who, when they are grown up to be men and women, will become Missionaries to the heathen; but I wish they may become Missionaries in their homes, while they are yet children. I would ask you, whether you would not be very happy to become Home Missionaries already? I see some of you smile, as if you would ask me, 'How can that be? We would willingly do anything to be useful; but how can such as we become Missionaries?' Well, I can perhaps best answer this question by showing you how other children have acted—all differently, perhaps, but all having the inclination to do good.

"There was a little boy who, as he went to the Sabbath-school, saw many shops and workshops open, just as if it were a week-day. He knew that this was very wicked, and he gave the people in the shops tracts about the observance of the Sabbath. After a short time he had the pleasure to

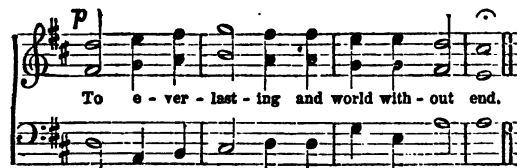
see that ten of these shops were closed on the Sabbath. I have read also of another boy, who, as he loved school much himself, always invited the children he saw loitering about, or playing in the streets, to go with him. One Sabbath morning he met a poor boy who was lame, and told him that he wished he would go to his school. 'Oh! I would willingly go,' said the boy, 'but I am so lame that I cannot walk so far.' 'Oh! is that all?' replied his friend. 'If you really wish to go to school, I will take you upon my back, and carry you there.' And he took him upon his back; and from that day forth, every Sabbath the boy was seen carrying his lame friend to and from school, to the admiration of all the neighbourhood.

"I could tell you also of another lame boy, who asked a gentleman who had been kind to him, to give him a ball of twine. When asked what he wanted to do with it, he said, 'I will make a net of it, and then sell it for three-pence, and give it to the Bible Society, to help them to print a Bible for the poor heathen. You know, sir, that this will be enough to print a page.' The gentleman told him to bring the net to him when it was finished; and when he did so, he said to him, 'You are a good boy. Here is three-pence for the page of the Bible, and three-pence for yourself.' 'No, sir; oh no!' said the boy. Let me give all to the Bible Society. Then, perhaps, there will be enough to print both sides of the page.'

"This is the way children may become Home Missionaries. Go you and do likewise. There are many ways in which you may be more useful than you suppose. But you must find them out yourselves; and this will not be difficult if you pray every morning, when you rise from your beds, that your heavenly Father would not let you pass the day without doing some good."

MISSIONARY CHANT.

By Rev. Dr. Cope.

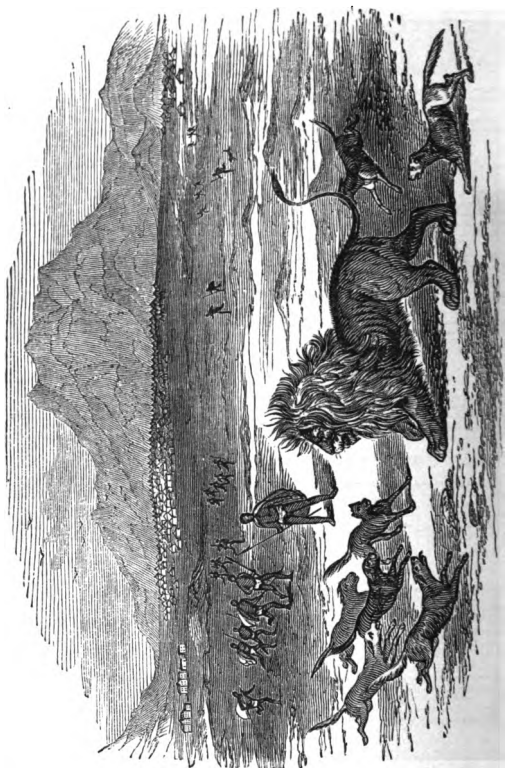


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THE

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1851.

DEATH OF THE REV. J. J. FREEMAN.

MANY of our readers will be pained to learn that Mr. Freeman has ended his life and labours on the earth. He died at Homberg, in Germany, on the 8th of September, and was buried there on the 10th. This painful intelligence has reached us while the present Magazine is passing through the press. We can, therefore, do little more than announce the sad fact.

Many in Madagascar, in the West Indies, in Africa, and in England owe much to Mr. Freeman; but there were none whom he loved more, or for whose welfare he was more concerned, than the Young; and, believing that they must be useful in order to be happy, he spoke and wrote much to make them pity the heathen, and help the missionaries. One proof of this is the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine." It was begun by him; and for four years and a

half he was its editor. But, alas! the head that planned and the hand that wrote are laid low in the grave. He has often entreated you, dear readers, to love Christ, and to spread his gospel; but though his tongue is now silent, and his pen laid down for ever, this mournful Providence has a voice, and it is the voice of God. It speaks from heaven; it speaks to you. It calls to each—to all—to seek salvation; to love Jesus Christ; to live for some great and good end; to work while it is called to-day.

LIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SOME years ago, lions were more numerous in South Africa, and much more bold than they are now. Travelling then was not so safe as Mr. Freeman found it. He *heard*, indeed, of the savage creatures, but none of them paid him a visit. In his Narrative he gives two or three anecdotes of this sort, which we shall furnish to our young readers.

The first of these was a circumstance which happened to Dr. Vanderkemp. That good missionary was travelling in a mountainous part of the country, and was overtaken by darkness before he could reach the place where he intended to stop for the night. The oxen were therefore unyoked, and allowed to crop the green grass around them, and a Hottentot servant, who is still alive, went down to a brook to fetch some water. But no sooner had he reached the brink of the stream, than he was startled and frightened to see a fine old lion standing on the

opposite bank. He, no doubt, had come there to quench his thirst, or to catch some other animal that he might make a supper upon it. The Hottentot stared at the lion, and the lion stared at him. And there they stood right opposite, looking each other very full in the face. The poor man was afraid to turn his back and run away, lest the great beast should rush after him, and spring upon his back, which, no doubt, he would have done with very little ceremony. But what to do he could not tell. At last he thought he would appear very bold, and try to drive the lion away. He therefore stooped down, and took up a stone, and then he lifted up his hand as if he meant to say to the lion, "Now sir, if you move a step this way, I shall certainly throw this stone right at your head." And whether the great creature was afraid of the stone or not, he would not venture to attack the man. Neither would he go away. But there they stood, hour after hour, through that dark and dangerous night, the poor Hottentot expecting every minute that his enemy would spring upon him. At length the morning dawned,—the time when savage beasts creep to their dens,—and to the great joy of the Hottentot, he saw his dreadful neighbour walk slowly away from one side of the stream, while he was not a little rejoiced to run swiftly from the other, and hasten back to Dr. Vanderkemp, (who no doubt had been wondering what had become of his servant), to tell of his danger and deliverance.

One of the chief men at a missionary station called Mankasana, is called Alie Arends, and he was literally delivered out of the mouth of a lion; for the fierce monster had not only caught him, but he

actually got his head within his great jaws. But how, you will ask, could he escape from such a situation? It was by prayer. He cried to the God of Daniel that he would be gracious to him, and save him from the power of the lion. And he says that if he never prayed before, he did pray then most earnestly. That prayer was heard; and in no other way could he explain the strange fact that the animal let go his terrible hold and left him, full of wonder and thankfulness.

The next instance is not so pleasant. A short time since, three men and a boy were travelling through the country of Madoor, about whom you read in the last Magazine. Night came on, and they laid down in the open air to sleep. Two of the men slept apart, but the other and the boy wrapped themselves up in one blanket, and were sleeping together. As they lay asleep, a lion came to the place, and immediately seized the blanket in which the man and boy were. But they made their escape, leaving their coverlid in the lion's mouth. They then ran to their companions to warn them of their danger; but while the man was telling them the tale, the lion returned, sprang upon him, seized him by the neck, and killed him. The poor fellow had just time to cry to his companions, "Shoot! shoot!" but, though they did so, and destroyed the monster, it was too late to save their friend. Supposing that other lions were not far off, the two surviving men and boy made haste from that place; but the next morning, they went back to bury their companion, when they found that, during the night, his body had been eaten, together with that of the lion they had destroyed, by some of his fierce companions.

Perhaps you may have heard people talk about catching lions by the tail; and you may have thought that such a thing never had been done, or would be attempted. But Mr. Lemue, a very excellent missionary, assured Mr. Freeman that this was no fable. He said that this mode of capturing the king of the forest was not uncommon in the Kalliharri country, where he had laboured. Lions, in that part of South Africa, sometimes became very dangerous; for when they had once tasted human flesh, they were not willing to eat anything else. Now the way in which the natives got rid of these dangerous visitors was as follows:—A large number of them would go out in company, and, having come to the lion's haunt in the rocks or the forest, they would move close together up to the spot where he lay. As soon as they came near to him, he would make a spring at them, when they would all run hither and thither out of his way. But the moment he had made the spring, some of the party would rush in behind him, seize his tail up as close as possible to his body, and then with all their might lift off his hind legs from the ground. This not only frightened the monster, but for a moment took from him the power of doing them any mischief; but while he was thus thrown off his guard, the others rushed in upon him with their spears and clubs, and thus in a short time destroyed him. This was done, not for the pleasure of such dangerous sport, but only in self-defence.

A lion had paid a visit to the house of a native, where he had destroyed more than one victim. The

native naturally enough began to fear that his turn would soon come. He therefore resolved, if possible, to destroy the beast. Supposing that the lion would have no objection to make his supper off a nice little kid, he tied one up at the door of his house, and watched with a gun, intending to shoot the creature while he was killing the kid. The lion came. He saw the bait which had been placed for him; but he wanted something better. Having tasted the flesh of men, he preferred making a meal off the kid's master. He therefore leaped over the bleating animal, and walked deliberately into the house. But the man was not there. Most wisely he had seated himself upon the roof of his dwelling. Here he watched the lion's movements, and waited until he had explored the house and was leaving it. Then he levelled his gun, and shot the creature dead on the spot, happy to save both his own life and that of his kid.

The frontispiece for the present month is a view of a scene which was witnessed at a missionary station of the Basutos, called Thaba 'Nchu. One day a lion quietly made his appearance at this place. As the people keep a great many dogs, no sooner was it known that the dangerous visitor had arrived, than a large pack of them was turned out, and he was driven from the village into the plain. Here he took his stand, and looked very noble and very fierce, while the dogs were yelping around him. But most probably he would have escaped, had not the people joined in the attack, and by their united efforts destroyed him.

Dangerous, however, as it is to be exposed to these furious creatures, there are in Africa men more fierce and more terrible than they. This is seen in the Kaffir war, which now rages in that country; and that war, which is costing so much money and sacrificing so many lives, is another reason why everything should be done by us that lies in our power, in order to turn these lion-like men into meek and loving disciples of Him, who came to preach and to give peace on the earth.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE SERPENT.

THE fishermen of India are like no other of the people. They have superstitions entirely their own; and, while they have often the name of God on their tongues, their hearts are far from him. They speak of his protection, while they trust to lying vanities.

A missionary tells us, that he lately met a fisherman travelling to Callicut to see the doctor, as he had slept on the sand, and something had bit his foot. He thought, he said, it was a rat; but when the wound was looked at, he was told that it was the bite of a serpent. "O no!" he replied, "I am quite sure it was not a serpent; for, in the first place, my family, through the blessing of an old serpent, have the privilege that other people have not, that no serpent will bite them; and, in the next place, if any of us should be bitten, the wound would immediately heal." "What mean you, fisherman," I asked, "about the blessing of an old serpent? Can a reptile give a blessing? Does not every blessing come from God, the Father of mercies?" The man answered, "It is quite right what you say; but I am convinced in *my* case, that no serpent will injure me." Here-

upon he told the following story: "My great-grandfather, a very great fisherman of Coilandy, was once going to Annatsherry to visit an old friend of his, when he saw a spectacle snake (the dreadful *cobra capella*) under a tree writhing about in very great pain. After he had learnt from the snake the cause of her misery, he put some balsam to her wounds, and went on his way. When on returning from his visit he reached the tree again, behold the old snake crept out of her hole, and with many bends of her body, thanked my great-grandfather for his kindness, gave him her blessing, and also promised, that no bite of any serpent should ever harm him or any of his posterity. Filled with joy at having obtained so great a benefit, he invited the old serpent to a feast in his house: and she came very willingly, bringing with her a thousand of her companions, who were all well fed with eggs and milk. The blessing was then repeated: and it has held good to the present day." I told the fisherman, that it was the greatest folly in the world to believe such a silly story as this; for that there was only one who could heal the bite of the old serpent, and that was Jesus, the sinner's friend. He was the destroyer of that old serpent the devil who had bitten all the human race. None but he could take away the poison of sin, either from soul or body; and this he did by his own death on the cross. Whosoever looked to him by faith, would be healed from the wounds of sin, and have the blessing of eternal life in the world to come. Alas! I was speaking to the wind; for the poor deceived fisherman made the following reply:—"It may be all very right what you say. With another world, however, I am not acquainted; and I am contented enough to have the blessing of the old serpent in this life!" He then went on his journey.

Are there not many contented to live in the like manner

among ourselves? Dear young friends, be not you deluded by such a snare. Look to Jesus, who is able to save you, as the wounded Israelites were saved by looking at the brazen serpent, which Moses, at the command of God, made, and lifted on a pole. Christ can cure your souls, as the sight of that brazen serpent cured the body.

HAPPY DEATH OF A HINDOO BOY.

OBHOY Tschurn Mukidschi was the child of a native teacher. He died in September, 1849, aged six years and eight months; but left behind him a testimony that he was prepared, by the grace of God, for eternal glory.

When he was very young, his father tells us that he gave his earliest attention to heavenly things, and delighted in the sound of the Saviour's name. At three years of age, he could repeat the Lord's Prayer in English, and had learnt a short prayer, to repeat before his meals. Soon after, he had learned to read the Bengal Bible. At this time he sought the Lord earnestly, and showed a desire to do everything that God had commanded. His hatred of a lie was very great, and he never liked any one whom he found out in telling an untruth. One day, when he heard a person say what he knew to be false, he ran home and said, "O father! thou knowest not how frightened I was at so great a sin. I trembled all over!" He loved the worship of God, and never took his breakfast on Sunday till he had been to the house of prayer.

His death, which was quite unexpected, was caused by a fever, which ended in consumption; yet no dangerous symptoms appeared until three days before he died. While ill, he wished his mother to be always with him, and when-

ever she came, he would ask his father to pray, and to sing a Hindoo hymn to an English tune.

"It was a heavy affliction to us," writes the good man, "to see his pain, when his sufferings were most severe. Instead, however, of murmuring, he would repeat the words—

"O Lord, have mercy upon me,
And let not sin destroy my trust;
Preserve my soul thy face to see,
When death shall turn my flesh to dust."

When asked to take some medicine, to see if it would do him good, he said, 'There is no medicine in this world that will do me any good; but death will cure all diseases of the body, and in heaven there is medicine that will keep me alive for ever.' One night he often called out in anguish, 'O God, let me come! O let me come to thee!' Seeing me and his mother weeping, he said, 'Dearest parents, have no sorrow for me. The Lord has given, the Lord will take away; blessed be the name of the Lord! The Lord be gracious to you both.'

"Next morning, he often asked the question, whether it was yet day; and whether the bell had rung for chapel, adding, 'Am I not now well? Can I not now go to worship?' But we told him he was too weak to walk, or even to be carried. 'Then we will have service here,' he replied. A hymn was sung, and a prayer offered; and, at the conclusion, he repeated the words, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c., be with you.' On the following day he became weaker; and at length, without a struggle or a sigh, he closed his eyes, and entered into the joy of his Lord."

Flowers always look beautiful, but never more so than when they bloom in a desert. So is it with early piety; it

g lovely in a Christian land, and in an English child; but lovelier still, when seen surrounded by heathens and idols. But such instances, in such situations, are—through missionary exertion, and by the grace of God—becoming more and more frequent. Let each child at home seek to live and die like this Hindoo boy; and to do what he can to make others, in distant lands, holy and happy too!

THE BASSUTO CONJUROR.

A MISSIONARY in Thaba Bosson, South Africa, lately sent for a conjuror, of the name of Schapi, who dwelt in the neighbourhood, to come to him. This man, who would never come to preaching, was greatly honoured by all the heathen in that neighbourhood. When the invitation reached him, he was much surprised, and asked the messenger what use it would be for him to go to see a person whose doctrine he could not believe. As the messenger could not answer this question, the conjuror threw his dice to see if he could get any direction from them. Supposing the signs to be favourable, he went to the missionary, expecting to get some tobacco. On reaching the house of the teacher, he seated himself quietly on the ground, and said:—"Here I am, sir, according to your call, for my dice told me to come. What is it you wish to hear from the man whose wisdom hath filled the whole land?" "I know," answered the missionary, "that you are much revered by the Bassutos, and that your name is widely known; but tell me, Schapi, dost thou fear God, our great Judge of all men? Dost thou love him from whom thou hast received life and reason? I have long wished to see you, that I might hear from your own mouth, whether it is true what people say, that Schapi will never give up conjuring. At

these words, he twisted his conjuring necklace, and seemed to shiver all over. He soon, however, recovered his composure, and said: "Missionary of the living God! who can withstand the doctrine of the gospel, when you preach it to others. God exists; his word is truth; and happy are those who believe it in the simplicity of their hearts! But as for me, it is not given me to believe in him, and I will remain true to that god which has given my necklace power to direct fifty different things, and to discover secrets."

"Our discourse," writes the missionary, "continued a long time, but without producing any satisfactory result. At length I said to him, 'Allow me to draw your portrait before you go away, that the world may know the features of a man who trusts more in a necklace than in God.' He then seated himself for the purpose; but, suddenly, a fit of trembling came upon him. "Are you cold, friend?" I asked. "No," he replied. "Why do you tremble so, then?" I said again. He gave no answer. Shortly after—before I had finished his portrait—he arose, and loosing his amulet from his neck, he threw it furiously on my table saying: "Do you see this? This wisdom is strange to you; you understand nothing, while to me the world lies open to my view." Upon this, Schapi offered to shake hands, asked a few presents, and went away.

We may see from this story, how darkened the hearts of heathens are, by their superstitious folly. But the Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword. It made this wretched deceiver of himself, and of others, tremble. Many such it has converted; and, by the grace of God, it will convert many more.

THE ENSLAVED CHIEF.

You have often read, in our little Magazine, about Moshesh, the Bassuto chief, and how friendly he has been to the missionaries. You have also had accounts of some of his speeches and doings. But poor Moshesh, though a clever man, is not a true Christian. The missionary of his station writes:—

“ When we preach about the peace of the soul that has received the truth, and the joy of heaven that will follow, Moshesh seems moved to his inmost heart. The excellence of the gospel he does not deny; but he will not give up his evil doings, nor seek to break the chains of sin, by which he is bound. The power of sin surrounds him, like the walls of a prison, and overthrows all his good resolutions. Thus, the protector of the gospel, in the Bassuto country, is himself bound by the chains of the devil. Sometimes, indeed, he rouses himself from his dangerous sleep (as Samson from the lap of Delilah), but that is, when the voice of conscience is too terrible for him to silence. Lately, he called together his people, and entreated them to listen to the Word of Life. ‘ The gospel,’ he said, ‘ will certainly triumph in my country. Your eyes must be turned rather to that valley, where stands the house of the Lord, than upon me; for I, your chief, who have led you on in many dangerous wars, and have brought you home victorious,—I cannot conquer my own heart. Follow your missionary’s directions,’ he added, with much feeling, ‘ and when you know the gospel, have pity upon me!’ ”

CONVERSION OF LETUKA, ELDEST SON OF MOROSI,
CHIEF OF THE MALITIS.

THE following account is from Mr. Shramff, a missionary at Bethesda, in South Africa. It is another proof of the greatness of that Power which changes the heart of man.

"Some," he writes, "who appeared to have found grace have drawn back, but others, who were like stones, begin now to give evidence to the truth and power of the gospel. This is the case with the very man who has done us so much injury for the last six years—the young chief Letuka. You may remember, that it was this man who, in company with Tsegoa, came armed into our congregation and took away one of our members by violence, to force him again to adopt a heathen life. I went to him, and reproached him for his conduct. 'To kill the body,' I said, 'is a dreadful sin; but to destroy a soul is far worse. It is the work of Satan to destroy souls; and thou art this day a servant of the devil, who was a murderer from the beginning. Knowest thou not, that the blood of this soul will be required of thee?' This overwhelmed him with shame, and he went away without saying a word; but, to cover his shame, he only breathed out more threatenings against the Christians. 'Tell them,' he said, 'that I will shoot every one of them.' And this threat he would have fulfilled, if his father and Moshesh had not prevented him.

"At length, however, he was seen once or twice in the house of God; and, on one occasion, he heard a sermon from the words, 'The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death.' The truth, like an arrow, reached his heart; and he retired to a lonely spot in the desert, that he might hide his misery from his relations. But the gnawings of his conscience became from day to day more painful, and he resolved to return to society. When he came back, the first thing he did was to bring me his son, a fine boy of five years old; and, on introducing him, he thus addressed me:—'I give you this child. I wish that he may become a child of prayer, that he may escape being brought up in the dreadful wickedness of his parents and relations.' 'That is good,' I said; 'thou knowest that I will take him with pleasure, but I thirst also

or his parents' souls. I thirst for thine, Letuka!' A few days after, he came again, and appeared to be suffering much from some inward grief. 'I come to tell you,' he said, 'that God has stolen my heart. I have long withstood his Word. It is a long time since I have fought against the power of truth. I know that the Word of God is true, and have now resolved to serve Him. But I, who was so great a heathen, fear now to live among my people, lest their evil customs should become too great a temptation for my weak heart. I will dwell with you.' I answered him, that I hoped he had counted the cost of the step he was taking, for no man need come to the gospel but with a humble, contrite heart. It was to such that Jesus was a Saviour; and such, only, would find peace. On the very same day, he came with all his furniture and property, and took up his dwelling in the Christian village, among the very people whom he intended, a short time before, to destroy.

"Sixteen others have since followed his example. Thus God brings good out of evil, and makes the pride and enmity of the heathen bow to the truth and power of his gospel."

THE CHILD'S REPROOF.

MR. MULLER, a missionary at Ischomballa, remarks:—"The behaviour of one of our school-boys has lately attracted much attention. He had the boldness, one day, to go and throw down his father's idol from its pedestal. His father took him, and intended to punish him severely, but the boy said, 'Father! if this stone were a god, why does he not punish me himself for the injury I have done him? But thou seest he is not able to do anything. There he lies, and can no more lift himself up! Is it not a sin,

father, to turn from the service of the one living and true God, and to offer your prayers to a stone?' This was too much for the people. They felt reproved by the words of the boy. 'Through these schools,' they said, 'the children will not only be wiser than their parents, but the young will soon be teaching the old.' For a few days, the children were taken from school; but this did not last long, for their fathers were glad to send them to school again."

THE EAST INDIAN'S VOW.

THERE was a half-caste man at Nagpoor, who was a journeyman apothecary, with an income of about £3 a month. For the most part, these people are Christians in name only; but, upon this man, the gospel had made a deeper impression. Being visited with a severe illness, he made a vow, that if God would restore his health, he would give him the half of some property, which he expected to inherit. The Lord heard his vow, and answered his prayer; yea, he did more: he increased his expected legacy from £40 to £140. But this was a sore trial of the man's gratitude. To give £70 to the cause of God, appeared to him rather too much; and he thought that £20, which was the half of what he at first expected, would be enough. He therefore looked at the matter on every side, and took counsel with his wife; but he could not make up his mind either way.

In this state of painful doubt, he came to reside at Cannore, and attended the preaching of a missionary. Something in the sermon so struck him, that he went and told the preacher the whole affair. The missionary showed him in what way he could honour God, and satisfy his own conscience. What man gave to God, he lost nothing—it

was only lent; but in this case, the property was absolutely God's, for he had not only heard his vow, but had given him a larger legacy than he had any reason to expect. The good man now saw his duty more clearly. He spoke with his wife, and, in a few days, returned with a cheerful countenance, bringing with him £50 for different objects in our Missions; and, besides this, he had set aside £20 for the poor in Madras.

Thus he performed his vow, having given the half of what he had received, to Him who sent it. O, that all who have obtained mercy, would take a lesson from the example of this half-enlightened Indian!



LOUISA JONES.

“When we devote our youth to God,
’T is pleasing in his eyes :
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.”

WHAT heart, glowing with Christian love for the young, has not many a time thanked God for putting it into the mind of Dr. Watts to write sacred songs for children? The number of youthful minds impressed, converted, warned, instructed, encouraged, and made happy through his instrumentality, eternity alone can reveal. Who does not love to watch the progress of childhood, share in its pleasures and hopes, and sympathise with its trials and disappointments? And what parent or teacher has not derived pleasure in watching the development of the physical, mental, and moral powers in the different stages of childhood and youth? When our earnest prayers and efforts have been so blessed that we have been privileged to see the object of our anxiety

becoming a follower of the Saviour, have we not felt the truthfulness of the poet's words—

“ This earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth ? ”

Such feelings did the life and conduct of Louisa Jones call forth in the hearts of her teachers and parents. At a very early period of childhood, before she had reached her sixth year, she gave evidence that the religion of Jesus Christ could be in part understood and felt by a little child: she committed considerable portions of the Scriptures to her memory; frequently read the Bible; and by her spirit and conduct, evidenced that she felt the power of Divine truth. She entered Ebenezer Sabbath and Day Schools, in both of which she was a punctual and constant attendant, making very considerable attainments in the various departments of knowledge.

Often when speaking from the desk on Christ's love to children, I have been delighted to see her remarkably bright eyes made still brighter by being moistened with a tear.

She began very early to sympathise with the heathen, and became a regular contributor to the missionary cause; and on more than one occasion, when special efforts have been made, she has been one of the first to apply for a card, and one of the most successful in collecting. I remember on one occasion, when she was about eight years of age, after a description of the destitute condition of the poor black children had been given, she brought me a very neatly wrapped paper parcel, on opening which, I found some garments made by herself for children: they were braided in a manner that would have done credit to an experienced hand. They were accompanied with a note, requesting they might be sent to the missionary for the poor Negro children. On another occasion, I received a note

containing the sum of five shillings, stating that she and her little cousin had given up taking sugar in their tea—her mother agreeing to give them the value in money—that they might have something to contribute to the missionary cause. Nor did her desire to do others good confine itself to the heathen, or to giving; she was not unfrequently heard speaking to her companions on the importance of giving their hearts to the Saviour, and also in writing to relatives urging them to do the same.

I think it may be said that Louisa Jones was loved by all who knew her: she was a favourite with every teacher in whose class she was placed. But some will say there should be no favouritism in the class—I know there is danger in it—but in her case it could not be otherwise. It was the impression of many a heart that this beautiful plant was not destined to bloom here long: she was spared to enter on the first year of that interesting period, her teens, and then, like many of earth's choicest flowers, she faded in a few hours. At school on the Sabbath-day, and on Monday and Tuesday, she went home unwell, and died in two days; but even that short time was not allowed to pass without an effort to serve that Saviour she felt to be so precious. Oh! what would the worldly-wise philosopher have felt to have heard a little child addressing a weeping mother, saying with all the tenderness of a sanctified and affectionate heart, "Mother, do not weep for me: I trust in Jesus, and hope to dwell with him for ever." And then to see her turn to counsel a younger sister, urging the importance of giving her heart to the Saviour, and of being careful what company she kept, as so much depended upon it. So lived, and so died, Louisa Jones; an affectionate and obedient child, a diligent, intelligent, loving, and pious scholar.—*Birmingham Sunday-school Union Quarterly Record.*

H. M.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR THE MISSIONS?

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.—The falling flakes of snow soon cover the ground with a thick white carpet. The blades of grass, so small and tender by themselves, make the beautiful green sward of the summer time. The little rills hasten to the streams; the streams to the rivers; the rivers to the sea. Every star in the sky gives light; every flower makes the garden more pleasant with its lovely tints and its refreshing smell; every boy and girl in the world may help to make the world more full of honest labourers. There is not anything in the world but may lend its aid in making the world either better or worse.

A LITTLE AT A TIME, AND GO ON, is the true secret of success. Wise men once were ignorant; they had to learn the alphabet, and toil, and toil, and toil, until they gained the wisdom which makes their names as "household words."

EVERYBODY CAN DO SOMETHING.—Everybody can promote the cause of God. Even children can help to send to distant lands the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Farthings make pennies; pennies shillings; shillings pounds; and pounds will buy Bibles, and pay Missionaries, and purchase ships, and hire sailors, and waft the story of love to the poor guilty heathen far away.

But children can do something more than give money. I. all the children in our Sabbath-schools were praying children, and all were praying that idolatry might be overthrown, and gospel light be shed on all, what then? Why, then the blessing of God would come down; then the sermons of the Missionaries would be like seed sown on good ground; then a glorious harvest would spring up, fit for the garner-house of God.

The Red Indian still believes, as he sees the sun go down

that it has gone to enlighten the better world; and the fire-worshipper, as that sun rises, falls down and calls it God; and as its glittering light falls on the pinnacles and minarets of Mecca, the Mahomedan worships God and the *Prophet*. Hindooism is still the religion of millions. It is the eighteenth century, and heathenism still in the world!

Help! children, help! The young are the hope of the church, and the hope of the world. We obey Jesus Christ when we aid the Missions, for he has said: "GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE."
Z. A.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

Every morning the red sun
Rises clear and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the cold dark night.
There 's a bright land far away,
Where 't is everlasting day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
There 's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

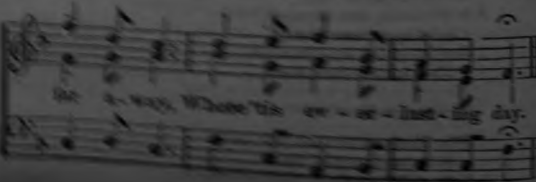
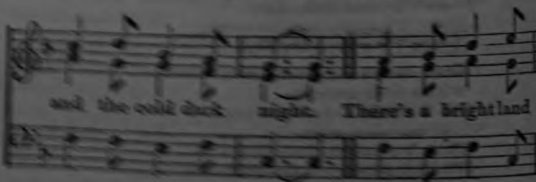
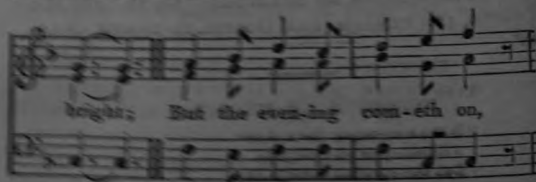
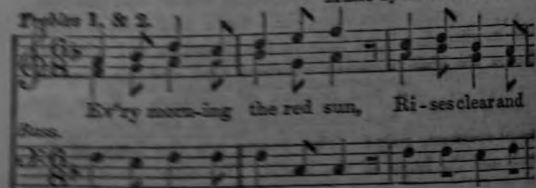
Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days,
They forget their song.
There 's a place where angels sing
Endless praises to their King.

Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

CEPHALONIA, P.M.

Music by F. W. JONES

Part 1. & 2.





PERSECUTION AT AMPARIMA. p. 198.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

RECENT PERSECUTION IN MADAGASCAR.

OUR readers have often heard about the persecuted Christians in Madagascar, and the cruel Queen of that country. Perhaps you may remember that this persecution began in the year 1835, and that, in 1836, the Missionaries were forced to leave the land where God had blessed their labours, and the afflicted people to whom those labours had been a blessing. You may also remember the names of some of those faithful witnesses who first suffered for the Word of God, and the testimony of Jesus. There was Rasalama, who, when told that she should die, declared, "I was not afraid, but rather rejoiced that I was counted worthy to suffer affliction for believing in Jesus; I had hope of the life in heaven." Then there was Rafaralahy, who spoke to his executioners all the way as he walked along to the place of execution about Jesus Christ, telling them how happy he felt at the thought of soon seeing that Saviour who had loved him, and died for him. And you will remember the six who escaped, and came to England. Perhaps some of

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you saw those interesting Christians ; and it was a privilege to see them, for there have been few since the days of Stephen who have shown more of a martyr spirit.

Many years have rolled by since Rasalama and Rafaralahy slept in Jesus, and their fellow-Christians fled from the presence of their persecutors. But during all this time, the queen and her counsellors have shown the same evil spirit. Still all that their power could do has been in vain to stop the spread of the gospel, or to prevent the people from believing it. Indeed, the number of Christians has increased so greatly, in spite of all the queen could do to prevent it, that lately she determined to punish them more cruelly than before, in order to stop others from following their example. The account of this new persecution was written and sent to this country by two Christian natives ; and although short, it is sufficient to show the faith and firmness of some who have suffered, and even died for the name of the Lord Jesus.

From this account we learn that a man, who had been punished for disobeying the orders of a Christian officer of the young prince of Madagascar, resolved to be avenged, and knowing that this officer, whose name was Ramaka, and other Christians, would meet together at a certain time for the worship of God, in a large chapel, which they had built in a secret place, he went to the Queen, and informed against them. As soon as he had done this, the Queen commanded the chief constable to go there and seize the Christians ; and

he lost no time in obeying this order. Taking with him a great many persons, that they might help him to seize the Christians, the chief constable went to the place. But when they came there, they were startled to see how large a number of people had met together for prayer—far there were not less than two thousand of them! To seize so many was impossible; and therefore, the first thing the constable did was to find out who had built the chapel, who were the most active Christians, and which of these had been previously warned by the Queen not to believe the gospel. Shortly after the list had been made out, the chief men were brought up for trial in the presence of all the inhabitants of the capital. According to the unjust custom of the country, they were required to accuse themselves, and to take an oath never to pray any more. But the same spirit which, fourteen years before, kept Rasalama and others faithful unto death, again showed itself; and many have now been added to the honourable list of their forerunners in suffering. You have, no doubt, heard that the Queen's son is a Christian; but the enemies of the gospel were afraid to touch him. There was, however, another young man, a nephew of the Queen, who had joined the Christians; and was found amongst them when they were met together for prayer. His name was Ramongo. He was commanded to take the oath, but the young prince, his cousin, said to him, "Do not do so, for he that puts an end to your life, shall put an end to mine also." He meant by this, that he would defend his cousin even at the risk of his own

life. This was very noble, and I am sure you will admire the spirit which it discovered. When, therefore, Ramongo was called upon to take the oath, he firmly told the Queen's officers that he would do nothing of the kind. Then his relations, who were also relations of the Queen, came round him, and begged him to take the oath, pointing out the great danger of his refusing to do so. But he was not moved by their entreaties; and when they saw that they could not persuade him, they went away to the Queen, and without his knowledge, told her that he had taken the oath. This falsehood of his heathen friends saved his life; but, for having been a Christian, he was degraded to the rank of a common soldier.

Among the condemned were three noblemen, and the wife of one of them. These were burned alive, but like many martyrs in Queen Mary's reign, they were ready to burn rather than turn. The letter in which we are told of their death does not give us any particulars beyond their honoured names; but there can be no doubt that they "suffered as Christians."

Besides these, there were fourteen who were flung down from the top of a fearful precipice, and dashed to pieces. The place where this was done is called "Amparima," and this was the manner in which these devoted Christians were destroyed. Each of them had a rope tied very firmly round his body; he was then lowered over the edge of the precipice in order to frighten him, and thus to get him to take the oath. While hanging in this way, with a dread-

ful depth below, a man stood near the rope, holding in his hand a sharp knife, with which he was ready, when the command was given, to cut the rope. The Christian was then asked, for the last time, whether he would cease to pray, and as soon as he answered "No," the rope was cut, and he fell, a mangled corpse, upon the rocks below. What a proof was it of the power and grace of God in these faithful men, that, under such frightful circumstances, they calmly faced and cheerfully suffered death, rather than deny their Lord! One of them, whose name was Ramabona, when he was led out to the edge of the precipice, and was about to be swung off, entreated that he might have a little time allowed him to pray, "as," he said, "on that account I am to be killed." His request being granted, he kneeled down and prayed aloud very earnestly. Then, rising up, he thus addressed his executioners:—"My *body* you will cast down this precipice; but my *soul* you cannot, as it will go up to heaven to God. Therefore it is gratifying to me to die in the service of my Maker."

Besides these, four were imprisoned for life; many were condemned to perpetual slavery; a large number was reduced from a state of nobility to the lowest rank; and the rest were made to pay a fine to the government. A list of the names of those who have suffered, with the punishment of each, written by one of themselves, was secretly sent down to the coast, and has safely reached this country; and we expect ere long to obtain further and fuller accounts of this most cruel persecution, and of the conduct of those who have passed through it. We know enough.

however, to show that the precious seed, scattered by our Missionaries many years ago, has not perished, but that it is still yielding a large increase on earth, and adding many to those in heaven who have come out of great tribulation, having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MC RAE LOOLONG, MISSIONARY STUDENT AT BEDFORD, AS FURNISHED BY HIMSELF, FOR THE *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

"I WAS born in a small village in China, near to the sea-coast. The name of the village is Wyyungthune. My parents died when I was very young. Shortly after their decease, I met with a youth whom I knew, who had been to Singapore, and who, being about to return there, persuaded me to accompany him. I therefore left my home quite unknown to my friends, and embarked on board a junk bound for Singapore. After reaching that place, my companion left me to shift for myself, in a desolate condition, for I had no money, no friends, and no employment. I lingered about the vessel for a few days, when a relation of mine came on board, and took me ashore. He got a situation for me in his master's house, who employed about fifty Chinamen as carpenters. I now began learning the Malay language, which I found to be pretty easy. My teachers were three Chinese youths, who could speak the Malay with great fluency. After I had been in this situation about nine months, my master resolved to send one of his children to England, in order to obtain a suitable education for him. He wished one of his servants to go with his

child, but all refused, because of the cold of the English climate. At length, after some persuasion, I consented, and embarked in a ship for London. As soon as I got on board, I began to learn the English language, from hearing it spoken by the sailors; but I found this a difficult task, because the words were so long, and the difficulty of pronouncing them so great. I had agreed to return to Singapore with the ship; but, having suffered very much from sea-sickness, I resolved to remain in England. After being in London about two months, I was taken by a gentleman to the western parts of Scotland, as a servant boy. While on our journey from London to Scotland, we remained three days in Liverpool, where a servant-girl taught me the English alphabet. During my residence in the family of this gentleman, I received lessons occasionally from some of the servants in the house. After being in this family for two years, I became anxious to learn a trade, that I might enjoy more liberty, and earn money to open business in China. Accordingly, I was apprenticed to a tailor in Campbelton. About this time, I entered a Sabbath-school, and was soon noticed by a kind English lady, then residing in Campbelton, who invited me to her house on Sabbath evenings, after coming from the school, offering to read and explain the Bible to me, and especially to tell me about Christ. I accepted, with thankful joy, the invitation so kindly given, for I now felt my need of an interest in the love of Jesus, and while I listened to her expositions of Divine truth, I felt unusual delight. I still vividly remember with what feelings I hailed each Sabbath-day, with its pleasures and privileges. During my residence with the tailor I received a few lessons from a niece of his, after I had finished my work. Unfortunately, in my haste to learn to read, I omitted the preliminary of learning to spell. I endeavoured to remember the form of every word I met with,

neglecting to observe its separate letters. This, I have no doubt, greatly hindered my progress, and, indeed, I feel its evils to the present time. With great perseverance, I soon learned to read a few chapters in the Bible. The Gospels and Epistles greatly delighted me. I remember being very much struck, in reading the prophet Isaiah, with the beauty and force of the thought and diction. For a long time I was accustomed to regard the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, as a history of Jesus Christ, written after his death, it seemed to agree so exactly with the narrative of the evangelists, and I had no notion of prophecy, never having heard of such a thing. After I had been with the tailor rather more than a year, I met with the Rev. Mr. Mc Rae, of Oban, who inquired into my case, and having ascertained my wish to return to China as a missionary, he made known my desire to his esteemed friend, John Henderson, Esq., of Glasgow, who kindly took me under his care. An arrangement was made with my master, and I was sent to reside in the house of Mr. Mc Rae, with whom I remained for twenty months, learning the elementary branches of a sound education. I deem it but justice to add, that in the house of this worthy minister I was treated with the greatest kindness and respect, and the time I spent with him is one of the green spots in memory's waste. After the expiration of this period, it was deemed advisable that I should be placed under the care of the Rev. Messrs. Jukes and Elliott, of Bedford, with the former of whom I am now residing. I expect shortly to stand upon the shores of China, to proclaim the glorious gospel of salvation to my deluded and perishing countrymen. Allow me, Christian reader, to ask your prayers, that I may be kept faithful, diligent, and humble."

To this very interesting account, we add the following statement of the Rev. Mr. Mc Rae, of Oban, the excellent minister mentioned by Loolong:—

"In the month of December, 1848, I was sent to Campbellton, a town in the southern division of this county, to engage in pastoral labours for some weeks. Soon after my arrival there, I met with Loolong, whom I found to be an exceedingly interesting boy—a young disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. He opened his mind to me freely and fully, and modestly expressed his earnest desire to become a Missionary, and especially a Missionary to China, that he might tell his deluded countrymen of the Saviour, whom, so far from his native land, he had now heard of for the first time, and had found precious to himself. After this, he came to me every day during my stay, for conversation, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. I was astonished and delighted to find how extensive and accurate his acquaintance was with Bible truth, and, what is better, that he had a spiritual discernment of that truth, an experimental knowledge of the salvation which it revealed. A pious English lady, I understood, had been the honoured instrument, in God's hand, of this young man's conversion. As soon as I was fully satisfied concerning his piety and sincerity of purpose, I communicated with my friend Mr. Henderson, of Park, who readily and cordially entered into my views as to what should be done to educate this youth, that he might be prepared for missionary work. Mr. Henderson, with his usual liberality, at once offered to bear the whole expense, and requested me, in the mean time, to take charge of his education. Arrangements were accordingly made, by which Loolong was placed under my care and ministry, at Oban. I found that his undivided attention had been directed to the Scriptures—to the reading of the Word of God only. He had learned nothing else—had not so much as read any one other book whatever. He had, therefore, everything to do as to a common or literary education. He set himself to work in good earnest, and by diligence, perseverance, and a determination to overcome all obstacles, he succeeded, in so

trusting that, when he
of the cross of Christ,
efficient labourer in
and be made successful
in the conversion of
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IN WILLIAMS."

Magazine is in the hands
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ERVICE

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much for the ship, the
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before specially invited to
Scriptures, and prayer,

far at least, in gaining his object. At an examination of the public school connected with my congregation, within twelve months from the time when he was admitted into it, he carried off five prizes in the different classes he attended. Indeed, during the whole time he was under my care, I never knew him to be idle for one hour. Even in his walks for exercise, he was either preparing his lessons or reading the Scriptures. He availed himself of every opportunity of acquiring useful knowledge, and, as he resided in my family, and was constantly under my eye, he had every facility afforded him for the prosecution of his studies, and for the attainment of religious knowledge. His progress and success were remarkable and satisfactory.

"He had not been long in Oban, when he applied to be admitted to the fellowship of the church. I had much prayerful conversation with him on this subject, and so had other office-bearers and members of the church. My first interview with him at Campbelton satisfied me that the good work was begun in him, and all my subsequent intercourse with him confirmed me in the opinion I had formed. Indeed, it was manifest to all who had conversation with him, that he was decided for the Lord, in the faith and obedience of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was accordingly baptized, and admitted into the church on Sabbath, April 15th, 1849. Many present on that occasion were in tears; some for joy, that one was converted and added to the church; and some, no doubt, for themselves, when they thought that a foreigner, under less advantageous circumstances than they, had got before them in knowledge, in decision, and in piety. During his stay here, he continued to maintain a walk and conversation becoming the gospel, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him, and on the occasion of his leaving in September last year, the church met and united in prayer on his behalf, commending him to

God, and to the word of his grace, trusting that, when he should return to China as a Missionary of the cross of Christ, he should prove himself a faithful and efficient labourer in that benighted region of the world, and be made successful as an instrument in the Lord's hand, in the conversion of many souls from among his countrymen."

We trust that this striking history will not only be read with interest, but that many of our dear young friends will earnestly compare the state of their own hearts with that of this poor wanderer from his far-off home and native land, and consider how sad it will be if they are strangers to that Saviour whom he has found, and live in careless neglect of that Gospel which he has so diligently learned, and so sincerely loves.

DEPARTURE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

LONG before this Number of our Magazine is in the hands of our readers, the *John Williams* will, we hope, be far, far away upon the deep sea, sailing prosperously towards the isles of the Pacific Ocean. It would be pleasant could we hear from week to week exactly where she is, and what those on board see, and say, and do. And we hope, in good time, to be able to give our young friends some information on these points. As, however, nothing has been heard about the good ship, since she sailed from the Downs on the 16th of July, we can at present only describe her departure. In the first place there was a public

VALEDICTORY SERVICE

held on Thursday evening, July 10th, at Finsbury Chapel; and as the young had done so much for the ship, the Directors wished that the service should be suited as much as possible to them; they were therefore specially invited to attend. After singing, reading the Scriptures, and pray-

the Rev. J. J. Freeman delivered an address, in which he first spoke of the six Missionaries who were going out in the ship, and of the blessed work in which they were to be employed. Two of these messengers of Christ were returning to the scenes of their former labours: Mr. Darling to Tahiti, and Mr. Buzacott to Rarotonga. Of the other four, Messrs. Lind and Spencer were going to Tahiti, Mr. Lav to Samoa, and Mr. Gill to Mangaia; and it was particularly pleasant to think that they were all going out in the young people's Missionary Ship. Mr. F. then spoke of the different way in which they would be received by the South Sea Islanders *now*, as contrasted with what they would have met with a few years ago. Yes! indeed the difference is great. For as the ship will draw near the islands to which she is now steering, those on board will see hundreds or thousands of natives crowding the shore; but instead of being, as in former days, naked savages, with fierce countenances and angry threats, brandishing their spears and clubs, and raising the horrid war cry, they will be seen in decent clothing and admirable order, with joy in every heart, a smile on every face, and a cordial welcome from every lip. But the ship is taking out not Missionaries only, but 5000 copies of the whole Bible in the language of the Hervey islanders; and so earnestly do they desire the precious treasure, that the people of that group will thankfully buy them at eight shillings for every copy!

After Mr. Freeman had spoken, Mr. Darling, in his own name and in the name of his Missionary brethren, bade farewell to their Christian friends. He said it was a long time since he went forth to the work of God among the heathen, and that most of the great and good men who took a part in the ordination of himself, Mr. Williams, Mr. Moffatt, and others (for they were ordained together at Surrey Chapel), had gone to heaven. Then he contrasted

the state of the South Sea Islands, as it was when he first went among them, and as it is now. At that time the people were only just beginning to grope their way out of the thick darkness of heathenism, but at present there were not only myriads of nominal Christians, but forty-eight churches, containing eight thousand members. Speaking of Tahiti where he had laboured, he said that the people were so well taught the Scriptures of truth, that, though the Roman Catholics had tried long and tried hard to make them Papists, they had not done so in a single instance. He added, that many native Missionaries were labouring either among their own countrymen, or among the heathen in other islands, and that the husband of Queen Pomare had been converted, and was now at college preparing to become a Christian teacher.

Then came Mr. Buzacott. He, too, contrasted the state of the Rarotongans, as he saw them twenty years ago, with what they are at the present time. *Then* they were in gross darkness, they worshipped wretched idols, they had no written language, and they herded together like brutes; but *now* they have built themselves beautiful villages, they live apart in neat little cottages of their own, they have property, places of worship, books, and above all, the Word of God in their own tongue. All these changes, Mr. Buzacott said, had been produced by the gospel.

After this, the Rev. Dr. Leifchild delivered a farewell address to the Missionaries, and spoke especially of the remarkable times in which we live, and of the near approach of brighter and better days. "Happy," he said, "they who live in that blessed time; but happier still they who assist in preparing for its arrival. What a pleasing and delightful fact it was," he added, "that the cause of missions had so many friends among the young people of the land! When it was proposed to build a ship by their means, it

was thought by some to be an impossible thing; but they not only bought the ship at first, but have now raised £3300 more to repair and refit her. For my own part," he continued, "I shall leave the world in the joyful persuasion that there are multitudes growing up in this country, who will be the means of carrying on the Missionary enterprise, when the present generation has gone to their rest."

The whole service was instructive, and many felt it good to be there.

EMBARKATION AND DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

But the service at Finsbury Chapel was not the only one in which Christian friends showed their sympathy with the Missionaries, and the interest they felt in the great and good work they were going forth to perform. As the Directors knew that many wished to accompany them to the ship, they engaged a large steam boat, called the *Meteor*, for this purpose, and notice was given that she would leave London Bridge on Tuesday morning, July 15th. On the day before, the *John Williams* left the West India Docks, and with a fair wind sailed down the Thames to Gravesend, where she cast anchor and got ready to receive the Missionaries on board, and begin her third voyage of mercy to the far-off Southern Sea. The Tuesday morning was bright and breezy; and although a few suspicious-looking clouds were hanging about in the sky, and once or twice a slight shower sprinkled the deck, there was nothing in the appearance of things to damp the pleasure, or darken the prospects of the day; and some time before the *Meteor* left the wharf it was quite clear that there would be no want of company. And so it proved, for after leaving Blackwall, where she stopped to take in passengers, it was found that more than five hundred persons had come on board to share in the engagements of the day.

During the passage down the river, many friends on

board the steamer enjoyed the opportunity of pleasant intercourse with one another, and of expressing their good will towards the Missionaries and their wives. All on board appeared to feel an interest in the circumstance which had brought them together, and none more so than the young friends, whose parents had wisely and kindly brought them to see the ship, to the repairs of which they had contributed, spread her sails to the wind, and steer away with her precious freight of Missionaries and Bibles. And this treat they richly enjoyed. When the steamer came off Gravesend the *John Williams* was seen lying at anchor, with her flags fluttering in the breeze, about a mile below that town. In a short time both vessels were alongside of each other, and preparations were at once made for a religious service. Capt. Morgan came on board the *Meteor*, and all the Missionaries, with as many others as could find sitting or standing room, assembled on the after part of the deck. The hymn was then sung, which begins

"Ye messengers of Christ," &c.

After this the Rev. E. Mannering offered prayer, when another hymn was sung. It begins

"Father of mercies, condescend," &c.

Then the Rev. Dr. Morison delivered an address, in which he spoke of the departures of the *Duff*, and of the *Camden*, to the same part of the world, and said many wise and kind things to the Missionaries who were about to leave them, and to the friends who had met to bid them farewell. The Rev. John Burnet closed the service with prayer.

Then came the trying moment to the beloved Missionaries and their friends; but though parting was painful, it was short; and as soon as it was over, the steamer shot ahead of the *John Williams*, but hovered near her, while

some sailors at the windlass were heaving up the anchor, and others on the yards were unfurling the sails, until the anchor was up, and the sails were spread, when, with cheers and tears, with waving handkerchiefs and warm hearts, those on board the vessels gave to each other the last signals of regard, and parted, many of them never more to meet again until they meet in eternity. As the wind was fair, the *John Williams* sped her way swiftly, and was soon out of sight. After landing at Gravesend, the *Meteor* steered her course back, all on board appearing as though they had greatly enjoyed the engagements of this memorable day.

MADOOR—THE BUSHMEN.

You have often heard of the Bushmen of South Africa. They were wandering Hottentots. Their delight was to range about through forests and over plains, to lie hid amongst rocks, or beside pools, watching with poisoned arrows to shoot the antelopes, and other wild creatures of the country, which might come within their reach. They did not live in villages, and would not cultivate the land. No food was to them so savoury as that which their own hands had killed, and nothing so pleasant as the life of danger and independence which they had chosen. But such a life had its bitters as well as its sweets. As they literally "took no thought for the morrow," they often suffered want, and sunk under the influence of famine. This cause, together with the fact that they had many enemies, reduced their number very much before Missionaries tried to preserve them and do them good. At present, a few remain in the same state as their fathers, but others have come under christian instruction, and have found the temporal as well as the spiritual benefits which spring from the gospel. Amongst these is Madoor. The place where

he now lives was first visited by Christian men about ten years ago. At that time, the Missionaries at Philipton, with some of their people, who felt very much for the poor neglected and wretched Bushmen, determined to try to get some of them to live together in one place, that they might be taught the Word of God, and brought to know and love the Saviour. They, therefore, went into the forests, and climbed the mountain tops, and found their way into the valleys and strongholds where these ignorant heathens dwelt; and at length, after taking great trouble, they persuaded them to settle on a spot, now called Freemanton. As soon as this was done, two native teachers were sent to them. One of these went to teach and preach the gospel, the other to show them how to build their huts, to dig and plough the land, to sow the seed, and in other ways to obtain for themselves the necessities and comforts of life. These two good men received from their Christian brethren at Philipton, a plough, a yoke of oxen, and a few other things which were necessary both to Christianize, and to civilize the people; and it must have been very pleasant to see those who had but a short time before been raised out of darkness and misery, now stretching forth the hand of love to others, sunk low as they had been, in order to their deliverance. Well they went to their work, and God went with them. In a short time, a school of seventy children was formed, and afterwards a Christian Church, composed of converted Bushmen, Fingoes, and others.

During the Kaffir war in 1846 and 1847, these people did good service in protecting the colony from the fierce savages who were fighting against it, but, in so doing, they suffered much, and lost a good deal of property. But Mr. Freeman, who went to the station while he was in Africa, found that things had very much improved, and that Madoor, the chief, was doing what he could to encourage his people to receive

instruction, to cultivate the land, to build good houses, and in other ways to improve themselves and their condition.

Now it should be remembered that the man who is doing all this for the benefit of others, was, a few years since wandering like a beast of prey in the woods and among the mountains. And to show you how great a change must have taken place in him, I will give you a statement made by Mr. Freeman in his very interesting book, just published, called "A Tour in South Africa."

While talking one day with Madoor, Mr. Freeman asked him what his thoughts and feelings were about God, and the world he lived in, and the state of man after death, before he became acquainted with Mr. Read, the first Missionary he had known. The only answer the poor man could give, was that, at that time, he had no thoughts, and no knowledge at all about these subjects. He said that, as to God, he had heard, indeed, that there was a ~~man~~ somewhere up in the heavens, but who he was, what he did, and how he came there, he never knew, and never inquired. He added: "I was as one of the wild beasts around me; I was fully employed in finding food here and there, and supposed that, when we died, there was an utter end of our existence. And now, it seems to me wonderful that Mr. Read should find me, in some way; I cannot tell how or why; and now I am residing in the village, my family and people round me, my land cultivated; and we having the great privilege of hearing God's Word, and having our children instructed."

The following is an extract from a letter which Madoor sent to Mr. Freeman:—"In the year 1837, the teachers and friends at Kat River brought us, by means of God's Word, out of the ravines and rocks, and they collected us in this place. The Word of God is received by many of my people. The people at Kat River have supplied us with

ploughs and oxen, vegetables and clothing, sent to us in wagons, and some of these things even came from England. For all that I possess, I am indebted to the gospel and the government. Who had ever thought that Bushmen would learn, and become civilized? but 'God takes the poor from the dust, and sets the solitary in families;' the Lord hath done much for us."

Think, dear readers, what Madoor and his people were, and what the gospel has made them, and you will at once see the necessity there is for missionary labour, as well as its great value to the ignorant heathen.

THE EARLY CHOICE, AND HAPPY CHANGE.

THERE was a little boy in Lignieres, in the canton of Neufchatel, Switzerland, whom his uncle, a pious man, took and trained from his infancy. The good man kept a school for boys. He educated the lad, and was in every sense a father to him. After he had been a little while in Zurich and Neufchatel, he came back to his home, and assisted his adopted father in his school. But he was of an active and enterprising spirit, and could not bear the quiet life of a schoolmaster. The path that suited him he had not yet found. But at length he thought he must be a soldier, and this desire at length became too strong to be overcome. After many inward struggles, he told his uncle that he had made up his mind to enter a Swiss regiment, which was then in the service of France.

His uncle was greatly distressed, and he tried by every means to turn him from his purpose, but it was all in vain. The youth would not attend to his kind relation's voice, and at length set off towards Bern, with his knapsack on his back. He was then about seventeen years of age.

At first he hastened with quick footsteps on his journey; but soon he was filled with sorrow, as he considered the

step he had taken. He remembered all the proofs of his uncle's goodness to him—the wise counsels and tender treatment he had received from him, even from his childhood; and, as he thought of these things, his heart smote him. Still his feelings led him on, and he yielded to the dangerous desire after worldly glory. He had a beloved mother, who lived at Aarberg. Here he stopped a night. She tried hard to turn him from his purpose, but he was deaf to all her remonstrances, and again set off towards Bern.

The sun had set behind the mountains, and for three days his fond relations had been weeping for his departure; but He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. The prayers that were offered had reached the throne of heaven, and the God of all grace had already answered them. Suddenly, a well-known and beloved voice was heard in the house of mourning, and the next moment the wanderer was in his uncle's arms. "O uncle!" he said, "you have been praying for me. A mighty hand laid itself on me, and arrested me as I was about to pass over the bridge of Aarberg, to go to Bern, and here I am again, restored to myself and to you." His return was a feast of gladness to all his friends, and his uncle treated him still more tenderly than before.

Shortly after this, the youth was sent to Amsterdam, in Holland, as a teacher in a family. Here a fresh temptation awaited him. The Dutch were then fitting out a fleet, and he was offered a highly honourable place in a ship of war, and was even entreated to accept it. His inclination for deeds of arms was again awakened by this offer, and he longed to tread that violent and dangerous path of life. But his uncle's advice was this time regarded, and he abandoned once more his purpose.

At that time, the missionary spirit began to be awakened in Holland. Monthly meetings were held to promote the conversion of the heathen, while various encouraging ac-

counts of the progress of the work were laid before the people. The young man attended these meetings; his zeal was roused, and a new direction was given to his ardent mind. His emotion was greater, when he learned that so few were willing to go into these distant fields of labour, and he cried incessantly to God that *he* might be sent. His prayer was heard. For six months he was the prey of the most painful doubts as to his fitness and qualifications. But God encouraged him, and took away his fears. His only aim now was the glory of God, and the salvation of his fellow men. After due time for study, the Amsterdam Missionary Society sent him to Chinsurah, which was then a Dutch colony. As that station, afterwards, however, came under the government of Britain, he entered the service of the London Missionary Society, who sent him to labour in Calcutta. All the friends of missions know the name and labours of Alphonsus Lacroix, and this is the individual whose early history we have here related.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.

"Oh do but listen, dear mamma,
To the tale I've just now read,
And tell me if you think 't is true."
A little girl once said.

And she raised her hand to wipe the tear
From her eye so mild and blue,
And still with anxious haste she asked,
"Mamma, can it be true?"

"Can what be true?" mamma inquired,
"What makes my sweet one quail?"
Eliza answered, with a sigh,
And again she read the tale.

'T was about infanticide ! It told
Of a tender infant slain
By its cruel heathen parents' hands,
When it cried for help in vain !

The maiden felt her bosom throb,
 And her spirit seemed all bent,
 As if on wings 't would fly and save
 The helpless innocent !

She kissed her baby-brother Fred,
 As he sported in his glee—
 "What! kill a little babe like this!"
 She cried;—"Oh! can it be?"

"'Tis sad indeed," mamma exclaim'd,
 "But not more sad than true!
 Daily such deeds of guilt and blood
 The untaught heathen do!

"But if you truly pity them,
 Be sure you make it known,
 By doing what you can to help:
 Thus pity should be shown!

"You cannot go to pagan lands,
 But you may help to send
 The self-denying teacher there,
 And thus their cause befriend!

"And when the light of gospel truth
 Their ignorance shall chase,
 Then shall their deeds of cruelty
 To those of love give place."

SUSANNAH B.

LAST WORDS.

A PIOUS negro woman expressed herself in her last illness in the following original declaration:—"My house is now building in Paradise. As soon as it is finished, I shall be called to inhabit it. I am ready; I have peace with all creatures, even with the ants." She meant, that she did not fear corruption in the grave, nor that her body should be food for worms. Perhaps she remembered the words of Job: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."



DEATH OF ZWISBERGER.

THE
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A TRUE MISSIONARY.

MANY years ago a missionary, of the name of Zeisberger, heard of a tribe of Indians who were said to dwell upon the banks of a large river in North America. The account which was given him of their miserable state filled him with pity, and he resolved to go to them, that he might teach them the way of peace and salvation. After much thought and prayer he set off towards the place, accompanied by a few companions. It was neither a short nor a pleasant journey, and wanted all those helps and comforts which *we* enjoy when we go from one place to another. Sometimes they had to climb up very steep hills, and then, when they had reached the top, they could see nothing but forests, in which there were no paths, while the shrubs and the boughs of the trees were so thickly twined together, that they shut out the rays of the sun. Through this thicket they had to cut their way for five or six miles. Sometimes they came to a broad river, without a bridge or a ford, across which they had to make their way, either by swimming, or upon a raft, made from the branches of trees; but often the

streams were so rapid that they were in danger of being carried down by them. In other places, the plains were covered with grass, so high that it hid both the horse and his rider. As there were no inns to receive them, they had generally to sleep in the open air, amongst serpents, wolves, and panthers; and generally, when they awoke in the morning, their clothes would be soaked with rain or dew. Frequently it rained for many days and nights together, and the missionary party had neither house nor tent to shelter them from the weather. When they had eat their provisions, and no deer nor hares were to be found, nor any fish to be caught, they dug for roots in the forest, and wild potatoes, but they were hard and bitter; while their only drink was muddy water from the marshes or fens.

Wherefore did Zeisberger go through all this trouble and danger? It was from love. He loved his Saviour, and he loved the souls which He had shed his blood to redeem. And as Jesus had borne sorrow and death to bring sinners to himself, therefore, thought Zeisberger, "I must be willing to suffer the same in preaching His gospel to the heathen, that they may be saved from eternal destruction."

On his way to the Indians, Zeisberger was warned not to put himself in their power, because they were very cruel and savage. When he came among them he found this report to be too true. He saw that their wickedness was very great, and that his life was in constant danger. But he felt no fear, and at once took up his abode with them. Very soon the news of his coming spread all around the neighbourhood,

and the whole tribe quickly came together to hear what he had to say. It must have been an interesting sight, when he delivered his first discourse among that savage people. It was at night. Large fires had been kindled, and the Indians sat in a crowded circle all around him. Their faces were covered with white and red paint, and their heads adorned with plumes of feathers and foxes' tails. In the midst of this crowd of warriors, with women sitting behind them, Zeisberger preached the gospel. At first, a few appeared to be impressed with the Word, and called out "That is true! That is the way to happiness!" but after a little time the chiefs began to be jealous of Zeisberger, and said he would bring the white people into their hunting grounds; then they would build forts, and make them all slaves. The old women of the tribe were also very much against him. They blamed him for the mildew in the corn, and also for the scarcity, both of deer in the forest, and of nuts and berries in the woods; and even some who at first rejoiced at his coming, became his greatest enemies. Many plots were laid to kill him; but he trusted his life to God, and went on with his work.

After a time a wooden chapel was built, and a few of the most friendly of the Indians raised huts close to it, so that it became a large village. At length the Spirit of the Lord accompanied the preaching; many believed in Jesus Christ as their only Saviour, and gave up all their heathen customs. One day there came a strange Indian to the place; he had a cask of brandy with him, which he had wished

to sell. They told him that a white man was there, who would tell him the "great word," and he thought he would go and hear it. The sermon was blessed to him. He saw that he was a lost and condemned sinner, and he was concerned to seek salvation through the Saviour. He immediately took back the cask of brandy to the dealer from whom he had received it, and told him he would have nothing more to do with the "Fire Water," as he found it was wrong. The trader, and other white people at the station, wondered at this, and said, it was the first cask of brandy ever returned by an Indian.

Another man, a great warrior and orator, came from a distance for the purpose of disputing with Zeisberger; but when he heard the Word he was convinced of its truth, and became a true Christian. The Missionary determined to go with his convert and form a new Christian village. The distance was great, and it took them fourteen days, sailing in canoes down the stream, to reach the spot. There he built another chapel. Many Indians settled near him, and it grew into a town, which he called "Frieden's Stadt," which means "the city of peace." Fields were cultivated, gardens inclosed, and, what was far better, many were converted to Christ.

For several years the good man laboured among these Indians; and what joy did he feel to join in their prayers, to hear their singing, and to observe their attention at divine worship!

He died in the midst of those whom he had loved and led in the path to that heaven which he was about to enter. His closing hours were full of

interest. The Indians heard that he was drawing near his end, and soon many of them were gathered around his bed to receive his dying counsels and his parting blessing. His words, at this solemn hour, were full of weighty wisdom; and the calm confidence with which he, like dying Stephen, looking up to heaven, commended his soul into the hands of Jesus, and then fell asleep in him, was what might have been expected from such a man, in such circumstances.

"Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'"

MURDERS AND CANNIBALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE cruelties of the heathen is not a very pleasant subject, yet it is one about which a good deal is told us in Missionary books. And the reason of this is plain. These books truly describe the people concerning whom they are written. And what is their state? The Bible tells us. It says that "the dark places of the earth are *full* of the habitations of cruelty." You will see, therefore, that these places could not be *truly* described, without such dreadful accounts as you have often read about the miserable people who dwell in them. Nor would it have been right, had not the Missionaries told us what they had seen and learnt of the crimes and cruelty of those to whom they were trying to do good. And in these shocking accounts there is much that we ought to know; for first, they show us how *true* that Word of God is which tells us that these wretched people are "without natural affection," "hateful and hating one another;" and secondly, they teach us how *good* that

Word is, which has in many countries changed the lion into a lamb.

But though you have read much concerning these cruelties, the half has not been told you. Indeed, unless you had lived in heathen lands, you could scarcely suppose how common they *were*. How pleasant to be able to say "they *were*!" True, we cannot speak thus of *all* nations; for alas! many dark places are still "*full*" of these evils. But it is delightful to be able to describe *any* in this way. A few years ago we could not have done so. Then the evils prevailed in many places from which they have now disappeared, and, we trust, for ever. And you know the reason of this change. You know that it is through the labours of Missionaries, and by the power of God. This is the case in New Zealand, formerly a land of fierce murderers and horrid cannibals. Some years ago a Mr. Polack, a Jew, who had lived there, wrote a book about the country and the customs of its inhabitants. And after describing some of their cruel actions, he says, that it would fill a volume to mention merely the murders they had committed. Speaking of their wars, he writes thus:—"The cruelty and cannibalism which attend them pass all description and belief. When an enemy is conquered, numbers of the dead and dying are devoured. Prisoners are tortured to death. They even eat the flesh of men while they are yet alive, and drink their warm blood as it flows from their veins." They would also steal into the villages in which there were no men, and having murdered the unoffending women and children, feast upon their flesh.

But the women themselves were just as cruel as the men. Few things were more common than infanticide. Of this dreadful crime they made no secret, and showed no shame. When Mr. Polack reproved one young mother for the murder of her babe, she made very light of it, and excused

herself by saying, that if it had lived, it would only have been ill treated, and she wished her mother had done the same to her. He tells us also, that all the women whom he knew, who had been the mothers of many children, had drowned or strangled several of them, and when he charged them with the dreadful deed, they only laughed in his face! And if you have read the writings of Mr. Ellis, or Mr. Williams, you will remember that the same wickedness was common in most of the South Sea Islands.

But though the warriors and the women and the children in New Zealand were great sufferers, the poor slaves were still greater. At one place, for example, which is called Kororarika, the mistress of a slave girl, who had committed some trifling fault, seized her by the hair and called for a hatchet, and would have cut her down on the spot, if Mr. Polack had not prevented her. One day a trader from Europe, called Anscow, was lodging for a night in the house of a chief, when a slave girl, about fifteen years old, who had been away for two days, came in. Without waiting to know where she had been, or why she had staid away, her mistress ordered a ruffian to kill her. In an instant, with one blow of his axe, he struck her dead, and on the evening of the same day, a large party feasted on her body, while her head was given for a plaything to the children. Another trader, Mr. Earle, says that one of the first things he saw when he landed on New Zealand, was the roasted body of a little boy, who had just before been murdered. And why had he been murdered do you suppose? Because, having been set to watch a garden, while his attention had been drawn away by the sight of a ship in full sail, some pigs had broken into it. In 1831, a chief went out to shoot, and told his slave to get him some food ready by the time he came back. When he returned in the evening and found that the meal was not ready, he killed the girl with one

blow of his axe, and then invited his friends to sup upon her flesh.

Many more such shocking stories might be told to you about these people. But only another shall now be given. A man ordered his female slave to heat a large oven, as he intended to feast his friends. She did so, and then, to her horror, her wicked master commanded her to throw herself into it. Poor creature! she begged, she cried for mercy, and cast herself upon the ground, and clasped her cruel master's knees, and prayed him to pity and to spare her but it was all of no use. Though he was not angry with the girl, he had resolved to gratify his horrid appetite. He therefore seized her, tied her hands and legs, and then flung her alive into the heated oven!

But, as was said before, these things *were*. It cannot *now* be said they *are*. New Zealand is one of the dark places upon which the great light of the gospel has shined, and there, many of the habitations of cruelty have been changed into homes as peaceful and happy as our own. This, through God's blessing, has been the effect of Missionary labour. Should you not, then, should not all who wish their fellow creatures to be safe and happy, do what they can to send Bibles and teachers to every land?

PRAYER AND DELIVERANCE.

THE following instance of the Divine mercy is related by the Missionary, Hans Egede Saabye, the grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede who was the first Missionary sent to Greenland:—"In the year 1849 a young married pair who had found grace in the Lord Jesus, came to Okak to get some provisions. On their way they were met by a large white bear, which is the most fierce and dangerous animal

of these regions. They were, as you may suppose, very much frightened, and the more so, because the man carried no gun nor other weapon to defend his own life and that of his wife. He therefore turned to his companion and said: 'We can do nothing to save ourselves from this danger but pray.' They then knelt down together on the snow, and begged God to protect them, offering their bodies, souls, and spirits to His divine will. While they were thus engaged the bear came up to them, but, to their wonder and joy, he quietly passed them by. On their return from Okak, when they nearly reached the same place, they were alarmed at seeing the fierce creature coming up to them again. The terrified couple, having proved the value of prayer on the first occasion, again kneeled down, and looked up to heaven for help. The bear came close up to them, and smelt all around them, but he did them no injury, and went away. And how could they help believing that He who delivered David out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, had heard their cry, and delivered them?"

THE SHALMAGRU.

AMONG the gods of the Hindoos there is a curious one which is nothing but a black stone with a hole in the middle of it. They imagine that these stones were once powerful beings, and were turned into their present shape for the benefit of mankind. They are of different sizes and value. Some of them are worth £200 to £300. Almost every Brahmin has one of them, and also many of the lower classes of the people. Some families have one hundred of them others two hundred, and a few possess a thousand of these gods of stone. They are daily worshipped by the Brahmins, who every morning wash them and anoint them; they then

put sweetmeats before them, which, after they have stood some time, are eaten up by the family. Around the stone they place candles, and burn incense, while in warm weather you may see the Brahmins standing for many hours together, pouring water into the hole in the stone, drop by drop, that the god may not be too warm. In the evening they take the stones and lay them in a soft bed, and draw muslin curtains around them, to keep them from the mosquitoes. When a Hindoo is on his death-bed, the Brahmin is sent for, to bring the Shalmagru, or stone god; the dying man supposing the very sight of it then, will clear his way to heaven.

What a miserable state of ignorance do we behold here! What wretched comfort for a dying sinner, to suppose that a sight of a black stone could save him from the effects of sin! But thus they have thought for ages, and thus they will think until they receive the gospel, and believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A HEATHEN.

THE Cobs are a people who live in a mountainous province on the south-west of Bengal. They are heathens, but they do not worship idols; they have no priests to oppress and deceive them, such as the Brahmins, nor have they any distinction of castes. Many persons think that the Cobs will receive the Divine truth of the gospel more easily than other Hindoos, when its glorious light is spread over their mountains and valleys. The following fact will show that conscience has a greater power over these poor natives, than is usually seen amongst the heathens.

A Cob, of the name of Kapore, one day came before the magistrate of his district and begged to be tried for the crime of having murdered his son. "What! Kapore," cried

the judge, "you have murdered your son!" "Yes," he said "I have slain him." "And what fault had he committed that you should be so cruel to him?" "He had done no wrong," said the father. "We were both nearly starved, and I had nothing to give him to eat. He was very weak, and fell on the ground. I tried in vain to help him, and we were in the depth of a forest; the night was coming on, and I already heard at a distance the roar of the tiger seeking his prey; and I thought, that if I left my poor child there, the tiger would soon come and tear him; then I resolved to slay him; I did so, and I buried him in a ravine, lest wild beasts should devour him. After that, Sir, I went on very slowly, I was so weak, so ill. I had not gone very far in the forest when I thought I heard the voice of my son calling me. And every day since that night, Sir, he calls me. Morning, noon, and night, at every instant I hear his cry, 'Father, Father!' so I could not eat, I could not work, I could not smile, and I cannot live much longer. Kill me then, Sir, I am nearly dead; kill me as soon as possible, that I may have done with this horrible misery."

And when he had made this sad confession, the unhappy Hindoo fell weeping at the feet of the magistrate. Poor man! How many sorrows the knowledge of the gospel would have spared him! If he had been a Christian, though in the depths of the forest, and among savage beasts, he would have remembered that the God who watches over his people and hears their prayer is more powerful than the fiercest tigers. In Him he would have trusted; and even after his crime, if he had believed on the Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin he could have still found some consolation. But without God, without the Saviour, what could he do? How powerful a motive does this fact present, to make us desire and ask that all people should come to the feet of Him, who not only forgives past sins, but says to each, "Go, and sin no more."

SCHOOL-CHILDREN IN INDIA.

"You would be much amused," writes a Missionary, "if you were to see the difficulty we have of getting the parents to let their children come to school in Northern India. The Missionaries are obliged to go every morning to every house, to get the scholars together; without taking this trouble, they would have none, for the parents say: 'We looked after the cattle when we were young—our children must do the same. You want to change everything.' Often, when the children are on the road to school, where they love to be, and whither they go very willingly, their father or mother will run after them and threaten to punish them if they do not come back. Then begins the contest: the children trying to outrun their parents, and the parents using every means to catch them. Many, of course, are thus brought back to their homes, but still, a goodly number get to school, where they know their parents will no longer trouble them. The women are worse than the men, and often speak against us with great bitterness. There is one little boy, named Bankua, who goes home only to sleep; but he gets up before the family are awake, and steals softly out of the house, without any breakfast, and does not go home again till night. We did not know at first how it was that the little fellow looked so thin and poorly; but we found out that he was starving for food, and that he would have died rather than not come to school. When we knew what he was doing, we gave him his food every day, and he is now very happy, and much loved by us all. But however much their parents may try to prevent it, they all learn something, and a few of them can read the Hindoo Bible very well. Here they speak four languages: Hindoo, Hindostanee, Urakol, and Numdakol which are as different from each other as English and

French, or as Polish and Russian; but all understand Hindoo.

"A brother Missionary lately took the children to the great idol-temple in Chuttia, to teach them the folly and falsehood of idolatry. It was in the evening, and the Brahmins came with lights, to show them the three or four idols; but they then went away for shame, and left their idols to themselves. The children laughed at the senseless blocks of wood or stone, which could neither see, nor hear nor speak one word to them. They laughed, also, at the people of Chuttia, who worshipped such dumb idols: and these people were silent, for they were ashamed of the gods in whom they trusted. Surely, they will soon turn to the true God, and believe in Jesus!"

AN AFRICAN QUEEN.

AN English traveller lately visiting Kaffirland, halted on the banks of the Kei River, at a missionary station there. "We pitched our tent," he says, "near the Mission-house and passed a comfortable and quiet night. But early in the morning, the hangings of our tent door were drawn aside, and three Caffre women stepped in. This sudden appearance surprised us not a little, for never had the natives before treated us with so little ceremony. But these visitors were people of rank: one, named Numza, was the mother of the king Hintza. She came to ask a present from us. Another was the wife of her son; and a third was a favourite maid, who humbly took her seat upon the ground, while the two ladies seated themselves down on our chairs. A number of attendants, both male and female, took their station without, and sat on the ground, and waited the commands of their mistress.

"They were clothed in mantles made of ox-hide but so

neatly worked, that they might have been mistaken for woollen garments. A flounce round the bottom of the robes was garnished with small copper buttons, as was also a scarf that hung down the back and front. Besides this they had bracelets on their ankles and wrists, and a necklace of large pearls and various coloured stones, besides other ornaments.

"After we had spoken a few friendly words to the ladies, we gave them a present, which consisted of a handful of glass pearls, a pocket-handkerchief, and a piece of tobacco, with which they were very well pleased. They then left us. The Missionary joined us shortly after, and gave us the following account of the queen Numza. The king Hintza, her husband, who has now been dead some years, was once very ill. According to the custom of the country, his illness was supposed to be the effect of witchcraft; and one of his doctors recommended that they should cast lots to find out who had caused the illness. The lot fell on queen Numza, and Hintza pronounced judgment upon her on the spot. Numza, however, instead of flying to find safety, or giving herself up to her doom, went boldly in to the king,—laid her breast bare, and begged him to strike the blow with his own spear, if he really thought that she had ever had a thought of taking away his life. Hintza, struck with her courage, and the confident tone in which she spoke, gave up his intention to kill her. He then talked of banishment, and sent her to her parents; but, soon after, he had her brought back again. This passage in the life of Numza, the queen who visited me, shows that she does not want either resolution or presence of mind. During the fearful Caffre outbreak of 1848, though herself a heathen, she, without betraying the secrets of her husband, let such hints fall to the Missionary, as put him on his guard, so that by timely flight he saved his own life, and that of his family."

LETTER FROM A NEGRO BOY.

SOME good is doing among the degraded negroes who live on the west coast of Africa. Formerly, the greatest cruelties were practised by the petty kings on their people. Sometimes they were skinned alive, or the king's children were allowed to cut the people with knives, and when any of them were killed, they used a very blunt knife, to make the pain of dying as great as possible. Now, however, over a large extent of country, these cruelties are abolished. The following letter is from a negro boy, living at Atropong, in a district once very dark and very wicked. It was written last year to a missionary student.

"I received your letter with joy, and thank you for it. I am at present in Atropong, and have found that the Lord is good. How wonderful is Divine grace! How sweet that Word which has saved a creature like me—no larger than a drop of water in the ocean of life! I was once lost, but now I am found; I was blind, but now I see. I may never see you in this world, but hope we shall all meet in heaven at last; and I pray that the Lord will help us through this world, and be with us for ever. I entreat the Lord, also, that he would save my poor parents, and I beg of you to pray that God would pour out his Holy Spirit over this land. I know there is much that is dreadful in sin, and dangerous in practice here. My poor fellow-Africans believe not in the Lord, but the Lord may yet bring them to be sheep of his fold. Think of me always in your prayers! My best wishes attend you and your brethren always.

"Your constant friend,

"DANIEL SEKJEMAH."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DR. HOBSON, MEDICAL
MISSIONARY AT CANTON, TO HIS LITTLE BOY IN
ENGLAND.

"THE Chinese are not a religious people, and have yet to learn to sit still and attend during Divine worship, as we are accustomed to do. Some, during the service, come in and go out; others chatter and smile at the strange sight of sitting down to hear preaching, and of worshipping God without either images, altar, or sacrifice.

"While the good old man, Leang-a-fa, was preaching last Sabbath, a woman walked straight up to the reading-desk and in a loud voice said: 'I beg the teacher to heal my sick child!' After a while, she was persuaded to sit down and quietly listen to the 'good doctrine.' Other women were peeping through the crevices of the partition, to see the foreign lady and child, who were sitting with some Chinese ladies in a room by themselves.

"They are all very ignorant, especially the women; and know less about the true God and Jesus than you do though you are but a child. Thank, then, the kind God of your father, that you are not a heathen, though you were born in this heathen land, but that you have been taught by your dear relatives that which, if you follow it, will make you wise and happy for ever.

"On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week, sick people are attended to. Last Monday there were 284. On Wednesday, 250; yesterday, 245. Among other patients, there were four little children, who were brought by their parents to be made to see, for they were quite blind. But they all came too late. A few weeks before, they saw light, as you, I hope, now do; but violent inflammation came, and destroyed their eyes entirely. The Chinese doctors know

not how the eye is formed, and when it is diseased they cannot cure it. One of these four was a fine, little, well-dressed boy of five years. The father said: 'Doctor, please cure my son's eyes.' I said, 'I am very sorry to tell you that I cannot.' 'Why not?' he said, 'I have heard of your great name and superior skill; only a little sight is better than none.' 'Very glad,' I replied, 'I should be to do so, but the eye can never see light again.' Still he would not believe. I then said, 'Suppose you cut off your hand, would you expect me to make a new one?' 'Certainly not.' 'Then how can you expect me to give a new eye to your child, when both are entirely destroyed? God only can do this. Take the dear boy home, and be careful to teach and enlighten his mind, which, in some measure, will make up for the loss of his bodily eyes.' Be thankful, my dear son, that you are not *blind*, and use your *sight* in reading the Bible, to know and to do God's will, which this poor Chinese boy, alas! will never be able to do through the whole of his life."

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

WHICH of our young friends will form the following resolutions? Will one? Will many? Will all?

1. I resolve to be interested in Missions; and, for this purpose, to get all the information I can about the heathen world, and the spread of the gospel.

2. I will read, and try to understand, the prophecies about the state of this world, when it shall be full of light and love, and all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest.

3. I resolve to do what I can to hasten the time when this happy state shall be enjoyed.

4. I will, therefore, work for Christian Missions:—*First*,

by prayer; *secondly*, by spreading knowledge; *thirdly*, by collecting money; and, *fourthly*, by trying to get others to join in this pleasant and useful labour.

If every girl and boy would form these resolutions, and act upon them, how much help might they give to missionary effort!

A. Z.

AN EASY METHOD OF DOING GOOD.

"FATHER!" said a little boy, about eight years old, as he took off his cap, and laid down two or three small books upon the table, after having been at the Sunday-school,—
"Father! I want you to do something." "Well, my dear," answered the good man, "what is it?" "Promise that you will do it, and then I'll tell you," added the child.
"No, John, I cannot promise till I know what it is; and then I shall be quite willing, if it is a proper thing." "Oh! father! 't is a very good thing, indeed. There was something about it in one of my Magazines; and teacher read it to my class this afternoon, and asked us all to try and do it." "Well, if that 's the case," added the father, "I dare say it is very proper; for, I am sure, that neither your Magazine, nor your teacher, would recommend what was wrong. But what is it, John?" "Well, father, I'll tell you. I want you to subscribe a half-penny a month." "But I subscribe many half-pence every month, my boy, already; and you know I work hard for my money all the week. But still, a half-penny a month is not very much; and, if you can show me that you want it for something very good, perhaps I shall do what you wish." "Thank you, dear father," said the pleased and smiling boy; "now I am sure of the money. Don't you think it very good for children to read the 'Juvenile Missionary Magazine?'" "Yes

my dear, that I do; for I am sure nobody can read it without learning something. But you have got the Magazine already, and I hope you don't want *me* to pay for it, because you said, at first, that you would rather do so yourself, out of your own pocket-money." "Yes, father, and so I could, and so I will; but I don't want you to pay for *me*. I only want you to buy another every month, that I may lend it to Jane Godfrey, and Thomas Richards, and two or three more who can't afford to pay for it, but who would like to read it very much." "Well, I must say," added the father, "that that is a very nice plan of doing good, and I'm glad you thought of it." "But I did not think of it till my teacher read the piece from the Magazine; and I know many in our school who say that they will get some new subscribers. Mary Ann Little asked her teacher to pay for one, and she said she would; and Frank Roberts got two subscribers out of his class; and next Sunday, the superintendent is going round to find out how many more Magazines will be taken in, and I shall try to get as many as I can to buy them, besides you." "I am very glad, my dear John, to hear you say so. I'm sure children ought to do all they can to spread and sell that little book. It is so cheap, and so entertaining, and so useful, that everybody who reads it aright will be the better for doing so. You may put me down as a subscriber, and I shall be glad if you can get more."

The boy thanked his father, and kissed him; and, by the end of the week, he had got five new subscribers.

THE TEACHER AT SEA.

"Who is it? you ask me. I answer, the young wife of the youthful Missionary who sailed from England with

Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, for Guzurat, in far-off India. And though, as she writes home, "I have sailed over the Atlantic, trodden Afric's shores, and talked with some of her sable sons, and am *now* on the Indian Ocean,"—yet, *then* and *there* did the teacher think of the little ones she had left in the Sabbath-school; and, as I believe her language expresses the feelings of many a teacher, and of many who love our Lord, I copy her words:—

"*Earl of Hardwicke, Dec. 4th, 1850.*

"I hope the children in my class are improving. I cannot forget them. . . . I cannot bear to think that they *may be* LOST. Now I can only pray for them. But prayer is omnipotent; 'it moves the Hand that moves the world.' May the dear children be abundantly blessed with every temporal and spiritual blessing!"

"*May be* LOST!" What! in the land of the Bible! doing all they can for the cause of the Lord Jesus, and yet "*may be* LOST!" Is it so? Let us look a little at this danger. Go back, my children, with me to the history of the "Old World." Who is that good man so busy in building that noble vessel? He works at it year after year, and as he proceeds, he preaches. It is "*Noah*." That godly man told the men and the children of his day, that, if they did not believe and repent, they could not be saved. They probably laughed at the patriarch. But Noah was right: he preached the truth; while many of the *children* around him, doubtless hammered some of the nails, and carried some of the wood, and ran in and out of *that house of salvation*. *The last week*—when it was filling—they went in and looked all round the "*ark*;" but *they left it*. Then the flood came; and who can tell me *how many* CHILDREN perished in the wide waters that buried the world?

In the face of this awful fact, do you not, my child-

en, feel that though you may *know* the way to be *saved*,
 ou yet "*may be LOST?*" It was dreadful to *help build*
 e ark, and then *die outside*; but it will be *far worse*
 o hear of Christ, and *not love* Him. Your teachers feel
 his. They are very glad that you have done so well for
 e *John Williams*,—that ship of salvation,—while many
 you now wish that it may safely sail to the distant islands
 the sea, and carry the messengers of the Cross to the very
 nds of the earth. But, if after all these efforts to *save*
 hers, you are "*lost*," *what a loss YOURS must be!* Still,
 ou *need not*, my children, *be lost*. There *is* a Saviour
 nd *He* loves you. From heaven he now says to you,
 "*Seek me early.*" Oh! hear His Word, obey his voice,
 eek His grace, implore His Spirit; and long may you live
 o love him on *earth*; happily may your days be spent in
 his service, and ever feel it your highest honour, either to
 and or to *carry* the glad tidings of His "*great salvation*" to
 the heathen world. May *none* of you be "*lost!*" We "*can-*
not bear to think" of that!

B. E.

A THOUGHT FOR OLDER PEOPLE.

I ASKED a river, deep and wide,
 Whence did its waters roll?
 And an answer from the glassy tide
 In liquid murmurs stole—

" At first I flowed, a tiny spring,
 From an old mossy cave;
 Scarce might the swallow dip her wing
 Beneath my shallow wave.

" Yet wheresoe'er I glided by,
 Noiseless and all unseen,
 Beautiful flowers were springing nigh,
 And my banks wore a brighter green.

" And many a little spring rolled forth
To feed my feeble rill,
As I flowed along o'er the laughing earth,
My mission to fulfil.

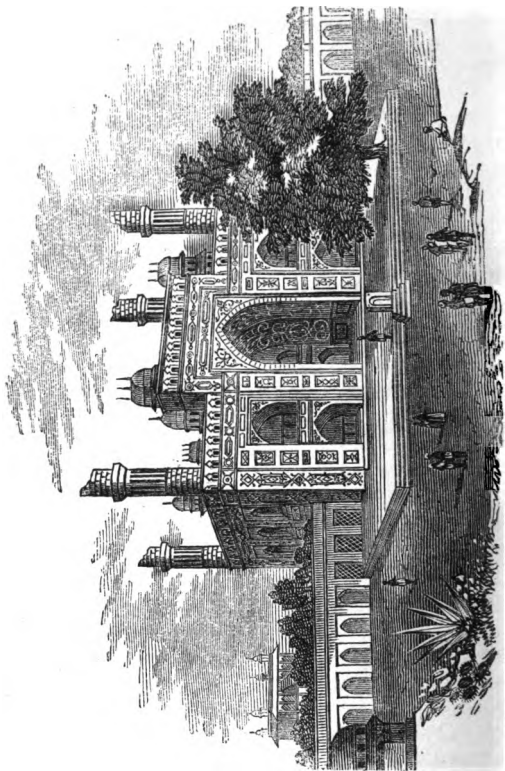
" And mile after mile I have wandered now
Still widening on my way;
And deep and strong is my rapid flow
As I pass to the ocean away.

" And now on my bosom the noble ship
Flows onward with the tide;
And many a cavern, dark and deep,
Do my rolling waters hide.

" Heed thou my lesson! The spring of love,
In a little infant's breast,
The source of a mighty stream may prove,
In which nations may be blest.

" Cherish its flowing, and mark its course,
And scorn not the tiny rill—
The streams which spring from the lowliest source
Pass on to the ocean still!"

Youth's Dayspring.



GATE OF ACHBAR'S TOMB.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1851.

THE TOMB OF ACHBAR.

THE frontispiece for this month represents the gateway to the tomb of a great Indian king, called Schah Achbar. He dwelt at Agra, about three hundred years ago; raised the empire of Delhi to great honour and power; and received from his subjects the name of "The Illustrious." He was a very wise and very just prince. All his people were sure that he would protect their persons and their property, while he did much to spread useful knowledge among them, and to encourage industry. By profession he was a Mohammedan; but he did not believe in everything taught by the false prophet. This probably arose from his having gained some acquaintance with the Christian religion, for which he showed great respect. But at that time the only professed Christians he had met with were some Portuguese Jesuits. These, however, he allowed to begin a Mission in his kingdom, and he treated them with much kindness. They tried to make him a convert; but though they failed, Achbar would not allow his subjects to injure them, or insult their

religion. The following anecdote will show this:—Accounts had been received that the Portuguese had taken an Arabian ship in the Persian Gulf; and having found a Koran on board, they showed their hatred of the Mohammedan religion by tying it to a dog, and driving him through the streets of the city of Ormuz, to the grief and horror of its inhabitants, who held the book in the highest esteem. Achbar's mother heard of this, and could not conceal her anger. She very much wished to be avenged upon the Christians, and begged her son to order the Bible to be tied to the tail of an ass, and dragged round Agra. But Achbar refused. "The Bible of the Christians," he said, "contains the word of God. Whosoever casts an insult upon that book, casts an insult upon God."

After his death, his subjects raised the splendid tomb, which still stands as a monument of his power and of their regard. It is a wonderful building, and known by the name of Secundra. It stands in a garden, where there are many tamarind and other trees, that have flourished there for more than two hundred and fifty years. After passing through the gateway, which is formed of many-coloured stones, with very beautiful patterns cut upon them, you see a noble building, with four terraces, raised above each other, one of which consists of white marble. You would wonder very much, were you to enter that building, to see the size, the beauty, and the carving of the blocks of stone, and then to think of the enormous sum of money that must have been spent upon it. But we cannot attempt to describe

this sepulchre. We could only wish that Christians would give and labour as freely and as generously as those Mohammedans, to raise a nobler monument to the honour of that only Potentate whose name they bear. Happy indeed will that day be, when young and old shall unite, with equal zeal and devotedness, in so holy and blessed a work!

ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH MERCHANT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

AN English merchant was travelling slowly in a heavy-laden ox-waggon, along the banks of a river in South Africa, when all at once he was surrounded by a troop of Corannas, who ordered him to stop and unyoke his oxen. "A little further on, and then I will," answered he. "On no account; here, on this spot!" was their stern reply. Seeing that he had no power to resist them, he took the yokes off his cattle, who made the best of their way to the grass. "Now, unpack, and show us what thou hast," said his visitors. "Stop!" replied the merchant, "will you buy anything?" "It may be so; but we will unpack your goods, to save you the trouble."

In a very short time, the waggon was emptied. One snatched up a pair of stockings, another a waistcoat, a third made free with a piece of woollen cloth, and in a few minutes the merchant found that he had been robbed of property worth nearly £30.

The Corannas, clothed in the stolen goods, mounted their horses, and galloped across the plain, while the traveller grieved over his loss to his faithful driver, Piet. "Sir," said the latter, as soon as he had a little recovered from his alarm, "you only wanted a little courage. A shot

from your gun would have frightened the villains away." "That may be," answered the merchant. "I had two loaded pistols in my coat-pockets; but what could one do against forty? I might have fallen; and in the end have died as one that had shed blood." "That was very possible," said Piet; "but we will not say any more on the subject. Rather let us make our way, as quickly as possible, to find a night's lodging, before darkness overtakes us."

Towards evening, our travellers were pleasantly surprised to see another waggon, and a well-clothed Motschuana sitting near it. When they reached the spot, he invited them to encamp for the night in his neighbourhood. "Tomorrow," he said, "is the Lord's day, and we can spend it together." In the course of conversation, the Englishman learnt that this man was a native catechist, who had come to preach the gospel to the Corannas. He therefore consented to remain; and on the following morning a great many of them met together at that place for worship. In the front of these Corannas stood a suspicious-looking man, who kept his eyes fixed on the Englishman. He was the interpreter, who was to translate the words of the Motschuana into the clicking, gurgling tones of the Coranna dialect.

The catechist began, but the interpreter remained silent. The first part of the subject was repeated, but still he did not translate it. The evangelist was surprised, and requested the interpreter to speak; but the man only murmured a few words, which no one understood but himself. "Aha!" called out the Englishman, shaking his head, "I thought thou wouldst not dare to take the Word of God in thy mouth." He then turned to the catechist, and said, "Friend, this is one of the wretches who plundered me yesterday. Do not ask him to use such an office any longer.

The gospel would be polluted in passing through his lips. Here is my Piet: he can translate what you say. And thou, Piet, do not forget to give the fellows the full force of the truth."

Piet was not backward in following this command. He and the Motschuana employed the interval, and used all their powers to make the deepest impression on the thievish assembly. The day closed quietly. Piet and the catechist sat down by each other, after divine service, to read the Word of God, while the poor merchant reflected sorrowfully on his loss.

The sun had scarcely risen on the following morning, when both waggons were surrounded by a troop of Corannas. The robbers had come to the knowledge that the good catechist had brought with him a small stock of tobacco, which he intended to exchange for his necessary food, and they were now come to plunder him of it. But they did not know with whom they had to do. This simple-minded Christian, strong in faith, sat quietly on the seat of his waggon; and as soon as the attack began, he took out his New Testament, and began to read it with a loud voice. At the sight of the book, the thieves suddenly started back, sprang upon their horses, and fled. "That is the way," called out Piet, looking to his master. "We have been very foolish. Why did we not take to our Bible yesterday, instead of thinking of our pistols?"

They then parted from the Motschuana, and towards evening reached the house of a Dutch boer, or farmer. The Englishman, filled with a sense of his loss, told the Dutchman what had happened. "What!" said the farmer, "and you allowed yourselves to be plundered in that way? You are yet strange in this land, and know not how to bring the negroes to reason. I'll show you the way." On the following morning, the Dutch colonist armed himself.

and went forth alone to the war. When he reached the village of the robbers, he fired five bullets among their huts, and then went back with the utmost indifference to his house, and having seated himself, he took his pipe and began to smoke it, as if nothing had happened.

This anecdote, which the merchant related himself to Missionary Ludorf, clearly shows what kind of people some of the Missionaries in South Africa must labour among. First, you see a sample of the unconverted heathen, existing upon robbery and spoil. Then you see one of these changed into a humble disciple of Christ, and risking his life for the salvation of his countrymen. Next you have an Englishman, knowing something of the truth of Christianity, but too much engaged in the affairs of this world. And lastly you see the Dutch farmer, who trusted only to his musket, and looked on the poor natives as if they were savage beasts, and shot them without fear or pity.

Such is Africa. How much does it need our sympathy and our prayers!



CIRCULATION OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.—ADDRESS TO SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE Editor cannot send the last sheet of another volume of this Magazine to the press without thanking those numerous friends who, by promoting its circulation, have done much to assist him in cherishing a missionary spirit in the young, and encouraging their efforts on behalf of the heathen. And among those friends, he is especially grateful to the Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday-schools. The Editor is well aware that no influence, apart from the adaptation and attractiveness of the Magazine itself, would long sustain the large sale which it now commands; but while that sale, and the warm com-

mentations he is continually receiving, lead him to believe that he has not laboured in vain, he is well aware that, without the co-operation of others, the circulation cannot be sustained, still less increased. Now of all classes, past experience satisfies the Editor, that none can aid him more effectually than those who are engaged in Sabbath-school teaching. To them, therefore, he makes a special appeal. Large as the present issue is, it might be easily increased, were those friends to resolve that it should be so. They have merely to recommend it in their schools and classes, and to employ means for obtaining a monthly supply, and it would be done. The eighty or ninety thousand now circulated every month might thus be, and with very little effort, raised to a hundred thousand. No clearer proof of this can be desired than is found in the result of the recent appeal to the young, for the means of repairing and outfitting the Missionary Ship. The large amount raised for that purpose, from Sunday-schools, would never have been obtained, had not the kind friends, just named, cheerfully and earnestly co-operated with the Directors of the London Missionary Society. And if success crowned such an effort, it is certain that those to whom it was owing, might, with immeasurably less labour, effect the object now sought. The Editor therefore earnestly entreats every superintendent and teacher to bring this subject before their young charge, with a view to engage a large number of new subscribers from the beginning of the next year. He is sure that, by so doing, they will not only promote the cause of Missions, but the special object to which they have devoted themselves—the religious instruction and spiritual improvement of the young. The facts which are every month presented in the pages of this little periodical are adapted to mould the character into that form which, with God's grace, will best fit it for generous aims and great usefulness. The missionary spirit, thus

fostered, is a living fountain which will render "the issues of life" streams of health and fruitfulness wherever they may flow. And the Sabbath-school teacher is never fulfilling his vocation more faithfully, or with more beneficial effect, than when he cherishes in the young heart that compassion and concern for the degraded and wretched, and that confidence in the gospel as God's method of raising and saving them, which an acquaintance with the fields and facts of missionary labour is so adapted to cherish.

Teachers of the young! the cause of Christian evangelization—the character of the church of the common age—and the welfare of unborn and unblessed millions—will be materially affected by the manner in which you employ the power you possess over those now brought within reach of your moral influence. We ask you, therefore, to do what you can to extend the circulation of a work designed, not so much to make a profit and to raise money, as to inform and influence minds. And on his part, the Editor pledges himself to the employment of his best efforts to render his pages still more attractive, instructive, and useful. Amongst other means by which he hopes to do *this*, is a still larger supply of information, direct from Missionaries, of the sort which children need, to secure their attention and sustain their interest in the great work of teaching and saving the heathen.

The Editor is well aware that much is already done in many Sunday-schools in circulating this Magazine; but he is sure that those who do this will readily do more if they can; and he trusts that others, by an early canvassing in their schools for new subscribers, will render him similar assistance.

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG, BY REV. H.
BATEMAN.



MR. BATEMAN has again been lecturing to the young people in London this year, and had quite as large and interesting audiences as before. Everywhere the greatest attention and enthusiasm prevailed; and we hope some good was done in stirring up the young people to fresh efforts in the Missionary cause.

All of you could not hear the lectures; but all of you could read them if we could print them for you. This we

shall in some sort do—that is, we shall try to give a kind of report of them; and though we leave out some of the nice stories Mr. Bateman told, and cannot give you anything like all he said, or in the exact words in which he said it, yet we will try to give you so much as to interest you in the important field of Missionary labour, to which he directed the attention of the children. That field was Africa, and especially South Africa; and to enable you to follow his descriptions easily, we have had a small map of Africa engraved for you, over which you can trace the places to which he refers.

He began his address by referring to the fine effort of the young people of Britain, during the past year, in behalf of the Missionary ship; and then came quickly to the special subjects he had to point them to. He spoke something like the following:—

Last year, dear children, I took up Missionary ships and the South Sea Islands. This year I have to tell you something about Africa, and the labours of the Missionaries there. Here is a map of it, so coloured as to show you how much of it is yet covered with Paganism, how much with Mohammedanism, and how much has been claimed for Christ. If you look at it, you will see at once that it is almost all divided between Paganism and Mohammedanism, and that Christianity has as yet made but very little way in it. The beautiful promise must yet be fulfilled, that all Africa “shall stretch out her hands to God;” but, at present, the Prince of Darkness reigns there, and the land is covered with ignorance and sin.

Of all the great continents of the world, Africa is least known. It has been written about, looked at, and thought of, by all classes of men, for some thousands of years; but till lately has remained a shut-up and unknown land. The most of our knowledge is of its coasts and their adjoining

districts; to the vast interior no European traveller has yet reached, and no Missionary has yet gone. We will take a peep at the parts that are best known of it, and try to get some right notions about the state of its people as we go along, and of the Missionary operations going on there. Follow this pointer with your eye, as I point out one place after another, and tell you a little about them. We will begin with Abyssinia. You see part of it is coloured differently to the surrounding districts. This is to show you that some ancient forms of Christianity once existed there, and that some remains of them are still found there. Some of these Abyssinian churches are very large, and have many priests. All are, however, very cold, and sadly degraded with follies and superstitions. Here there are Missionaries from this country and America; and, within the last few years, efforts have been made by some of them to discover more of the surrounding countries.

Passing on towards the north, and following the course of this river, we come to Egypt. You have all read of Egypt in your Bibles. That is the country to which Abraham went, and where, for a time, he resided. It was there Joseph was taken by the merchants that bought him, and where he became so greatly honoured. There Jacob dwelt; there Moses was born; and there the children of Israel lived for two hundred years, till God brought them out with a powerful hand. Here is the river Nile; and here, on its banks, once stood the famous cities of Thebes and Memphis; and here still stand the great brick pyramids, supposed by some to have been erected by the children of Israel during their sojourn in the land. Here is CAIRO; and here are a few Missionaries, labouring to revive true Christianity amongst the ancient Coptic churches, and spread it amongst the Mohammedans. Passing along the north coast, we can mark no Mission stations. All these northern states are

Mohammedan countries, and are in a wretched state of ignorance and sin. The people of some of them are noted for their cruel dispositions. Coming down still along the coast, by the western side, we reach SIERRA LEONE; and a little further on, LIBERIA. Here, you see, all is *white*, to show you that there Christian Missionaries are at work. The people living here were mostly slaves. Many years ago, it was the wicked practice of many of our countrymen as well as others, to steal negroes from Western Africa, and carry them across the sea to the West Indies and North America. A law was passed against this practice some years ago; and our government has ever since kept ships on this coast looking out for slavers, and having authority, if they saw them, to give them chase, take them, and set the slaves at liberty. The poor slaves, thus liberated, are brought to Sierra Leone and Liberia, and are there placed under the care of the Missionaries. All of them, when they come, are ignorant heathen; but God has greatly blessed the labours of His servants to them, and many, very many have been civilized, educated, and saved. I could tell you many stories to show you their gratitude for the kindness shown them, and to give you proof of the happy influence of the gospel on their hearts and lives.

A little further on you come to the Gold and Ivory Coasts; and then you see Ashantee and Dahomy, and some other countries bordering on them. All along here are Missionaries from the Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and others; but the climate is so bad to live in, that many die every year from its effects. It has been thought that, if Negroes in the West Indies could be educated and sent there, they would stand the climate better than Europeans; and a few have already gone. The people living there are very cruel, ignorant, and superstitious. There are kings there who offer many slaves, every year, as sacrifices on the graves of

their fathers; and I have read of one, who in one year offered up three thousand slaves. When any of the kings die, there is a great sacrifice of his wives, children, and chief men, with the foolish idea that their spirits will help to form a sort of grand procession in the other world, and give him importance as he enters it. They have also great faith in witchcraft. When Mr. Freeman, a coloured Missionary, paid his first visit to the King of Ashantee, two women were sacrificed unknown to him, and buried in the path over which he had to walk, to prevent, as they thought, his bewitching the king.

A little further south, you see FERNANDO PO. There the Baptists have a very interesting Mission; and, to help the work there, the ship *Dove* was sent out.

Still further south is Gamboon, where are Missionaries; and then you may sail all down the coast till you come nearly to Cape Colony, and you will see no Christian Missionaries, save those of the Popish persuasion. The Cape Colony, as you see, is covered with gospel light. There various denominations of Christian people labour, and have their churches and chapels; while to the north, amid the many tribes dwelling there, you can see, dotting, as it were, all the country, many Mission stations. Here live the Hottentots, the Kaffirs, the Fingoes, the Bassutos, the Bechuannas, the Bushmen, the Corannas, the Namaquas, and several other tribes. All these tribes are, in their native state, very ignorant, superstitious, and cruel. They have no idols amongst them; but they worship or reverence various animals. Some, as the Hottentots, reverence an insect called the mantis; others reverence the crocodile; others the lion; others the elephant, and so on with different tribes. There are no priests amongst them, but a class of conjurers, who pretend to make rain, to frighten thunder, to cure diseases, and to do many other wonderful things.

These men quite delude the poor people, and have great power amongst them. Some of the tribes, as the Morimos, are great man-eaters, and kill and devour the travellers that come in their way. Others, as the Bushmen, live very much on plunder. This tribe build no houses, and cultivate no fields. In winter they live in holes in the earth, and in summer amongst the bushes and trees. They are a great terror to travellers, as well as to settlers, and often attack them suddenly, pouring upon them a shower of poisoned arrows.

The cruel character of many of these tribes, added to the difficulty of travelling from the want of roads, and the existence of lions and wild beasts through all the districts, make it very difficult to get amongst these people, or carry on Missionary labours for their good. Still, the work is advancing; and, by degrees, we are getting to know more and more of the people, and we, as we do so, introduce to them the blessed gospel of peace.

From the Cape Colony you may trace up the coast till you reach Abyssinia, from whence we started, and all, all is dark, without a single Missionary pointing the wretched people to the Lamb of God.

Our little peeps, you see, have been all along the coast. Into that vast interior we cannot look. We know nothing of it. There the people perish, and Satan reigns in peace. There are no Bibles, no churches, and no preachers.

From the continent of Africa we must go across to that large island, which you see on the eastern coast. That is Madagascar; and a little to the east, again, is the Mauritius. Madagascar is not all dark. There are many Christian people living there; and though dreadfully persecuted by the cruel queen, the work of God still prospers amongst them, and will, by and by, no doubt triumph in the land. Mauritius is all light. Christian Missionaries are there, and ready,

when Madagascar opens, to go in and possess the land for Christ.

And now we have run over this great continent as quickly as we could, and taken a hasty glance at its state. What a painful sight it presents! So large a tract of land, and so little of it won for Jesus!

My next work will be to tell you something of our Missionary labours in it.



THE SAVIOUR'S LAST AND GREAT COMMAND.

WHEN redemption was completed,
And the parting hour had come,
Jesus spake the word, "Go—preach it,
Preach my truth in every tongue."

Preach in all benighted places,
Preach it under every sky,
Preach till all earth's tribes and races
To the throne of Jesus hie.

Preach it, every faithful servant,
Spread the tidings of his name;
Human wants are still as urgent,
Gilead's balm is still the same.

Every knee shall bow in reverence,
Every lip adore His name;
Every heart shall offer incense,
Every spirit own the Lamb.

Quickly come! long promised morning—
Come as prophets have foretold;
All things wait to hail thy dawning,
And thy glories to behold.

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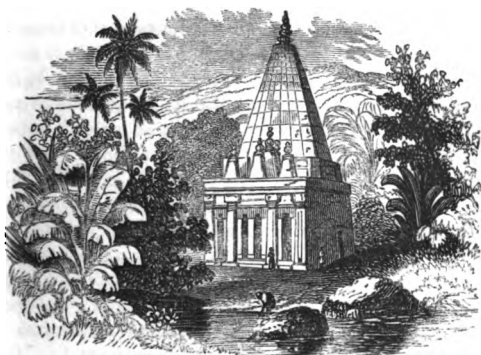
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**THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY
MAGAZINE.**

**VOL. IX. 1852.
JANUARY TO DECEMBER.**



HINDOO TEMPLE AT GAJEH, INDIA.

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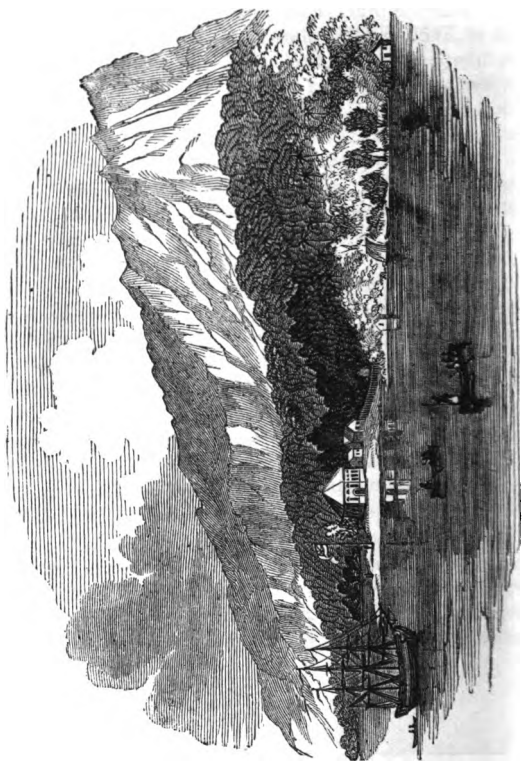
1852.

PREFACE.

THIS is the preface to the ninth volume of the JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE; and the Editor is happy to say that its large circulation, through the past year, and the thanks he has received from many quarters, show that it continues to be a favourite with the young. And the reason of this is plain. It is a book of *facts*. Now, children are fond of facts. Though they are sometimes amused with tales which they do not believe, they are far more interested in what they do believe. Hence, when they read or hear any story which pleases them, how often do they inquire "But is it *true*?" And this love of what is real and true has been put into their hearts by God; and therefore the young value this work because they know that the *facts* which are in it are true. But they also value it for another reason, and that is, because these facts are not only true, but *important*. They are all about the state of our world, and the darkness, wickedness, and misery of the men that live in it, and the change which has taken place in the hearts and conduct and outward condition of many of them, through the teaching and labours of Christian Missionaries. Now, there are no facts of common geography, or history, or science, half so important as these. Angels think so; Jesus Christ thinks so; and all who have been taught of God think so too. Hence it is that many of our young friends read with the greatest pleasure what these pages contain; but young folks, though fond of facts, and especially when they are very important facts, would not care so much to read

them if they were dull and dry. They like facts that are entertaining and interesting. Now, such also are the facts they find in this Magazine; and this is a further reason why they are fond of it. Here, then, curiosity is gratified, by the information they get about the customs and superstitions of heathen nations. Their pity is moved, as they read of the sufferings which many of them endure; and their kindness and charity are delighted in learning what God has wrought, in bringing some of those heathen to the feet of Jesus, making them happy in life, and blessed for ever. And facts such as these *ought* to make *any* book a favourite with the wise and good, with every lover of God and of men. While, then, we may rejoice, we do not wonder, that *this* book, which contains as many such facts, for its size, as any book, except the Bible, that was ever printed, and which is sold at so small a price, should continue, year after year, to have so many readers.

But while we rejoice to know the high place which the JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE has in so many hearts and homes,—and while we are most thankful to parents, teachers, and other friends, who have helped to circulate it, we are concerned—for the sake of the young and of the heathen; for the cause of religion at home and abroad; for the good of our own age and of ages to come—that this work should become a still more extensive blessing; and it may be, if others will help to make it so. We ask, therefore, every reader to get new subscribers, and to do this at once, that it may effect more good in the year 1853, than it has ever done before.



FAPEIOAI—KIMKO.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1852.

EIMEO.

THE pretty Engraving that forms the frontispiece for this month, is a view of the Mission Chapel at Papetoai, a district in the island of Eimeo, which is nearly twenty miles from Tahiti.

The chapel is built of coral stone, taken from the reef that surrounds the island, and is a very strong building, large enough to hold several hundred people. It was built a good many years ago, when Mr. Henry and Mr. Platt were the Missionaries at that place; and it was the first stone building in the South Sea Islands. Near it is a burying-ground, where lie the remains of some of the early Missionaries who went out in the ship "Duff" more than fifty years ago; and amongst the trees behind are the cottages of the natives and the house of the Missionary.

In the Engraving is seen the "John Williams," lying safely at anchor in the harbour formed by the coral reef, which runs like a ring nearly round the whole island, from half a mile to a mile off

shore. Inside this reef the water is calm, and ships lie in safety near the shore. The depth of the water within the reef is various, sometimes as much as fifty fathoms, sometimes not more than a few feet. The water, as you have heard before, is very transparent, and in many places you can see the beautiful branching coral spreading like a garden over the sandy bottom; and here, safe from the sharks and larger fish, are seen sporting about numbers of tiny fish of most brilliant colours—blue, and purple, and green, and gold.

How wonderful are the works of God! It is He who created the little workmen, to build this massy solid reef, that it might form noble harbours for ships, and also protect the lowland from the force and fury of the sea.

It is a grand and beautiful sight, to watch the great waves of the ocean as they rise, and swell, and burst upon the reef. As they move towards it, they seem to mount higher and higher, and to gather up all their strength against the coral wall which stands in their way. Then they curl gracefully over it, and fall with a noise like thunder upon the solid rock, and the next moment they shoot up again in straight streams and spiral columns, high as the tall mast of a ship, and as white as snow. These again, as they fall, are once more dashed upward, so that the noise never ceases. But you should see these waves when the sun shines upon the foam and spray, and the beams form the most beautiful rainbows. They last, indeed, but for a moment; but while they last, they are very bright and lovely, and they follow one another very swiftly.

When the natives are lying on their mats during the still night, they hear the bursting of the great waves, but it does not make them afraid; for they know the reef, though built by animalcules, is firm as the foundation of the earth; and, what is better, they now believe in Him who has given the sea a bound which it cannot pass, and has said to its proud waves, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further."

But whilst it is so safe *inside* the reef, woe to the poor ship that gets too near to the *outside*. If this should happen, nothing can save her. She is hurried along, and at one dash hurled upon the rocks and shivered to pieces.

One afternoon, when all was bright and calm, a French merchant vessel, with a valuable cargo, appeared off the opening through the reef, which leads into the harbour of Papeete, the chief port of Tahiti. It was just at the hour when the trade wind, which blows through the day, begins to die away. The pilot went on board, and told the captain that there was not wind enough for the vessel to sail into harbour that evening, and that therefore he must keep out to sea till morning. The French merchant to whom the goods were sent, also went on board to get his letters and accounts, and then returned in his boat to the shore. As the pilot intended to remain on board all night, he also sent his boat on shore. It is usual amongst the islands, when the breeze from the sea dies away, for a gentle wind to blow off from the land. This is very useful in carrying vessels out of danger. That evening, however, the land-breeze did not spring up, and there was a perfect calm.

The pilot stood upon deck looking towards the shore. But he soon became alarmed; for he saw that the current was carrying the ship towards the reef, and that the heaving swell was gradually lifting her nearer and nearer to the breakers. This made him very anxious, and he longed for a gentle wind from shore, that might carry the ship to sea. But it still remained quite calm; the sails flapped to and fro against the mast, and the vessel moved slowly but surely on towards the dreaded rocks. The night came on; the sky and the sea were calm and clear; the stars looked brightly down, and were reflected from the silvery surface of the water; but no breeze sprung up. And now it was midnight. Danger was near. Not another moment could be lost. The pilot therefore told the captain he must lower the boats and attempt to tow the vessel out of danger. But boats there were none. They had but one small one; and when they had launched her, and tied a rope to the ship, and fastened it in the boat, and the sailors began to row, they found their power was not great enough to keep the ship away from the reef. Gradually, therefore, the ill-fated vessel drew nearer and nearer to the rocks. Louder and louder grew the roar of the breakers, and the more certain was the danger. What could be done? The pilot advised the captain to fire guns of distress: but there was not a gun on board. He then asked him to burn blue lights, which would be seen by the sailors who kept watch on board other ships in the harbour: but there were none. And now the ship was so near the reef, that at two o'clock in the morning the pilot, captain, and crew were obliged to abandon her

and to get into their one small boat, which would scarcely hold them, and which was so heavily laden, that she must have sunk if the sea had not been quite smooth. Poor fellows! they looked at their deserted vessel as she slowly rose and sunk upon the wave, which bore her towards destruction; and then at last they saw that wave, as if weary of the burden, and resolved to fling it off, lift her up, and the next moment dash her upon the reef with a loud crash. And now she was broken to pieces, and her bales of silks, and prints, and calicoes, her casks of ironware, and barrels of flour, were tumbling and rolling about amid the wild foaming breakers.

The captain and crew looked sadly upon the wreck, and then with heavy hearts they rowed away towards the port, which about daybreak they reached in safety.

How uncertain are all human affairs, and how often our hopes are destroyed just when we look for their fulfilment! Here was a vessel that had safely sailed over the wide sea, all the way from France to Tahiti, had passed Cape Horn—that Cape of Storms, —without harm, had been in all weathers for days, and weeks, and months, and now was wrecked in a calm, and close to her desired haven. There was the merchant who had received letters from his friends in France, telling him of the good things and valuable wares they had sent him; and he sat up late at night examining the accounts and rejoicing in his good fortune; but at daybreak he was called up from his sleep to hear the sad tidings of his loss!

How many things happen which should teach us

to set our affections on things above, and to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven—that better land, where there are no deceitful calms nor raging seas, no blighted hopes nor painful losses. You have safely passed through another year. And when you read this story, you may be fancying that you will be as safe and as happy in the future as you have been in the past. But the bright and the calm are sometimes more dangerous than the stormy cloud and the bursting storm. Appearances too often deceive. Many say Peace, when there is none. We are never safe *outside* the only harbour where the soul can cast its anchor and find shelter within the power of God. Dear reader, are you there—are you *in* Christ? Have you entered the refuge? Rest not one moment until you have. But if *you* are safe, there are millions, like the ship I have been describing, who are slowly drifting towards destruction. Some of them try, as the sailors did in the boat, to save themselves by their own exertions; but it is in vain. Salvation is of the Lord. But this they know not: the darkness of night surrounds them. But you know their state; for God has told you what it is. He has said that they are “drawn unto death, and are ready to be slain.” And he has done yet more: he has sent his Son to save them, and his Spirit, like a gentle breeze, to bear them away from rocks and billows into the quiet haven. But these things you must make known to them; and you must do so without delay. Let each, then, resolve to do this more than ever. Begin the year in the good work of helping the Missionaries, if you have never done so before; and labour in it more than ever, if you have.

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

LAST month we gave you the first part of Mr. Bateman's Lecture on Africa to the little boys and girls in London, last October. It went over the whole of Africa, at present known to us; and we saw, by looking on the little map we gave you, how almost all Africa is given up to the Prince of darkness, and how little of it as yet is won for Christ. This month we go on, and will tell you something more of what Mr. Bateman said about the missionary efforts now making to spread still further the Gospel of Jesus:—

"The first Missionaries," he said, "that ever went to Africa, were sent there by the good people called Moravians; and the part they chose to labour in was in the South, amongst the ignorant and degraded Hottentots. At that time this part of Africa, now called the Cape Colony, was in the hands of the Dutch. Many Dutch farmers cultivated large tracts of land to the north of Cape Town. The Hottentots, to whom the Missionaries were sent, lived scattered amongst these Dutch people, and were mostly engaged as farm servants, or in some other way under the Dutch settlers.

"The first Missionary that went was called GEORGE SCHMIDT. He was a Moravian by birth, and had suffered much persecution and imprisonment in his native country for the name of Christ. He arrived in South Africa in the year 1736, and was kindly received by the Dutch governor at the Cape, to whom he had letters of introduction. He proceeded at once to his station, and began his work forthwith. On his approaching the place, the Chief Africo, with his people, came out to meet him with a band of native musicians, in true Hottentot style

to do honour to him as their teacher. The next day he began to build his hut; Africo and his people helped; and in six weeks it was fit for him to sleep in. While this was going on, he tried to learn the Hottentot language, but found it very difficult. There were three *clicks* used in the pronunciation of the words, that completely beat him; and the people were highly amused at his efforts to sound them. Finding their language so hard to learn, he resolved to teach them to read and speak Dutch; and numbers of them readily began. After spending about a year at this station he removed, with eighteen Hottentots, to a desert spot on the Sergeant's River, and there went on with his school and other work. In a little time one of the young men, whom he named William, paid much attention, and seemed deeply impressed with Divine things, and in 1742 he was baptized, as the first fruits to God of the Hottentot nation. Soon after, he baptized the Chief, Africo, another Hottentot of the name of Jonas, and two Hottentot women, whom he named severally Magdalena and Christina.

"As soon as the news reached Cape Town, that Schmidt was baptizing the Hottentots, a number of persons began to find fault, and never rested till they got the governor to dismiss him from the colony, and send him back to Europe. It was a great grief to poor Schmidt thus to be torn away from his little Hottentot flock; and he left them with many tears. Many efforts were made by Schmidt and his friends at home to get permission for his return, but all in vain; and he never was allowed to go back. You may be sure, however, that he did not forget them. He lived two-and-forty years after, but never for one single day did he fail to think of his Hottentots. Every day he went to his bed-room, and there spent an hour on his knees, praying for South Africa. One day he stayed much longer than usual, and his servant went to see what kept him: but there, upon his

knees, was poor Schmidt found, a cold and lifeless corpse. *He had died praying for South Africa!*

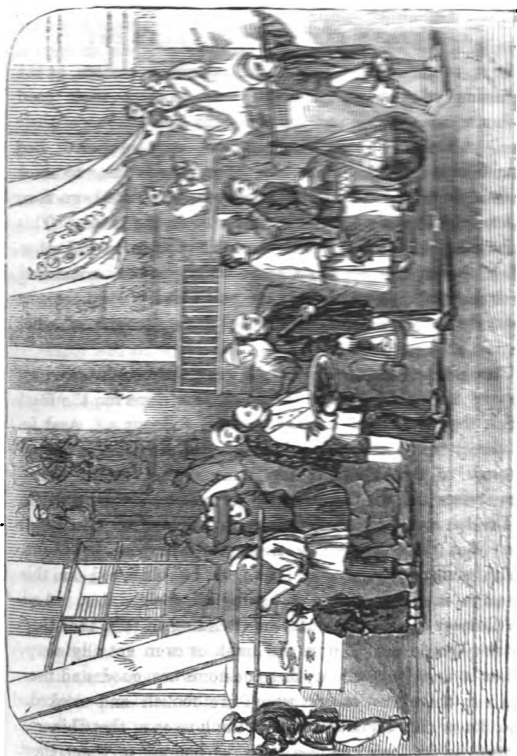
“Nor did he pray in vain. Not long after, the opposition to the mission gave way, and good men were allowed to go again to the Hottentots. The Moravians sent out more preachers, and these came to the very place where Schmidt had been labouring before. They found part of the walls of his hut still standing, and several fruit-trees of his planting, especially a fine large pear-tree. They found also one of the first of his converts, Magdalena, still alive. She was now very old, bent down with years, and very nearly blind; but she still remembered her former teacher, and was overwhelmed with joy when she found that more preachers had come to take his place. This old woman was the only one of Schmidt’s converts left; but she had helped to keep the light of truth burning in the wilderness. She had still the Dutch Testament that Schmidt had given her, carefully wrapped up in a sheepskin. Round this Testament she had often gathered her fellow countrywomen to hear her read the words of life, and, there is reason to believe, not without doing good. The Missionaries were delighted to see the book, and preached their first sermon from its time-worn pages. Thus God had remembered poor Schmidt’s prayers, and thus had he at last sent Missionaries to enter on his labours. This was in the year 1793.

“The next Missionaries that went to South Africa were Dr. Vanderkemp and three others, all of whom were sent out by the London Missionary Society.

“The destination of these Missionaries was Caffraria; but on reaching Cape Town two of them were induced to go on a mission to the Bushmen, the most savage and ignorant of the African tribes. The names of these two Missionaries were Kichener and Edwards; and, after parting with them, Dr. Vanderkemp and his companion, Mr. Edwards, jour-

neyed on to Caffreland. Many were the dangers through which they had to pass before they reached the place where they were going. Wolves, jackals, and hyenas, howled about their tents at night; and sometimes they heard the roaring of the Hons, or saw in the morning the mark of their feet where they had been prowling about their tents. At last they arrived in Caffreland, and at once inquired for the king, whose name was Gika. Soon they saw him coming. He was very tall, and walked slowly. He wore a cloak made of panthers' skins; and his cheeks and lips were painted red. He did not speak, nor even move his eyelids, but stood like a statue for a little time. The Missionaries could not speak to him in his language; but there was a Dutchman, who acted as interpreter. The king made many objections to the Missionaries staying; but at last Dr. Vanderkemp got leave to unyoke his oxen and pitch his tent. Many days passed before the king would give his consent to Dr. Vanderkemp's remaining; but at last he allowed him to do so, and named a place where he might go to live. There he laboured very hard, working in the fields like a husbandman, and then, when evening came, teaching the Caffres as they would allow him. In this way he tried to do them good, but with very little success, till at last he resolved to leave the Caffres and go elsewhere. He removed to a place he called Bethelsdorf, where he preached among the Hottentots, was made a blessing to many of them, and died at Cape Town in 1818.

"Other Missionaries have followed since then; and now there are Moravians, Wesleyans, Church of Scotland, Church of England, French, Dutch, and several others, besides those of the London Missionary Society, working well amongst those dark lands. Of these we must tell you another time."



CHINESE TOWN IN NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

It is, as our readers well know, a common custom, at the beginning of a year, for friends to express their good wishes to one another, and sometimes to give tokens of their love. All this is very pleasant and very proper. But though it is right for those who have friends thus to show themselves friendly, there are many who have not been born and brought up in a Christian land who do the same. This is the case with the Chinese. And the picture on the other side of the page represents a scene which may be witnessed throughout China on every new year's eve. Perhaps our readers will be gratified with some little account of what they do at these times.

Throughout the last day of the year, the people are very busy in laying in a large stock of provisions for the feast which they intend to have on the day following. And in all directions porters may be seen carrying packages of presents to the friends of the persons who employ them. The streets and the shops are full of people, just as they are in London and other large places in England on Christmas eve. But there is another new year's custom in China, which many persons would like to be observed in this country: it is the custom of paying all their debts. And the Chinese are so particular in attending to this, that they say they could not join in the feast, or even get any sleep, unless it was done. Now, these customs are good and useful; but there are others which are foolish and wicked. You know that there are idols in the houses of the Chinese, as well as in their temples; and, in honour of them, they burn gilded paper, and perform other silly ceremonies. And, at the new year, they pay particular attention to these worthless objects of their worship. Another thing done, is

for each family to sit down to a good supper, with a pan of burning charcoal placed under the table. This is a very old custom, and the people scarcely know how it was begun, or why it is observed; but they would on no account omit it. In the houses of the Chinese there are not so many windows as there are in ours, and they are forced to burn many little lamps in the passages and other dark parts of the dwelling: these lamps have wooden frames. And on new year's eve the frames are burnt, and from the ashes, the people fancy that they can foretell what sort of weather it will be through the coming year. Dr. Smith, who was a Missionary in China, says that three little frames of lamps were brought and placed where they would be ready for lighting. When this was done, the eldest son of the family went into the street and let off some crackers to drive away, as he supposed, the evil spirits. And while this was taking place, the servants were folding up about a bushel of gold and silver paper into the shape of lumps of silver. Then the eldest son came back into the house and set fire to the wooden frames, which were burnt to ashes in a few minutes. The ashes, while the fire was still alive in them, were then divided into twelve little heaps, one heap for every month in the year. These heaps were then watched, and that which burnt out soonest was supposed to show the most rainy month in the year; and that which burnt out last, the month when there would be most sunshine and least rain. The Missionary, finding that they were very well satisfied with the experiment, quietly and slyly asked whether it agreed with what had taken place in their neighbour's house, where they had been doing the same thing. This they answered, by saying that they had nothing to do with their neighbour's house; and begged him to observe during the year whether the signs were not true.

As soon as the morn of the new year dawned, all the

magistrates and great men of the place met together, and went to their chief temple. How sad it is, that people who pay so much respect to what they consider religious services, should have no other objects of worship but idols, and no knowledge whatever of the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent! It would be a sure way for them to have a happy new year if they were to begin it by seeking the Lord, and saying from their heart, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." And how should we feel, when we consider that poor ignorant heathens pay more attention to their false religions, and show more respect to their idols, than multitudes of persons, who call themselves Christians, show to the word and worship of Jehovah! When the procession reaches the temple they stop, and then, standing before a yellow screen, which is supposed to represent their Emperor, they knock their heads nine times upon the ground. This is to show that they intend to obey the Emperor's will during the year. After this visit to the temple, the day is spent in calling at each other's houses—eating, drinking, and amusements. But in the midst of these there wanteth not sin. The city is almost turned into a fair. The streets are crowded with people. In one place you might see a conjuror, with a gazing crowd around him, eagerly watching his tricks; in another, the antics of a mountebank has drawn a large company, who seem to be mightily pleased with his performance. Then others are sitting more quietly on benches reading novels aloud, and they draw many listeners. In various places gamblers are engaged in doing all they can to cheat one another out of their money. And you would be sorry to see many little children employed in keeping gambling-tables, and receiving payment from those who use them. If you could enter the temples, you would find long rows of these tables even there, and the gamblers quarrelling

and shaking their fists at one another, while in the streets similar scenes might be witnessed.

Now, some of these customs, as we have seen, are good; but, while they look fair to the eye, they do not hide from the Christian the sad truth, that the people who observe them have yet little real concern for each other's welfare, and no love whatever to God. How pleasant it would be to make them wiser and better—to teach them to begin each year with God, and to spend their days walking in that bright and happy path which leads to heaven! But this you may help to do. The Bible has shown, and you know how they may be brought out of the way of folly, sin, and shame, to the enjoyment of peace and hope. Now, let every reader resolve to try all he can, throughout the year, to promote the blessed cause of Christian missions. Such a resolution, if made aright, will please God, and do great good to the poor heathen.



THE STRIKING CONTRAST.

If we could form a proper idea of the good which Missionaries have done among the heathen, we must consider what they were before the gospel was preached to them, as well as what they have become by believing it. In many Missionary stations, the contrast is not seen so clearly now as it was a few years ago; and for this reason:—the worship of idols, and the horrid cruelties of heathenism, have long been given up, and only a few are living who once practised them. A new generation has arisen since the former darkness fled away. And *they* never entered a heathen temple, or bowed down before a wretched idol, or saw a human sacrifice, or a strangled babe, or a cannibal's feast, or a savage fight. Such sights of folly and crime had

ceased before they were born, and the wild cries of the warrior and of the worahipper were no longer echoed from their hills, or heard in their habitations. A brighter day had dawned ere they beheld the light, and these former things were not only done away, but in their stead their eyes saw their teachers, and they "heard of heaven, and learnt the way." Now in their humble homes, morning and evening, they join in the worship of Jehovah, and when the Sabbath returns, they go up with the multitudes who keep holy day. And as they have always been accustomed to this altered state of things, they can scarcely value it quite so much as they would have done if they had ever been heathen. Even the Missionaries who have gone to those places in which the idols have been abolished, do not, of course, feel the contrast between the present and the past state of the people, as those feel it who were there before them, and who had seen what they were when heathens, and what they had become as Christians. And some who have had the opportunity of making the comparison, have at times been quite overcome by it. Thus it has been with the older Missionaries in the South Sea Islands, especially at the Lord's Supper. Here they have been greatly struck, and much moved, as they looked upon many then present, and remembered what they had been. In one place, they have seen an aged chief, who, in former years, was a fierce warrior, and whose very name was terrible to the people, and whose strong arm had often been wearied in the work of destruction, but who was now meek and humble as a little child. In another part sat a mother, whose cruel hand had strangled her own innocent babes; while scattered here and there in that Christian company were not a few who had feasted on human flesh, and delighted in every kind of wickedness. But now, the thoughtful face, the tearful eye, and their humble and serious behaviour, showed how great a change the Lord had wrought in them.

But there are other Missionary stations where, though the gospel has done much for the people, the darkness still struggles with the light, and the contrast is felt by the converts as well as the Missionary. Mr. Moffatt, in one of his letters, describes a scene of this kind. One Sabbath day, the Christians at his station were together in the house of God, quietly seated at the Lord's table. It was a solemn and a happy season both to the Missionary and his flock. Remembering the former times of ignorance and misery, and thinking of the grace and sufferings of that Saviour whose love and death they called to mind, "the deep sigh," writes Mr. M., "and the tear glistening on the sable cheek, testified the deep feeling of some who remembered that they were as vile as those who were still fighting against God." While the Christians were thus engaged, a party of heathen had gathered together in the open air near to them. They were dressed in the strangest clothes, and spent the time in dancing, shouting, croaking, and grunting in the wildest manner. Such sounds are never heard except in Pagan lands. Just as they were making the air to ring with this horrible noise, the little Christian band, within the house of the Lord, were singing a translation of Dr. Watts's beautiful hymn—

' Why was I made to hear His voice,
And enter while there 's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come.'

"The scene," says Mr. Moffat, "was as animating as it was new. In one place, hymns of holy joy were ascending to mingle with the hallelujahs of the heavenly world. At about two hundred yards distance, Satan's motley group were vociferating their discordant, grating sounds." Just at this time, thick clouds covered the sky, peals of thunder

crashed, and flashes of lightning gleamed over them, and then rain came down in rushing torrents, and compelled them to take shelter in their huts. Meanwhile the Christians sat still around the table of the Lord, and prayed that soon their heathen brethren might be brought to share in these feasts of joy and love.

As soon as the service was ended, a young chief exclaimed, "These poor sinners thought to have disturbed and silenced us with their dances and songs, and in this way to do us evil; but instead of that, they have really done us good."

"How so, Motale?" asked Mr. M.

"It made me feel," he answered, "more thankful than I otherwise should have felt; and we all felt alike; for now we have all one spirit, and we were all as foolish as these poor, blind heathens. Once I was the chiefest in the dance, but it appears strange now that I could have felt pleasure in making myself such a madman. I always feel great thankfulness when I am reminded of what I once was."

To this another, who had been a leader in such practices, added, that the heathen who wanted to keep up the shaking pillars of idolatry, must make the best of their time; and then, addressing one of them who had come into the place, he said,—

"You had need dance and sing all the day long, and all the night too. Take no sleep, for your day is passing away. Your sun will soon set. You may try to be merry now, for you will have no mirth when you die."

THE HINDOO SILENCED.

THE great end for which a Missionary goes to the heathen is to teach them what God has said, and Christ has suffered for their salvation. But when they come among

the people, they often find them as ignorant of the works of the Lord, as they are of his ways. Though the heavens declare his glory, and the earth is full of his goodness: though "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," "they have become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts are darkened." Among the proofs of this, many will be found in the false and very silly notions which are taught in their sacred books, about the sun, the stars, and the earth in which they dwell. Hence the Missionary has often put the defenders of these false systems to silence by merely naming some common facts which the telescope, or the microscope, have brought to light.

The following conversation between a Missionary and a Hindoo is one instance, out of many, in which this has been done. In India, as you know, millions profess to believe that it is a great sin to take away life of any kind. And this opinion they find in the books which they believe to be divine. As a Missionary was preaching on one occasion, he was stopped in the midst of his discourse by a man crying out, "Sir, you are preaching about mercy, but you ought first to practise what you preach." "What do you mean?" replied the preacher. "I refer," said the Hindoo, "to your cruelty in taking away the life of animals, and eating their flesh." "Well, but if this is a crime," answered the Missionary, "you do the same yourself." "I!" cried the man, "how can you name such a thought?" "You are, I suppose, from your conversation," said the teacher, "a Voish-nob, and will not eat fish, flesh, or fowl; but yet you slay and devour a multitude of animals every day of your life." "How is that possible?" asked the astonished Hindoo. "It is more than possible," was the reply; "for in the water you drink, there are numbers of living creatures, which you swallow." Many of the people who heard this conversation

knew the truth of what the Missionary had stated; and as the Hindoo was unable to deny it, he could scarcely tell what answer to return. At length he acknowledged the fact, but added, that this was to be excused in him, because he could not live without drinking the water; when the Missionary silenced him by saying, "Friend! this excuse will not do; for you very well know that you not only drink the water, but every day wash your feet with it, and thus, merely for your own pleasure, you kill a multitude of these little animals."

On another occasion, a Missionary had used the same argument, and the heathen had gone away perplexed and ashamed; but after a short time he came back, and with an air of triumph said, that he could now explain the thing, for that they carried with them a little sieve, and strained the water before they drank it! Soon, however, the unhappy man was convicted of falsehood, as well as folly, and stood speechless and confounded.

TO OUR READERS.

THE Editor is thankful to those friends who have expressed to him their intention to do what they can in the Sunday-schools where they labour, to increase the circulation of the "Magazine" during the next year. He trusts that many besides, who have not written to him, will kindly tender him their aid; and he would thank them to read again the paper on this subject in the December, Number. But the children, as well as their superintendents and teachers, may do much in this good work, if they will try to procure new subscribers. This is their own book, and they should try to circulate it far and wide, that it may instruct others, and lead many more to love and labour for the cause of missions.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

Words by W. K. L.—Music by VIOTTI.

Lively.

Je - ho - vah God my soul to

thee, I lift in ear - nest heart - felt

prayer; O lis - ten to my hum - ble plea,

And an un - wor - thy sin - ner hear.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

**Jehovah God, my soul to thee
I lift in earnest, heartfelt prayer;
O listen to my humble plea,
And an unworthy sinner hear.**

**Thousands of heathen still there are,
Who never hear or read of thee,
Who know not of thy guardian care,
Thy sov'reign mercy, rich and free.**

**They know not of a Saviour's love,
Who left his shining throne on high,
Forsook the glorious world above,
For rebel man to bleed and die.**

**We thank thee that thou hast inclined
Thy servants to go boldly forth,
To lighten up the darken'd mind
With beams of holiness and truth.**

**Oh! prosper all their efforts, Lord,
Nor may they ever vainly strive;
Impart thy blessing to thy Word,
That men may hear, believe, and live.**

**Hasten the time without delay,
When all shall know and taste thy love,
Shall serve thee here from day to day,
Then rise to dwell with thee above.**



HANAPEPE VALLEY, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

—
FEBRUARY, 1852.
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THE GOSPEL IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Most of our readers have heard and read about the Sandwich Islands, and would be able to point them out on the map. Perhaps, if they were asked to state what makes these islands remarkable, they might say, that they form the largest group in Polynesia; that they contain one of the most wonderful volcanoes in the world; that at one of them the celebrated Captain Cook was killed by the savage inhabitants; and that here the gospel has triumphed, and Missionaries have rejoiced over thousands who have turned from idols to serve the living and true God.

All these subjects are interesting; but we hope that the last of them is the most so to those who read our pages, and that they would rather hear about the great change which God has wrought amongst the people, than about the size or number of the islands, their fiery volcanoes, or the horrid cruelties of former days.

It was in the year 1778 that Captain Cook discovered this group. At that time the natives, as you may suppose, were very ignorant. They had never seen a ship, nor a white man, and they fancied that there were no other countries besides their own, nor any people in the world but themselves. The sailors who first went there were greatly amused by the odd ideas of those simple people about the new and strange things they saw; for they supposed that the ships were floating islands, and that the masts were trees growing upon them. As they looked at them from the shore, they cried out with wonder, that a forest had moved into the sea. When some of the boldest of them paddled off in their canoes towards the ship, everything they saw made them almost wild with wonder. Some of the sailors were eating water-melons, and as they were red, the natives declared that they were feeding upon the raw flesh of men. Others were smoking cigars, and these they called "Fire-gods," or gods of the volcano. Having seen them put their hands into their pockets, they told their friends on shore, that the strange people had doors in their sides for property, — openings that went far down their bodies, into which they thrust their hands, and drew out knives, and iron, and beads, and cloth, and nails, and everything else; and that their bodies were full of treasure. But they seemed to be astonished most of all at the cannon, and the fireworks which were let off after it was dark, and which convinced them more than anything else that their visitors were not men, but gods. They therefore called Captain Cook *Lono*, which was the name of a fabled deity whom they greatly

feared, and who, they believed, had now come amongst them.

In this state of ignorance the people continued up to the time when the first band of Missionaries landed on their shores. Scarcely anything could be more sad and shocking than their appearance, or more wild than their behaviour. As the Missionaries looked at them, they exclaimed, "Can these be *men*! Can these be *women*!" And the ship's officer, who went on shore in a boat before the Missionaries landed, as soon as he came back, said, "Well, if I never before saw brutes in shape of men, I have seen them this morning;" and then, turning to some of the Missionaries, he added, "You can never live among such a people as this; we shall be obliged to take you back with us." And if they had not believed that He who can change the savage into a saint was with them, and would not let them labour in vain, they certainly would have been of the same opinion as the officer.

But the people who sat in darkness have seen a great light. Let us just notice how it happened that this light was first sent to their land.

After the discovery of this group, many trading vessels from different countries visited it. Amongst these, there was one from North America. This was in 1809. She went to an island called Hawaii, and on leaving it, two native boys came on board, and were taken to America. Their names were Obookiah and Hopu. These boys had been preserved by God, that they might become the means of sending the gospel from a far-distant land to the inhabitants of these islands. This was especially the case with

Obookiah. When he was twelve years old, the warriors of another district came to his native village. His father and mother, in order to save their lives, fled with their family to the mountains. Thither they were followed by their savage enemies, caught, and cut to pieces in the presence of their children. Obookiah, taking his infant brother, only two months old, upon his back, ran towards a place of safety, but the murderer of his parents soon overtook him, speared the infant, and led the boy away as a prisoner of war. With this savage he lived for a time, when he was found by his uncle, and taken to his own house, where he remained for more than a year. But he was again captured, and led away, with his aunt, as a prisoner. He contrived, however, to escape; but while hiding in a secret place, he saw his aunt led to the edge of a precipice, thrown down headlong, and dashed to pieces. Left alone in the world, the wretched boy resolved to end his short life of danger and sorrow, by rushing over the same precipice from which his aunt had been hurled. With this intention he hurried towards it, but he was seen by one of the hostile party, and stopped just in time to save his life.

From this period Obookiah became so unhappy that he resolved to leave his native land, and if possible to find a better. While in this state of mind, the vessel arrived, and he and his companion sailed in her for America. Well for them; on board that vessel there was a pious student, who pitied these ignorant islanders, and, wishing to do them good, employed much of his time in teaching them. When the ship

reached Newhaven, and the story of the strangers became known, the Christian people of the place sought them out, and took them under their charge. Amongst these were several students, who did what they could to lead the youths to the Saviour. Nor was their labour in vain. But here the benefit did not end. As the visitors were conducted from place to place, they awakened a desire for the salvation of their countrymen, which at length led to the formation of the Sandwich Island Mission.

Obookiah's life was short; but his death only deepened the desire to send the gospel to the land from which he came. Hopu was spared to return thither, and there is an anecdote of him which will interest our readers. While in America, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said, "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think *I* can say, Yes. What will *you* say, sir?" When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said, that as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native youth should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept too; and when they separated, the words, "What will *you* say, sir?"

followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him until he was brought to the Saviour.

The faithful men who went to the Sandwich Islands had not to labour through so long and so dark a "night of toil" as their brethren in Tahiti. Five years had scarcely passed away before they rejoiced to see souls converted to Christ. And we shall close this paper with a short account of the first of the many thousands who in this part of the world were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

His native name was Puaaiki. He was born not long after the death of Captain Cook, and but for God's mercy would have been cut off at once; for his cruel heathen mother, wishing to save herself the trouble of nursing him, just as he had seen the light, made for him a little grave with her own hands, and buried him in it alive, and left him there to perish. But by a merciful Providence he was delivered from that dreadful death. While a youth, however, he was as wicked as the wickedest of the heathen around him. Neglected by his parents, and having early learned the use of intoxicating drinks, he became deformed and diseased, and almost blind. When the first Missionaries settled at Kailia, in 1820, Puaaiki was there. At this time he was very ill; and as one of the two native youths who had been to America, and was now returned with the Missionaries, pitied him, he spoke to him about the great and good Physician. These tidings were so new to Puaaiki, that on hearing them he was aroused, and asked, "What is that?" and on being

directed to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Physician of souls, he said at once that he would go and hear of Him. As soon as he could crawl out of his house, he made his way to the place of worship, and there, for the first time, heard of Jesus Christ and His great salvation. Nor did he hear in vain. From that day it was plain to all who knew him, that his dark mind had been enlightened, and his depraved heart renewed; and it was not long before a circumstance occurred which showed the reality of his conversion. Puaaiki was celebrated for his cleverness in some very wicked practices, which greatly amused and pleased the people. One day several drunken chiefs sent and ordered him to come to their house, and practise iniquity for their diversion. But though he knew they would be very angry, and might punish him, he sent back this answer, "I have done with the service of sin and Satan, and henceforth I shall serve the King of heaven."

This resolution he faithfully kept; and though he was ridiculed by others, they could not shake his purpose, or turn him aside. One of the Missionaries, when writing about him, said, "No one has shown more child-like simplicity and meekness of heart; no one appears more humble, devout, pure, and upright. He is always at the house of God, and there ever at the preacher's feet." When he was received into the church, the Missionary asked him several questions, and wrote down his answers, all which were very suitable; and we are sorry that our space will not let us insert them.

From this time Blind Bartimeus (for by that name

the Missionaries called him) grew in knowledge and in grace, and whatever he heard from his teacher, he told to the people. One thing, indeed, was both a trial and a hindrance to him—he could not read. But not long after his conversion, he recovered his sight a little, and resolved to seize the opportunity for learning. He begged therefore to be admitted to a school of little children which was taught by the wife of a Missionary. But his sight was so dim, that he was forced almost to bury his face in his book, in order to see the letters, and thus, as it was said, by hard digging he was able to make out a verse of the Bible. His new-found power, however, was soon lost by the return of the disease in his eyes; and as he could no longer read, he was obliged to trust to his memory. But that faculty served him well, as it does all who like him love the Word of God, and lay it up in their hearts. So earnestly did he attend to every passage he heard, that his mind was richly stored with Scripture, and he could quote its most striking passages on any subject referred to. Nor were texts only fixed in his memory, but sermons also. In this way God prepared him to become a teacher of others; and so well were the Missionaries satisfied with his knowledge and devotedness, that they gladly received him as a fellow-labourer. In this character he preached the gospel with an eloquence and power which moved all who heard him, and filled the Missionaries, who remembered what he had been, with wonder and praise. One of them, speaking of a sermon which he heard him preach from the passage, “Behold He shall come up as

clouds, and His chariots shall be as a whirlwind," says that he seized upon the idea that God's wrath would come upon the wicked like one of the dreadful tornadoes which in that climate sometimes burst upon them suddenly, and spread ruin on every hand: and that he so treated the subject that he never felt so forcibly before the words of the apostle, "Knowing therefore the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men."

But this convert was only the first of a great multitude who have since been brought to Christ in those islands; where, in 1850, besides those who have entered heaven, there were nineteen churches, containing more than 22,000 members. These are the fruits of only thirty years' labour! Let our readers think of this wonderful fact, and say whether any help they can give, or any sacrifice they can make is too great for the spread of that mighty gospel which, in so short a time, has done so much for the most degraded and miserable of our fellow-creatures.



MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

It will be interesting to you to know something of the tribes in South Africa amongst whom the missionary operations described last month were commenced, and are still carried on. Mr. Bateman described these tribes and their country in the course of his Lectures. The district referred to is that which is called the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and the countries lying immediately adjacent to it on

the north. The Cape of Good Hope, as it is called, was first discovered in 1652, by Bartholomew Diaz, a famous Portuguese voyager. The whole district was then inhabited by Hottentots,—a distinct and peculiar race of people, thought by some to resemble the Chinese in appearance more than any other people, and differing from all other South African tribes. They are not black, but of a sallow colour, and sometimes so light that you can see the red shining through the yellow cast on the cheek. The top of their heads is broad and flat, their faces taper to the chin, with high cheek bones, flat noses, and broad lips. At one time they were a very numerous people, and occupied that large tract of land which stretches out along the western division of the colony into Great Namaqualand, and then eastward along the Orange or Gariel's river. From the particular part of this district in which they lived, they have been called Hottentots, Namaquas, or Corannas; but they all speak the same tongue, adopt the same customs, use the same weapons in war and hunting, and bear the same features in appearance and character.

Running in various directions throughout this tract of country, are high hills and deep-wooded ravines. Here dwell the Bushmen, who are thought to have been originally Hottentots; but being driven to these retired parts from various causes, have become a distinct people. At one time these Bushmen existed in large numbers, but the colonists have waged such constant war upon them, and hunted them out of their retreats so diligently, that they are greatly reduced. These Bushmen are amongst the very lowest grade of human beings. They build no houses, and cultivate no lands, but live entirely by plunder and hunting. In the cold season they scrape holes in the earth, into which they creep at night for protection, and in the warm summer days live amongst the trees. In appearance they are most disgusting:

their whole body is smeared with fat and ochre ; and, as they never wash themselves, they are covered with filth. Their dress consists chiefly of a skin hung over their shoulders, and a small leather or skin apron attached to their waist. They are extremely lazy, and will often go without food, rather than rouse themselves to hunt for it. As hunters, they are very clever, and can climb trees like cats, jump about the rocks like goats, and run very nearly as fast as a horse. In their wars and hunts they use poisoned arrows, which generally produce inflammation, and death in a very short time. Human life is utterly unvalued by them, and they frequently kill their children in their passion. To look at them and follow them in their habits, you would think them very little above the brutes that perish ; yet they have souls, and can be and have been civilized. They are not beyond the power of the gospel of Jesus ; and more than one wild Bushman have been tamed by it, and brought to heaven. Andrew Stoffles, who was sent some years ago to England to give evidence before the House of Commons, about the state of the South African tribes, was once an untrained Bushman.

Another South African tribe, about whom you have heard much, is that of the Kaffirs ; but they are only a part of a great nation called the Bechuanas. To this nation belong, beside the Kaffirs, the Amapoudas, Zoolus, and Basutos, about all of whom you may have read. The Kaffirs are a very bold and warlike race, and have long maintained their independence of every effort to subdue them. Their country lies to the north-east of the colony, and is very beautiful. Its fine mountains and forests give them protection in case of war, and enable them to keep their position well. To the north of the Kaffirs live the Amapouda and Zoolu tribes—fine warlike races, and remarkable for their proud and unbending characters. To the north of

these again, in the tract of country where the Yellow and Black Rivers (the main sources of the Orange River) take their rise, live the Basutos; and to the north of these again, and stretching away into the interior, are other Bechuana tribes, the number and extent of which are not yet known. On the western coast, and inward to the border of a desert crossing this part of Africa, live a large branch of the Hottentot nation, the Namaquas; and to the north of them are the Damaras, who resemble the Negroes very much in colour and appearance.

Running across the country, and forming a sort of northern boundary to the colony, is the Karoo country—a dry, parched-up land, very thinly inhabited, and affording scarcely any food for man or beast. And across this broad tract are the tribes, as yet but little known, living near the lake lately discovered by Dr. Livingstone, and about which you have read.

Such are the tribes amongst which the Missionaries labour. They inhabit very different countries—some rich, pleasant and beautiful; others hot, barren, and dry; but all are greatly sunk in ignorance, barbarism, and sin. No fewer than thirteen Missionary Societies are labouring for their good; and to each and all the gospel is found to be the best civiliser, and the most precious wealth. Very beautiful indeed is the scene presented in many an African dale, but a few years ago the abode only of savage beasts or more savage men, but where may now be seen the pretty village church, neat whitewashed houses, and fine cultivated fields. Of the religious knowledge of these tribes we must tell you another time.

TRIALS OF YOUNG CONVERTS IN INDIA.

WITHIN the past year, several youths in Calcutta have been led to think seriously on religious subjects, and have

been convinced that the Scriptures are the word of God. Some of these have publicly professed their belief in Jesus Christ, and have shown a willingness even to suffer for His sake. Their firmness, as you may suppose, has given great joy to the Missionaries. But it has stirred up the anger of the heathen, who have done all they could to draw them aside, and in some instances, where persuasion failed, they have used force. Heathen parents have been very earnest in trying to turn their children from their purpose; and the following most affecting case will give our readers some idea of the severe trials which young converts in India are called to bear, while it will show the strength of their principles, and the sincerity of their profession. The account is sent by the Rev. Mr. McKay, Missionary of the Free Church of Scotland.

Two young men, of a respectable Hindustani family, had become Christians. They had received a good education, but knew very little about the most important of all subjects, until, with many others of their own age, they went to hear some lectures which the Missionaries in Calcutta have been delivering, on "The Truth of the Gospel." These lectures made them think on the subject as they had never thought before. After a time, they entered the Institution of the Free Church, in order to learn more of the Scriptures. Here they gathered knowledge, and appeared to grow in grace. Their parents saw the change, and became unhappy about it. They therefore determined to do what they could to keep them from professing Christianity. One morning, their father came to them for this purpose. He was, for a heathen, a very intelligent man, and his manner to his sons was kind and affectionate. But his endeavours to turn them were in vain, and, after a long conversation, he went away. In the afternoon, news was brought to the Missionary that the mother had arrived. The Missionary's wife went out to

her, and asked her into the house, and offered her the use of a private room, where she might see her sons. But she would not enter, and said that the honour of her family would be lost, if she came under the roof of a European. Her palanquin was therefore put down near one of the windows, and her sons were brought to her. As soon as she saw them, she became almost wild with grief. "She drew them to her," writes the Missionary; "she folded them in her arms; she clung to them, weeping passionately, and breaking out into exclamations that wrung the heart." She found no fault with them; said she did not wish to hinder them from following their consciences, but she begged and besought them, for all that she had done and suffered for them, and for all the love she had felt towards them, only to go home with her for that one night, and to let their parents spend a few last hours with them, ere they left them for ever. She appealed to the Missionary's wife in the most affecting way, whether this was not asking a small thing at their hands, and whether, if her son was in like circumstances, she would not have done the same. This painful scene lasted nearly three hours. But, though other relations stood weeping near her, and during all this time the mother continued to grasp her sons, and to pour out her cries, and tears, and entreaties, they stood firm. The Missionary and his wife were so much affected by what they saw, that they were obliged again and again to go away, until their minds were more composed. You may suppose, then, what the poor youths suffered. They loved their mother, and would have been glad to have done what she desired, had they not feared that, as soon as they returned home, they would be seized, and prevented from professing Jesus Christ. This was their reason for refusing to go. "It was," says the Missionary, "a noble and a holy spectacle to look at them. Pale, and trembling in every limb, they reasoned with their mother

gently and affectionately, and most respectfully, but with a firmness that was wonderful. They assured her that baptism could make no change in their love to her; they pointed out to her that, even though her tears and entreaties prevailed upon them to accompany her, their convictions would remain unchanged; that they would return to us, and that all this sorrow and agony would have to be endured again. To all this she had one answer; 'Only come with me to-night; return to-morrow if you will!'. The lads asked me if they should wrench themselves from their mother's hold, and go away from her; but knowing how it would be misrepresented, I could not advise them to do so. Throughout, these two amiable youths appeared to have the air and spirit of martyrs; for hours they resisted the strongest pleadings on earth." How wonderful that they should have stood firm so long! At length their natural feelings began to give way, and the arrival of their uncle, whom the Missionary describes as "a splendid-looking and evidently a very able man," decided them. The eldest said to Mr. McKay with tears, "I go with my mother; but I will return to-morrow." "They went away," adds Mr. M., "in good faith, believing that they were to return, but, like the young man in the Gospel, they went away pale, downcast, and very sorrowful. They have since written to one of our catechists, saying that they were confined, and asking for James's *Anxious Enquirer*," which was sent to them."

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

In a former Number, there was some account of the coral reefs that are often built up from the bottom of the ocean around the islands in the South Pacific. It was stated, that the water inside the reef is generally so calm that it is

easy and safe to sail about in boats or canoes. But even inside the reef accidents sometimes happen; for the current which glides gently along near the beach, becomes swifter, as it flows towards the opening in the reef, and the voyager before he discovers his danger, finds himself in the arms of death. Of this, the following narrative will furnish a painful proof.

There lived in Tahiti a young French gendarme, or mounted police officer, who had been appointed by the Governor to act as superintendent of the native police of a district of that island. He was very kind to the people, and always willing to serve his neighbours; and sometimes when he was going to Papeete, the chief place in the island, he would call at the Missionary's house and offer to carry a letter or parcel for him. The Missionary wished in return to do him good, and resolved to speak to him about his soul and the Saviour. So one day he asked him to accept a French tract, entitled the "Death of the Eldest Son." As he readily received the tract, the Missionary, shortly afterwards, lent to him a Bible. Having thus prepared his way, the Missionary now thought that he would take an early opportunity of speaking to him about the passages he might have read in the Bible, and in this way bring to his notice the claims of Jesus and the attractions of the cross. But something happened to prevent this at that time.

The young Frenchman had bought from some natives a small canoe; this he painted and made very pretty. Then he placed in it a small mast and sail; and one fine morning he launched his canoe, hoisted the sail, and was pleased to see his swift little vessel glide over the smooth surface of the bright sea. Away he went, little thinking of danger. Sometimes he looked down into the deep water, and watched the beautiful fishes darting in and amongst the spreading branches of the coral; and sometimes he seemed to be ad-

miring his trim canoe, with her pretty mast and sail. Now, our readers must be told that the sea inside the reef is not only smoother, but higher than it is outside. The consequence of this difference of level is, that a current is always rushing outward, and very swiftly, through every opening. This the Frenchman did not think of; and therefore his canoe was drawn towards one of these openings, without his knowing that danger was so near. It was painful to see how calm he sat, and how confident he seemed, though every moment brought him nearer to a frightful whirlpool. But though he saw it not, there was an old native sitting on the beach, whose eye was drawn towards the canoe; for he knew well enough that such a frail vessel must be sunk when it got amidst the troubled, boiling waters, where the outward current met the great waves that came rolling in from the ocean. He therefore shouted out to him as loud as he could to take care; but the young man was too far off to hear his voice. Then he waved a stick to draw his attention, but the Frenchman did not see it. All this time, on and on went the canoe upon the bosom of the smooth flowing water. How like was the state of this man to the conduct of those thoughtless young people, who allow themselves to be borne along towards the point of danger, unconscious of their danger and unmindful of the warning voice of pious friends. Many an ungodly youth has striven against the current; and when brought within its power, and on his death-bed, looking back upon the false joys that have deceived and ruined him he has been compelled to say, in the anguish of his soul—

“Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.”

All at once a sense of his danger flashed upon our voyager's mind. He seized his paddle, and tried to row his

canoe against the torrent that was hurrying him onward. But the task was too hard, and his strength too feeble. The old man, unable to help him, called to some natives who were at work not far off, to hasten to assist the Frenchman. They ran to the beach, launched a large canoe that was lying there, and paddled with all their might to the place where he was struggling for existence. He saw them coming. Hope now cheered his heart and animated him with new strength. He tried with all his might to keep his canoe from being drawn nearer to danger; but on he went. The natives shouted to him as they rowed, to encourage him to renewed exertion; but his canoe was now in the opening, and coming within the influence of the whirlpool formed by the current. Soon it began to whirl round so rapidly that the unhappy young man lost his calmness of mind, and jumped out of the canoe, most probably in the hope that he might save himself by swimming. But alas! he was seized by the whirling waters and carried down into the depths of the sea to rise no more. Had he kept his seat he might have been saved; for the natives, knowing how to navigate that dangerous place, recovered the canoe, but the body of its owner was never found.

A few days afterwards, the Bible was found amongst his effects and returned to the Missionary, who, on looking into it, found that the leaves were turned down in four or five places, as if the young man had been struck by these passages, and had wished an explanation. But he was gone where other revelations had been made to him; and the opportunity of speaking to him about his soul's concern was lost for ever.

This poor young man used to wear a gold ring, but for some unknown reason he had that day left it upon his dressing table. Inside this ring there were two French words engraved, "Ma mère," "My mother!" Far away in a dis-

tant land, separated from his mother and his friends, he had met a watery grave; and no one could ever tell whether the words of the Sacred Book he had begun to read had impressed his mind or not.

This short, but sad tale, should teach us all how important it is to get good and do good while the opportunity is ours. How painful the thought that we might have been useful to any who are now gone beyond the reach of our prayers and efforts for ever! Think, dear readers, that one soul departs into eternity every moment, and that most who die are heathens who never heard of God or heaven. Let us, then be in haste to save them; and for this end let us strive more to send the blessed gospel to every creature.



THE HALF-AWAKENED KAFFIR.

SINCE Missionaries have become acquainted with the heathen amongst whom they labour, they have been surprised to learn what some of them thought and felt before the light of the gospel dawned upon their minds. The cases I allude to are those in which they have been sorry for their sins, and "felt after God, if haply they might find him." Some instances of the kind have already appeared in our pages, but another will now be given. It is that of a converted Kaffir woman.

Born and brought up in the darkness and wicked ways of her nation, she had become a woman before the gospel was brought to her village; but not long after a servant of God had settled there, she gave signs of a change of heart. Her sorrow for sin, her concern about her soul's salvation, her diligent attention to the means of grace, and her very consistent conduct, showed that God had made her to differ from her heathen neighbours. Satisfied that she was a Christian, the

Missionary received her into the little church which had been formed in the place, and on that occasion she made the following statement: "The sorrow of heart," she said, "which I now feel, I felt when I was a young girl, before the Word of God came in this land. . One day, when I was in the field near my father's kraal, my heart all at once thought of the great God. I looked up to heaven, fell down on my knees, but could say nothing. Then I felt my heart very sore. I went home and told my father and mother of it; but they said it was the bird of heaven that made the thunder, which made me feel so; and that, if I got some long grass, and thorn bush, and burnt them together, and then rubbed myself with the ashes, I should feel so no more. I did what they told me, but my heart was still so sore, that I could never feel happy. And when the Kaffirs came to my father's kraal to practise their wicked customs, I often desired to turn away altogether. At last the Missionary came into the country, and I went to see and hear him, and when the people of the place spoke to me, I immediately thought upon what I had felt when a girl, and resolved, as soon as I could, to come and live at the place where he was. I have now been here eighteen months, and I can say that this has been the only time that I have enjoyed happiness. I love the place, I love the people, I love my teacher; and my desire is, that I may never get another heart, but that I may live and die here; for the word of my heart is, I am willing to leave the works of Satan, and all the Kaffir ways; I hold the Lord only and his services."

And many a poor heathen, no doubt, is still groping in the dark, and seeking light and help which he cannot find. And shall they be left as they are? Jesus came from heaven to die for and deliver them, and shall we rest until we have sent to them his message of love, and showed unto them the way of salvation?

SAILORS AND MISSIONS.

Few men owe more to Christian Missionaries than sailors. This is very strikingly seen in the South Seas. Before those servants of God went there, it was dangerous for a ship to venture near many of the islands; and not a few have been seized, and their crews cruelly murdered, and sometimes eaten, by the savages. Though those on board were often in want of water and provisions, which were abundant at most of the islands, they did not dare to seek what they wanted in such places as Erromanga, where the great object of the natives would have been to rob or murder them. Hence they had often to sail hundreds or thousands of miles, and to suffer a great deal from want before they could reach a safe harbour. But it is very different now. At all the groups where Missionaries have laboured with success, ships and sailors are just as safe as they are in the river Thames. Now this is known to all who visit those islands. And therefore everybody would suppose that they would be very thankful to Missionaries, and amongst the best friends of missions. And many of them are so. But this is not the case with all. There are some of them who seem to forget how much of comfort and safety they owe to the gospel; and they are so ungrateful and wicked as even to speak against the men who preach it. And why do they act in such a way? The reason is a sad one. It is because the Missionaries have taught the people not to break the Sabbath, nor to buy spirits, nor to do other wicked things, merely to please these bad men. This makes them rail against their best friends, and say all manner of evil against them falsely. And the natives even see how wrong it is for sailors to act in such a way. This will appear from the following anecdote:—

Some time ago, the present king of the Sandwich Islands Kamehameha III., was called upon by the captain of a South Sea whaling-ship, a rough and wicked man. And as he knew that the king was formerly as wicked as himself, and was very fond of wine and strong drink, he hoped to be able to draw him back to the practice which he had happily forsaken. Now, as the captain supposed that the king was kept from getting drunk and committing other kinds of wickedness merely from fear of the Missionaries, he expressed his great dislike to them, and tried to persuade Kamehameha to allow himself and his people to indulge their appetites as they used to do. The king understood the man, and immediately said to him, "Stop! Did not your shadow fall on me as you came in there at my open door?" "Perhaps it did," answered the captain; "and what of that?" "What! but if it had not been for the Missionaries, had you, or any one else, let your shadow fall upon the king, you would have been a dead man the next hour." The captain felt the reproof, and ceased to speak against the Missionaries.

A WILLING GIVER.

AT a collection made at a church in Dundee, which amounted to £300, the following lines were written on the back of a bank note :—

What! called again to give still more,
Although I gave so much before!
This surely must oppression be,
To give so much continually.

Nay—doth not God in mercy give
Each gift and blessing that I have?
He lent me this, and I shall then
Most freely give it back again.

Juvenile Missionary Herald.



CHANDRA, OR THE MOON.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1852.

WORSHIP OF THE MOON

THE frontispiece for the present month. has a strange appearance. You may, perhaps, suppose that it represents some idol of the heathen ; but you will wonder to see this idol drawn swiftly along in a car through the starry heavens. But you may be yet more surprised to learn that this is the bright and beautiful moon, which the Great God has created "to rule the night," to cause the tides, and to spread over hill and dale, and forest and plain, her mild and cheerful light. How strange it is, though "night unto night" showeth knowledge of the Creator, and his power and Godhead are plainly declared by the things which he has made, that the foolish hearts of men should be so darkened as to forget him, and to worship in his stead the work of his hands. But this has been the case from very ancient times. Under the names Astarte, Ashtaroth, and the Queen of Heaven, the Phœnicians, in their

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groves and at their altars, made offerings to the moon. Hence, this idol is called in the Bible "the abomination of the Sidonians." And when the Jews had departed from the Lord, and had begun to serve other gods, this was one of the chief objects of their idolatry. The prophet Jeremiah has spoken of this in a way that shows how general this false worship had become amongst that people. All classes, it appears, young as well as old, practised this wickedness. "The children," he says, "gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven." In later days the more polished Greeks and Romans worshipped the moon under the names Artemis and Diana, and many were the foolish fables about this goddess in which they professed to believe.

This is also an object of idolatry to the poor blinded Hindoo of the present day. It is represented under the true figure of the moon in a chariot, drawn by ten white horses very swiftly through the sky. Different names are given in their sacred books to this object of their idolatry. It is called Loma, or he from whom spring the waters of immortality; Himangshoo, he whose beams are cooling; Chandra, he at whose rising people rejoice; Niskaputee, the lord of night; Ubjir, he who was born from the waters; Joivatriku, the preserver of men; Migranku, he on whose lap sits a dew; and by many other terms.

All the ceremonies of the Hindoos are fixed by the waxing, or waning, or rising, or setting of the

moon, and it is believed that the persons who are so lucky as to be born when the Queen of Heaven is in her full glory will have many friends, and elephants, and horses, and other property; will live upon the best food, will rest upon the softest and most splendid couches, and will be honoured and powerful among men. There was a race of Hindoo kings who were supposed to have come down to the earth from the moon, and were therefore called the children of the moon.

Amongst the many fables which the Hindoos believe about this god, there is the following:—

A long time ago, how long I will not attempt to tell you, there lived (so say the sacred books of the Brahmins) some giants, tall and strong. But though these giants were mighty, they were but men. They knew, therefore, like all other men, that the time would come when they must die. But they very much wished to live, and in this respect they wanted to be like the gods. Now these giants knew (so say the books and the Brahmins) that in the bright parts of the moon there was a drink called nectar, which would make everybody that swallowed it immortal. But though they were very tall, and very strong, they could not touch the moon, or get up to the bright parts where these life-giving waters were supposed to flow. Being convinced that they should never get what they wished for without help, they began to think and talk among themselves as to where such help could be found. At length they hit upon a plan. You shall hear what it was.

At that time, they say, there was a great bird called

Gurooru, and a wonderful bird he was, as you shall hear. This was the bird upon which Vishnoo rode, and, if you will believe the books and the Brahmins, very long and very strange were his flights over land and sea, amongst sun, moon, and stars. But Gurooru's mother was under a curse, and had become a helpless and wretched slave. Now, the giants knew that the kind bird was fond of his mother, and wished very much to set her free. So they went to the bird and told him that they could do what he wished, and that it *should* be done, if he would only lay hold upon the moon and fly down with it to the earth, that they might get a drink of the waters of immortality. The bargain was struck. Gurooru spread his great wings, and away he went flying and flying thousands of miles till he reached the moon. And so strong was the bird, that though the god struggled, it was of no use. He was seized, and dragged down to the earth, and placed trembling all over in the midst of the giants. There it seems he was left, while the giants went to a sacred river to wash themselves, that they might be prepared to drink of the water that should cause them to live for ever. But they were very foolish fellows, it seems; for just after they had gone, Judra, a great friend of the moon's, came to the place, saw the captive, and at once delivered him from the power of the giants.

This, dear readers, is a specimen of the tales which more than one hundred millions of your fellow creatures believe, and which form the only kind of knowledge they possess, bearing the name religious. Happy are they who have gone forth to

teach them the truth about God and immortality, and to show unto them the way of salvation. Nor less happy are others whose hearts are set upon the same object, and who, at home, pray and labour to promote it. Happily, many of the Hindoos are beginning to learn wisdom from the Word of God and the lips of his servants, and present appearances in India warrant us to hope, that the day is at hand when young and old will cast their fables and their idols to the moles and the bats

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV C. H. BATEMAN

MR. BATEMAN described many of the customs of the tribes in South Africa, some of which were referred to last month. He also showed the children many things connected with their idolatrous and superstitious customs. He stated that some years ago, it was thought that these poor degraded people had no idea whatever of the existence of God; but that more knowledge of the people had shown, that many had some idea of a superior being and a future state, though their notions about these subjects were very confused and dark. Amongst some of the objects worshipped, Mr. Bateman named various insects, and showed one to the children, called the mantis, or "Soothsayer." The form of this insect is something like that of a large ant with four wings. It has a very singular appearance, and when crawling on the ground might, from its colour and the form of its wings, be taken for a walking withered leaf. Mr. Bateman said that this insect was formerly held in great reverence by the Hottentots, and is called "the Hottentot's God," in con-

sequence. If a Hottentot chanced to see one of these insects on the road where he was walking or driving his waggon, he would stop, offer up a short prayer to it, begging it to do him no harm, and then very carefully lift it out of the road, lest his cattle or himself should tread upon it and hurt it. If at any time a Hottentot lost his way, he directly cast about to try to find a mantis, and if successful, then he placed it on the road before him, told it his trouble, and asked it to show him which direction to take. The mantis has a habit of rearing itself up on its hind legs, and moving about in the air its two fore legs, as if pointing towards some distant object. This the Hottentot believed was its mode of directing him, and with great thankfulness he would follow the road he thought it pointed out. Of course, he was as often wrong as right in doing so, but in such a case he never blamed the mantis; he only blamed himself for not understanding the mantis correctly.

Some of the Bushmen worship a sort of caterpillar, which they call 'Nige (a god). This insect has a curious habit of forming for itself a little shield or cover, of bits of straw which it ingeniously fastens together on its body, leaving only a little hole for its head to peep out at. This case it drags along with it wherever it goes in quest of food, and so attracts attention. The Bechuanas have a superstitious fear of it, but the Bushmen worship it, and pray to it for food, success in hunting, or anything else they want, watching the motions of its head, from which they judge of its answer. Perhaps you would like to hear the prayer that these poor people address to it when going out to hunt. I have copied it from Mr. Dumas's journal of his visits amongst these tribes. Here it is as he has translated it:—

"Lord, is it thou that dost love me?
Lord, lead me to a male gau,—
I like to have my belly filled;

My eldest son, my eldest daughter, like
Much to have their bellies filled,—
Lord, bring to me a male gnu, under my darts.

"Is it not sad," said Mr. B., "dear children, to think of the degraded state of these poor heathen, who can positively fall down to a little worm, call it a god, and look to it to bless them! Oh! how thankful you should be, that you are so much better taught; and how anxious to send the gospel to these poor people, to lift up their eye from that crawling insect in the dust to the true God of heaven. Of other objects worshipped by different tribes I could tell you much, but shall quickly run over one or two notices of them.

"One tribe is the Mantitis, some of whom worship the wild cat; another the Lighoyos, some of whom worship the lion. These last hold this king of the desert in such high veneration, that they are most unwilling to kill him, and will never eat his flesh. They never use his skin as they would that of other animals, but keep it to be worn by their chiefs, as an official and religious badge. The Baperis worship the porcupine. If any one kills this animal, they make great lamentation about it, collect carefully its quills, spit upon them, and rubbing their eyebrows with them, cry, 'They have slain our brother! our master! one of ours—him we sing!' They never eat its flesh, and believe they would die if they did. Some of these Baperis worship a species of monkey, and some the moon. When it is new, they keep close to their homes, and do not cultivate their fields. There is a tribe of Kaffirs called the Amalaka, who worship the sun; and another of Meshesh, who worship the crocodile.

"A few of the tribes seem to rise a little above the rest in their religious notions. Thus, some of the Bushmen believe in 'a king in the sky,' whom they call 'Kaang.' They think he kills and makes alive; that he withholds or sends

rain as he pleases; that he is to be worshipped and prayed to in trouble; that he has marked all the beasts that he may know them. Where they have got these ideas we cannot tell, but they look very like what they may have learned long ago, from some white settlers, and then altered according to their own ignorant views.

"Some of the tribes believe evidently in the distinct and future existence of the soul, while others deny these truths. The Baperis show a cave, which they consider to be the residence of departed spirits, as well as the spot whence all beings originally came. These people have a belief in the soul's immortality, and in a system of future rewards and punishments, although their ideas are very vague, and strangely marked with great ignorance. When any of their relatives die, they perform a sort of religious dance, connected with some superstitious rites for the rest of the soul of the departed, singing as they dance—

'Song of the Moreino,—Go home!
Which hand do I raise?

[Here they raise their hands.]

Go home! go home!

At certain times they offer sacrifices to these departed spirits, and believe that they live underground and in caves, where they possess *blue* oxen, but are not allowed to have horses. Amongst the Kaffirs the same belief in the separate existence and immortality of the soul is to be found. Some of these think that the souls of their ancestors live in serpents, and others that they wander about rivers, dark and retired places, and precipices, and that they are sometimes seen, and delight in occasionally showing themselves, to torment and frighten people.

"You see, dear children, what a religion of fear and not of love is that of the poor heathen. Without the gospel,

they know not God's great love to them, and see not what a bright immortality is in reality beyond the grave for those who serve him here. All they know is drawn from their own ignorant imaginings. They are conscious, it would seem, that there is a great being they ought to worship, but they make him out to be a very different being to what he is. Their own consciences tell them that they have sinned against him, and so they are always living in dread of him. They do not know how their sin can all be blotted out, and how ready God is to bless them. They have a consciousness of their own immortality, and feel that all is not over with them when they die. But they know nothing right about it, and are full of dread respecting it. How much better off are we, with the light of the blessed gospel in our midst! We know what a God of love and not of vengeance we have to deal with. We can tell how all our guilt can be washed away. We have clear and decided notions of a future world. The Bible has, as it were, lifted the curtain that hides it from us, and we have looked on, and seen there is a heaven of glory and a hell of torment. We know how to escape the last, and rise up to all the glory of the first. Oh! blessed, blessed gospel, that pours such light upon our path, and gives such hopes to our hearts! And happy, happy children, who have that blessed gospel shining in their midst."

Next month you will hear more of Mr Bateman's accounts of the superstitions of South Africa.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA

THE DEPARTURE

ON the 6th of June, 1842, the sun rose in all his tropical glory upon the mountains of Upolu, an island of Samoa.

The waters of its reef-formed harbour were as yet sleeping upon its sandy beach; the trade wind had scarcely begun to wake from its usual nightly lull; while a fragrant land breeze came brushing past us, as we walked the deck of the old *Camden*, whose anchor was just rising with the cheery song of the sailors. No sooner was it weighed than the sails, already unfurled, swelled with the increasing breeze, and soon the shores of Upolu were astern, while our good ship ploughed the boundless waters of the Pacific. We had commenced our Missionary voyage to the islands of Western Polynesia.

Of some of the incidents and scenes that came under my notice during this voyage, it is my design in this and following Numbers to give to our young friends such an account as may help to strengthen their interest in Missions. And that they may the more easily and pleasantly accompany me, it is needful that they should understand what part of the world is meant by Western Polynesia. Between the coast of America in the east, and the coasts of Australia and China in the west, roll the waves of the largest ocean on the globe. It is ten thousand miles wide. Its name is the Pacific. This vast breadth of water is broken every few hundred miles, as you sail from east to west, by clusters of charming islands. In the east are the Paumotu, the Georgian, the Society, the Austral, the Harvey groups; and then, about six hundred miles from the Harvey group, lie the nine islands of Samoa. This is the group from which we start on our voyage, and all the islands that lie beyond are now called Western Polynesia, of which the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and the Loyalty Islands, form a part. Amongst these principally lay our course. About three years before, John Williams had started from the same port, in the same vessel, on the first Missionary voyage that was ever made amongst the same islands. The people

that through countless generations had sat in darkness, had not then seen or heard of the great light of the gospel. It was the noble purpose of John Williams to give them that light. In the attempt to carry out that purpose, and when he had visited but three of the many islands, he lost his life. Two other voyages were afterwards made by Mr. Heath and Mr. Murray, and native teachers had been left by them at seven or eight islands. Hitherto, however, no English Missionaries had lived on any of them. The object of the voyage we had now commenced was partly to convey two English Missionaries to Tana, and partly to visit all the islands where teachers had been left. There was a goodly company on board,—not fewer than fifteen. Looks of joy beamed from all eyes. The freshness of the morning, the brightness of the sun, the beauty of the receding mountains, the music of the myriad waves through which our brig was shooting fast ahead, and the prospect of new scenes,—all, all was enlivening. The bustle of putting to sea being past, and the hour of morning prayer came, we gathered on deck for the solemn exercise at the call of the *Camden's* well known bell. One of the sweetest of earthly sounds is the voice of prayer and praise, as it ascends from a company of voyagers on the ocean's bosom towards the deep blue heavens above. Thus praising God, and asking Him to protect and prosper us, we sped our way through the waters.

Seven sunsets had we witnessed since we left Upolu when, as day dawned on the morning of the 14th, we saw in the distance the outline of an island. It was Rotuma. By mid-day we had come to anchor in its open roadstead. Mr Williams had left teachers here three years before. We were anxious to know whether those three years had yielded fruit, or not; whether any had become Christian. Natives quickly came to our vessel. Strange objects they

were. They were tall and strong. Their look was wild, their hair long, and, gathered into a tuft on the heads of some, it looked like a sort of helmet. Their bodies were beameared with yellow ochre. They could talk a little broken English, but alas! as they had learned it from wicked white men, it was chiefly the language of vice. At length the teachers came. Tears of joy sparkled in their eyes as we greeted them. "They thanked God and took courage." They had no glowing tale of success to tell us. Kindly, indeed, they had been treated, except that all their things had been long since stolen. This, however, was to them a light matter. They grieved that not a single native had received their message; that not one had turned to the Saviour. "Yet," said they, "we are willing to labour on; we are not yet weary." This their patience was the more honourable, as we learned that one reason why they had been unsuccessful, was the self-conceit of the Rotumans, who say, "We know as much as men of the same colour as ourselves; let us have *white* Missionaries, and we will be religious."

The teachers had been placed under the protection of a chief named Marof. We wished to see him, and with this view went ashore in the afternoon. Makea, a Christian chief of Rarotonga, went with us. His portly size always attracted observation, often to his annoyance. Our path lay along the shore, and sometimes through groves of trees which line it. A throng of noisy natives accompanied us, occasionally blocking up our way to gaze fully at our faces. The spectacles of one of our party excited frequent shouts of barbarous wonder, especially from the women. At length we reached the village of Marof. He, however, was at a distance, feasting; nor would he hurry home. We refreshed ourselves with cocoa-nut water and bananas, and conversed with the teachers and people, who filled the house.

The chief not arriving, and night coming on, two of our party, Messrs. Heath and Buzacott, resolved to remain on shore till morning. Makea and I returned to the brig. It was amusing to me to see the anxiety of my gigantic companion to get quickly away from the shore, as the natives surrounded him, and with curious wonder felt his large and fleshy arms. In the morning our friends returned, and Marof with them. He soon expressed his wish to leave the vessel, as he feared its motion would make him sea-sick. He received a few useful articles as a present for his kindness to the teachers, was entreated to attend to their instructions, and then, with a hasty "Good bye," he hurried over the side of the vessel into the boat, as anxious to escape to the shore in dread of sickness, as was Makea to escape to the brig, from the fear of the natives.

Our business at Rotuma was now finished. Our anchor was up, and the brig under weigh by afternoon. The island rose to our view yesterday, with the light of rising morn. We lost sight of it to-night amidst the shadows of departing day. Rotuma is a lonely island, belonging to no group, and lies about midway between Samoa and the New Hebrides. For this group we were now bound with a fair wind, our interest deepening as we sailed along, talking of the probable scenes and events we might witness there.

THE HEATHEN FATHER AND HIS SON.

IN many parts of the world heathen parents did all they could to train up their little children to love and practise the cruelties and other kinds of wickedness in which they themselves indulged. There was nothing, for instance, which fathers and mothers in the South Sea Islands and New Zealand wished for more, than that their boys, when

they grew up to be men, should be savage warriors. Mr. Williams tells us that mothers sometimes forced a pebble down the throats of their little babes, in the hope that the stone would become a hard heart, that they might neither fear their enemies, nor feel for them when they suffered. And if you had lived in New Zealand before Missionaries went there, I will tell you what you might have sometimes seen and heard. You might have seen a chief, his face and body tattooed all over, and his looks and manners more fierce than those of a wild beast, holding his little boy in his arms and talking to him. And if you had turned from the father to the child, you would have seen the little fellow looking full into the face of the tall warrior, his eyes fixed and sparkling, and his whole appearance showing that he understood what his father was telling him, and that he liked to hear it very much indeed. And what do you think his father is saying? You will not suppose that he was teaching any of those beautiful stories from the book of God, or any of those nice little anecdotes and histories out of other books which your parents and teachers sometimes relate to you, and which make you weep, or wonder, or smile for joy. No! you could not think that—because the New Zealanders then were ignorant of God's most blessed word. But very likely you may fancy that the father is repeating to his child something to amuse him, and to make him smile. But if you had such thoughts as these at first, you would, on looking again at the savage and his son, be quite sure that you had made a mistake, even before you could hear one syllable of what was said. Do you ask how you could have known this? It would have been by simply watching their faces. You would have seen that the father was very earnest and very angry—that, instead of smiling, his looks showed that his mind was full of cruel thoughts and murderous desires. And when you glanced at the child, you would have found that the

little fellow was trying to look as serious as his father, and that in his little boyish eyes and features there was no bright smile, but that there were sad signs of the savage feelings which were growing up in his young heart. After watching them for a little, if you had walked up to the place where the father stood, and had hearkened to what he said, you would have heard him telling his son about some dreadful battle he had fought: how he had thrust his spear into the heart of one man, and dashed out the brains of another with his club; how, when his enemies were beaten, he and others had chased them to their villages, had burned their houses, had caught their wives and children, had cut them into pieces, had kindled large fires, and, after baking them, had feasted upon their flesh. Then you would have heard him say everything he could against the people with whom he was at war, that he might make his child hate them as much as himself, and wish for their destruction. And after all this—what more? Why, we hope you would have turned away from the spot to weep for the wretched parents and children of such a land, to thank the goodness and the grace which smiled upon *your* birth, and to pray and labour that the gospel might turn such lions into lambs.

But if you had been in that heathen place, as we have supposed, you would not have been there long before you would have seen how soon the children of such parents learn the dreadful lessons taught to them, and become hard-hearted and cruel. I will give you an instance of this:—

One day, before the word of the Lord had free course there, a New Zealand Missionary was sitting at the door of his tent, when he observed a number of children running towards a small house not far off. As he watched their movements, he saw by their jumping about the house, peeping in, and laughing heartily, that they were very much pleased indeed with something inside, which they were look-

ing at. And what was it, do you think, which gave them so much joy? Dear readers, could you believe it, that it was a heap of human heads—the heads of men who had just been killed in battle by their father. There they lay, smeared with filth and blood—a sight to make one shrink and shudder; but it was a sight which delighted these wretched children. Surely they needed Schools, and Teachers, and Bibles, and Missionaries. And now they have them; and in many a valley, and on many a hill-side, and along many a coral strand, where a few years since the shouts of wild warriors were often heard, and the slain were often seen, the song of praise rises up to God, and in the school and the sanctuary, thousands “hear of heaven, and learn the way”

“PERSECUTED, BUT NOT FORSAKEN.”

It may seem strange, that the best things in the world should stir up the worst feelings in the heart; but so it has been, and so it continues to be. This is seen in the spirit of religious persecution. That spirit has breathed itself forth in threatenings and slaughters against the disciples of the Lord; and, if unable to destroy, it has endeavoured to punish. How very sad, that the goodness and truth, and holiness and love, which God approves and angels admire, should ever call forth hatred and opposition! Perhaps the worst instance of this, in the present day, is found in Madagascar. But persecution is not peculiar to that island. In India, for example, many a convert has been called to suffer for Christ's sake. Children, even, have been cruelly treated by their parents, for no other reason than that they had become Christians; and few things are more encouraging, than the proof which some

of these young disciples have given of the strength of their faith and principles in very trying circumstances. The following cases are furnished by an excellent Missionary in Ceylon, and will, we hope, not only interest, but benefit our readers:—

“ Before he was ten years old, Carnapathe had, in the opinion of the Missionary, become a true Christian. His knowledge, his spirit, and his behaviour were such, as to satisfy his teacher that he loved the great God, and was trusting in Jesus Christ for salvation. So excellent was his character, and so consistent his conduct, that, before he was eleven years old, he had proposed himself as a member of the church, and the Missionary was most willing to admit him. But his mother was a heathen, and she hated the gospel, and all who professed it; and what perhaps made her hate it the more, was the circumstance, that her elder son had already been converted, and had joined the Christians. She, therefore, determined to do all she could to keep his brother from following his example; but, though she punished and threatened, and would have starved him, his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord, and, having put his hand to the plough, he would not look back. While suffering this cruelty from his unfeeling mother, he thus wrote to the Missionary :—

“ ‘ Your servant, Carnapathe, requests Panditeripo Sya to receive me into the church. My mother persecutes me very much. “ Who will do charity for me ? ” she says in anger, and refuses to give me my food. But my brother gives me food. I think my brother does not give me my food—I think God gives it to me. No matter how great my trials may be—even though I die—I trust I shall love Christ. If I join the church, my mother says I shall not be here. To this I say, “ Do what you please with me. Though you kill me, I will join the church ! ” ’

Not long after he had written this letter Carnapathé was seized with an illness which ended in death. But he suffered as a Christian. His heathen mother, in her blindness, made offerings to her idol gods, and performed heathen ceremonies on his behalf; but this only added to his distress. He, therefore, begged her to give over these foolish and wicked practices. 'Why,' he would say to her, 'do you make offerings for me? I do not worship idols; I worship Christ, my Saviour. If it be his will, I shall continue here a little longer; if not, I shall go to Him.' Soon after this, God took him; and, as he was taking a farewell look at the world he was leaving, he said, to those who stood near his dying bed, 'I am going to Christ the Lord!' These were his last words; and, having uttered them, his happy spirit took its flight to realms of light and glory.

"The other instance is, that of a little girl, named Chónaputtee. She, too, was about eleven years old, when her heart was opened by the Lord to attend to the things which she heard from her teacher. And most seriously did she consider, and most sincerely believe them. Everything in her conduct showed that she loved God's word, and delighted in his service. The Scriptures were her companion and she found her greatest pleasure in prayer. But she could not be content to enjoy these privileges alone. As her family were ignorant heathen, she often read the Bible to them; and was not ashamed to kneel down in their midst, and pray to God on their behalf. She also tried to do good to her school-fellows, and, if you had been amongst them, she would have sometimes talked to you about the salvation of your soul, and asked you whether you loved the Saviour; and invited you, and other children, to hold a little prayer-meeting with her, that they might together beseech God to bless and save them. Now, you might

have supposed that, as this sweet child loved everybody, everybody would have loved her; and, perhaps, you can hardly bring yourself to believe, that any person could be so unkind and wicked as to hate and persecute her, merely because she prayed for them, and tried to do them good. But so it was. In her family there lived an old man, her grandfather. He was a heathen, and had been a heathen all his life, and was determined to die as he had lived. And Chonnaputtee knew how sad his state was, and how shocking it would be for him to enter the presence of God without the pardon of his sins, and the conversion of his soul. She, therefore, ventured to speak to him very kindly about Jesus, and to read some passages from the blessed book which she herself so very much loved. But the light disturbed him, and made him angry; but, though he forbade her to speak to him any more on these subjects, she thought, and, indeed told him, that it was her duty to obey God rather than man. As he disliked to hear her pray in the family, he did everything to disturb her while she was thus engaged; and, in his rage, went even so far as to seize her by the hair of her head, drag her about the room, and beat her severely, thinking that she would be afraid to speak to him or pray again. The love of prayer was too strong to be overcome; it was her great delight. The Missionary said, that he was very much pleased one day to see her take her little sister aside, and then kneel down with her, and beg God to give her his blessing. And, surely, it was a sight which even angels must have looked upon with joy—to see that Christian child kneeling in the midst of a heathen family, or explaining to them the Word of God.

"But her earthly course was short. Disease suddenly seized and cut down this lovely flower; yet, though her sufferings were severe, her spirit was calm and happy. She told the Missionary, that she had the strongest confidence

of being received into heaven, through the blood of the Lamb; and her parting breath was spent in prayer."

Such instances, dear readers, should make you think more about your own condition, and should encourage you to go on in your endeavour to do good to other children of the benighted heathen.

THE SABBATH IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THE readers of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* know the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and all true Christians are glad when that day comes round, and feel happy because they can then pray to God, and sing his praises and hear his word, without having to attend to any worldly affairs. Wherever the Missionaries carry the gospel, they also introduce the observance of the Christian Sabbath, and now in every quarter of the world there are some people who keep the sacred day.

The Sabbath is kept very seriously in many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, where the people have thrown away their idols, and have built for themselves houses of prayer.

It was so in Tahiti. On the Sabbath day, no sounds of labour were heard. Not a single canoe was seen to move upon the waters, and the natives lighted no fires to cook their food, that being done on the Saturday. It was very pleasant on the Sunday morning to see groups of worshippers nicely dressed, going in the cool morning to the house of prayer, many of the young people carrying small slates, on which they wrote the text and divisions of the sermon. When the Missionaries saw this, they rejoiced, and used to sing that beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts's:—

" Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
Oh ! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

But the quiet and rest of the Sabbath at Tahiti have been disturbed by the proceedings of the French Governor, who does not regard that holy day as Christians do. He has been trying to tempt the natives to leave the chapels, and have games and dances; but happily there are many of them who love the Bible and the house of God too well to be thus drawn astray.

One Sunday forenoon, as a Missionary in Tahiti was going home from chapel, accompanied by a number of natives, he saw the stream, which flows through the village, full of a very small fish which the natives call *inaa*, and which, when baked or fried, are a very delicious food. These fish come in from the sea, and enter the fresh water streams at certain seasons of the year, and then are easily caught in baskets.

Two Frenchmen who were busily engaged in the water, catching them, cried to the natives, "Come and take *inaa*."

"No," replied the latter, "it is the Sabbath day."

"Never mind," said the Frenchmen; "they will be all gone before to-morrow."

"We cannot fish on Sunday," said the natives; "it would be sinful; by so doing we should break the Sabbath day."

"No," said the white men; "do you think God would have sent the *inaa* if he did not intend them to be caught?"

"God has sent them *to try us*," said the natives; and not one of them stayed to take a single *inaa*. These people knew the word of God, and it is a very happy circumstance that the whole Bible is now translated into the Tahitian language, and many thousand copies of that blessed book have been eagerly purchased by the people who live in those islands.

They read the Bible with the deepest interest, and commit passages to memory, and in the evening they sing hymns at family worship; and their voices are sometimes

heard at a great distance, as they are borne along by the gentle breeze over the land and the bright blue sea. Pray and labour, dear readers, that every land may enjoy its Sabbaths, and that the same sweet sounds of love and praise, that rise on every returning day of rest from the isles of Polynesia, may arise from every nation under heaven.



" I KNOW THY WORKS, AND LABOUR AND PATIENCE."

REV. H. 2.

Go, labour on! spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Master's will :
It is the way that Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still ?

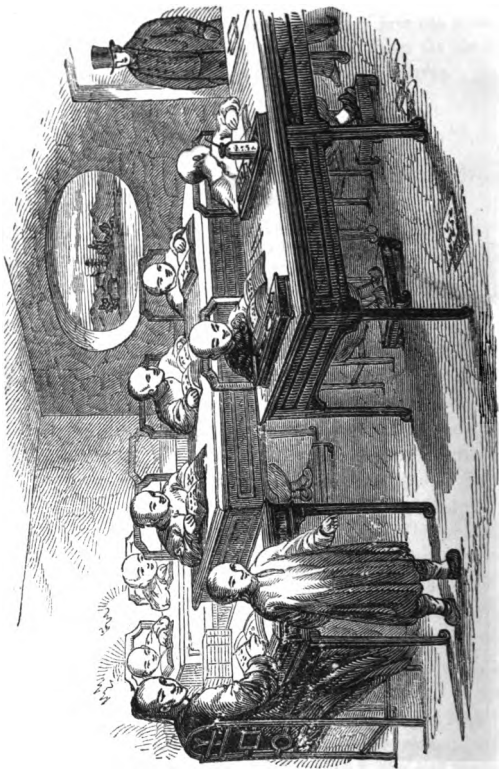
Go, labour on! 'tis not for nought—
All earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee not, men praise thee not ;
The Master praises! what are men ?

Go, labour on! enough, enough,
If Jesus praise thee—if He deign
To notice even thy willing mind,
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on! thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down ;
Yet falter not, the prize is near—
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown.

See thousands dying at your side—
Your brethren, kindred, friends at home ;
See millions perishing afar,
Haste, brethren! to the rescue come !

Toil on, toil on! thou soon shalt find
For labour rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, " Behold, I come!"



A CHINESE SCHOOL.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1852.

SCHOOLS IN CHINA

ONE fine sunny afternoon, as I was passing through a Chinese village, where I had been giving away little books to teach the poor heathen villagers about the true God and the Saviour, I heard the loud voices of schoolboys busily learning their lessons. The sound came from the village-school. As I wanted to see how a school of that kind is managed in China, I opened the door of the schoolroom and walked in. I had no sooner entered than the hum of voices ceased and all was quiet. Both teacher and scholars seemed very much surprised, and perhaps frightened, at the sight of a strange-looking foreigner coming into their schoolroom. But the teacher soon came forward, and, bowing politely, asked me to sit down beside him. The boys soon began again to con their lessons. Only now and then some of them would lift their eyes from their books to steal a sly peep at the foreigner. By and by, a little boy

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came up to the teacher, with book in hand, to repeat the lesson he had been learning. While this boy was saying his lesson, instead of standing with his face to the teacher, as scholars in any of our schools would do, he turned his back towards the teacher, and began to repeat, very quickly and correctly, several pages from the book.

The book this boy was repeating was not the Bible. For, alas! most of the Chinese know nothing at all about that Book of God. But this book was one called "Instruction for Young People." It gives some good advice upon the love and obedience we owe to our parents, elder brothers, uncles, and others who are older and higher in rank than ourselves. This is good so far as it goes. But what a pity it is that the school-books of China can teach nothing better, but rather a great deal that is neither so good nor so true! They say nothing whatever about our Father who is in heaven; nothing about our Saviour; nothing about the day of judgment, nor heaven, nor hell. The Chinese are taught to think all about this earth and the present life, and nothing about heaven and the life to come.

The appearance of this Chinese school was very like that of some of our own village-schools in England. There were two rows of one-sided desks with benches, leaving a passage betwixt them, leading from the door up to the table at which the teacher sat. Hanging on the wall, over the teacher's head, was a portrait of a great man of ancient times, whom the Chinese still very greatly reverence, and whom they even worship as a god. His name is

CONFUCIUS. And it was he who wrote that book I have been telling you of, besides many other books which are thought as much of by the Chinese as if they had been written by the finger of God. Each scholar, as he enters the school in the morning, makes a low bow before this portrait. And the teacher, too, sets them an example in this, and also burns incense-sticks (which are slender slips of fragrant wood) before this same portrait of Confucius. This is their way of praying; but how foolish and wicked to pray to the picture of a dead man!

In Chinese schools the scholars learn little or nothing besides reading and writing. They are made to repeat their lessons from memory; but they are not made to think enough upon the meaning of what they read and repeat. And this makes their school-work a very dull piece of drudgery. Day after day they must read the same book, in a loud sing-song tone, until they have got it all *by heart*; and then they begin a higher book, going through the same wearisome process with it; and so on, year after year, until they are well acquainted with all the most ancient books of China.

The Chinese mode of writing is more like our painting than our writing. Instead of a pen, they use a hair-pencil; and their ink is made up into cakes, which they rub down amongst a little water upon an *ink-stone*, in the same way as we do with our little cakes of water-colours. When the scholar begins to learn to write, he gets a copy of some simple words written in a bold, large hand; and this copy he slips in between two slips of paper, which is so

thin that the words beneath can be seen through it. Dipping his pencil in the ink which he has rubbed down on the stone, he carefully traces the words of his copy. Thus the scholar goes on for some time, until he has got into the way of handling his pencil freely, and making bold and steady strokes and curves. When he is able to do this, he gets his copy placed before him on the desk, instead of having it placed beneath his writing-paper; and so he advances from the more easy to the more difficult, until he can write a beautiful running hand.

But perhaps our young readers will ask—But don't these Chinese boys learn arithmetic, and drawing, and geography, and different languages? No; they are very ignorant of nearly every one of these things, which we think so important for young people to learn. Perhaps in some schools a little arithmetic is taught, but not in any of the schools I have seen. In Chinese shops and counting-houses they use an instrument called an *abacus* to help them to cast up their accounts—just as some dull scholars at home require to count their fingers in reckoning sums.

Even the highest of Chinese scholars are very ignorant of many things which English children understand. They know but little of any country besides their own; and many of them suppose that the earth is quite flat and square, with China in the centre of its four seas, where a few barbarous outside islanders, like we English, are living! They have many foolish notions about the sun, moon, and stars, which you would laugh at were I to tell you about

They have no steam-engines, steam-boats, railways, nor electric telegraphs; but what is worst of all, most of them have no Bibles! and therefore their country is full of idols, and they are living and dying without any love to the Saviour, and without any hope of heaven. Alas! is not this the saddest thing of all about these Chinese scholars—that they are wandering far away from the road to heaven, and going on in crowds to the pit of misery? Who wouldn't pray to God for them, and buy Bibles for these scholars, that they may become wise unto salvation?

I have been speaking only of *boys'* schools; but what of the schools for *girls*? Ah! the girls of China are never sent to school! They are mostly confined within-doors, and are taught nothing but a little needlework and music. Besides, their little feet are bandaged up so tightly, and so twisted out of shape, that they are made cripples for life. The boys, who are sent to school, and who enjoy the free use of their limbs for exercise or sport in the open air, are far better off than the poor, sickly, imprisoned girls, who are left to grow up at home in silly trifling and stupid dulness. How thankful ought the girls of England to be, that they were not born in China! and how anxious should they be to assist, in every possible way, those good ladies who have gone from this country to China, in order to instruct the neglected and ill-used girls of that distant land.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA.

ARRIVAL AT ERUMANGA AND TANA.

No. 2.

THREE islands appeared on the horizon on the evening of the 22nd of June. Behind one of them the sun was setting,—fringing its lofty mountains with fire. Every eye was directed to a prospect so lovely. Some climbed the rigging, others hastened to the bowsprit, to get a fuller view. The islands were Erumanga, Tana, and Vaté, three of the New Hebrides group; and when first seen, they were about forty-five miles distant. By the next day we had approached pretty close to Erumanga, but, the wind being against us, we made so little progress, that for nearly two days we were sailing close to its shores. One solemn hour I remember with special interest. It was night. The wind was hushed. A gentle breeze just swept the surface of the sea. The rippling of the waves alone broke the deep, wide calm. The stars of that southern sky sparkled like brilliant gems, and the moon, full-orbed, poured down its silvery beams upon our lonely brig. On its deck, at that still hour, five Missionaries stood together, remembering the past labours of Williams, and his sad death, and talking about the poor heathens of Erumanga, as dark and savage as ever. Then, as we looked on the mountains of their still benighted island, we sang with hopeful hearts—

“O'er those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze.
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.”

They were thrilling moments in such circumstances. On the following morning we entered Dillon's Bay, where John

Williams was murdered. There, on the same beach, were groups of natives—some of them, most likely, the very men who hurled their spears at that good man; little knowing, when they did so, how he loved and pitied them, or they would not have killed him as they did,—for they, doubtless, thought that he had come to their land, as other white men had done before him, to get *sandal-wood*. This is a tree whose wood is hard, it has a very nice scent, and is of great value, being used in China for various purposes; amongst others, it is burnt in their temples, to make incense to their gods. White men, having found that this wood grew in Erumanga, went thither to get ship-loads of it; long before Mr. Williams went as a Missionary. These sandal-wood seekers did not much care how they got the wood, so long as they did but procure it. But it cost them a good deal of trouble, and sometimes they had to build a fortress or stockade on shore, in which to defend themselves from the spears and arrows of the natives, who did not like to see their trees cut down and taken away by strangers for nothing; and so they sometimes attacked the white men, but often to their sad cost, for many of the poor natives have been shot like partridges, and treated even worse than that. Well, the people at Dillon's Bay had been cruelly treated by white men; and when Mr. Williams visited them, not knowing who he was, and that they were killing their best friend, they rushed upon him as if he were a greedy sandal-wood seeker, and not one who sought the salvation of their souls. My young readers may try to think with what feelings we looked on the once blood-stained beach of Dillon's Bay. But the ocean tide has long since washed off the bloody stain from that coral shore; and is it not sweet to think that the Lamb of God can as perfectly remove the guilt of the murderers of Williams?

**"O'er sins unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of boundless love arise."**

We did not venture to land among the people. It would have been dangerous to do so. We hoped, however, that natives would swim off to us, or come in their canoes; but as none appeared, we sailed away on the evening of Friday.

Tana was now before us, and we hoped to anchor in its harbour on the morrow, and there spend a quiet Sabbath. But when within about seven miles of the shore on Saturday evening, both wind and weather changed,—we were driven we knew not whither, and for two days were beating about amongst a cluster of islands, all of which were hidden from our view. On Tuesday, the sunbeams burst through the breaking clouds, and again Tana appeared. There is a volcano near the port for which we were steering, and when at night we were about thirty miles distant from it, the red light of this burning mountain served as a grand natural lighthouse. We approached Tana with peculiar interest. Four of our fellow-voyagers—two beloved brethren and their wives—were prepared to take up their abode on the island. We had their goods, their boat, and even their house on board. But whether it would be possible and proper for them at once to live amongst the people, depended on several circumstances. We knew we might even find that the teachers formerly left there had been killed, or that war was raging. Thus anxiously did we in full sail enter Port Resolution on the last day in June, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. The valleys and mountains round the bay, clothed with brightest verdure, greeted us with their sunny smiles. But our attention was quickly drawn to the natives, for whose welcome, of course, we were most desirous, and they were hastily launching their canoes from

every part of the beach. Our curiosity to see them was great; and though their canoes are very clumsy, and are moved but slowly, yet, soon our brig was surrounded by them. The air rang with their noise as they babbled and bawled to one another in their strange language. Some left their canoes to float where the tide might carry them; others, fastening theirs by some stray rope to the vessel—all eagerly clambered up the sides of the *Camden*, and without ceremony crowded the deck. Such singular-looking men I had never before seen, not even in the South Seas. They were rather short of stature. All were provided with bows, arrows, and clubs in abundance, but none had shields. They had no clothing. Their hair, in twisted locks, with a frizzly curl at the end of each, fell like so many strings over their heads upon their shoulders, and looked very much like curious wigs. Their faces were painted or plastered, but with different colours and in various ways. Some were wholly of a fiery red, as if they wished to be thought sons of the volcano. Others had one half of the face red, the other black, the division being carefully made down the nose. Some had the upper part blue, the under red or black. But the most hideous were the jet black. Our deck was so crowded with these novel beings that we could hardly stir, and their clamour was almost deafening. We were obliged, at length, to pass a rope across the deck, beyond which they were not to go. Up to this rope they pressed and pushed with all their might, holding out to us in one hand some article of barter, and stretching out the other for blue beads, as the most precious price they wished to obtain. Yes, though we would have given them more useful things, yet blue beads sparkled in their eyes like jewels, and for blue beads alone they babbled and beset us, offering clubs, bows, arrows, spears, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and yams in return. It was a work of no little labour that afternoon to satisfy the

childish cravings of these poor people. The scene was one which, if it amused us, pained us more. Jesus tells us of a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it. These poor ignorant Tanese cared not then for that precious pearl. Our dear brethren were about to put their lives in peril, by living amongst them to teach them its beauty and its value. Their eyes, once open to see the glory of Jesus, would sparkle with a nobler joy than they then felt. The teachers had not yet made their appearance, but we had no anxiety as to their safety, as the natives were so friendly with us. At length they arrived. Their report was encouraging. Though no natives had become Christians, still many had assembled every Sabbath to hear the good tidings, and they were pleased at the prospect of having white Missionaries to live amongst them. The way, therefore, seemed pretty clear. But, before the final step of landing the goods of our brethren, we arranged, through the teachers, to meet the chiefs and the people on shore on the following day. Night was now falling. The natives still hung about the brig, as if resolved that some of them should pass the night on board. The captain requested all to go ashore, telling them, as he pointed to the east, that they might return when the sun rose again. At length every man was gone, and soon the last faint sounds of their babbling died away as they paddled their rude canoes over the calm waters. Our deck was now clear, except the heaps of yams and war weapons which were piled in sundry corners. The clamour of hours had ended in a charming stillness. The bay was calm as a sleeping lake, and the sun had left a glowing sky at the back of the mountains behind which it had set. While seated on deck, enjoying the cool air of this lovely evening, a booming sound, as if from a great distance, broke upon our ear. Looking in the direction

from which it came, we saw over the rocky heights of that side of the bay streams of red light shooting upwards. They issued from the volcano, which is about four miles distant. At that silent, solemn hour we met—a band of Missionaries, joined by the captain and sailors of the *Camden*,—to sing the praises of that God who had guided us thither in safety, and there, where Satan alone had reigned, to pray with one heart, “Thy kingdom come.”

Thus closed the first day of the interesting week which we spent at Tana.

THE YOUNG BRAHMIN'S DIFFICULTIES AND DELIVERANCE.

WE have lately given our readers some interesting instances of the firmness with which young converts in India have faced the storm of persecution, and held fast their profession; and we are sure they will be gratified with another case of the same kind.

The individual, of whom we are about to write, is a Brahmin of high caste, and very rich. His training, his habits, and his interest, bound him to the superstitions in the practice of which he had been brought up. But a Missionary settled in the place where he lived. The youth, full of pride and prejudice, went with others to hear what this stranger had to say. At that time, he had no thought of forsaking his father's idols, and no idea that anything the Missionary could say would induce him to do so; but it proved otherwise. The light of God's word entered his heart, and showed him what he did not know before—his need of something which priests and idols could not supply. Again and again, just as Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, did this youth seek the knowledge of

God's word; but, like the young ruler described in the gospels, he went away again, sometimes very sorrowful, but still not prepared to forsake father, and mother, and friends, and home, and lands, and money, for Christ's sake. At length, however, he became so miserable, that he could no longer remain as he was, within the sound of the gospel, while acting contrary to its requirements. He therefore resolved to leave the place for a time, hoping by this means to escape the reproaches of his own mind, and to find the peace which he had lost. With this intent, he turned his steps from his father's house, and set out upon his intended journey. The night was dark; heavy clouds were gathering in the sky; distant murmurs indicated a rising storm. But all this would not have moved him, had his mind been at rest. This, however, was not the case. He knew that, like Jonah, he was flying from the presence of the Lord, and striving against his Spirit. His conscience, which had long been awake, now arose, and came upon him like an armed man. In the midst of this inward conflict, the tempest, which had been gathering, suddenly burst forth with vivid lightning, pealing thunder, and heavy rain. Overwhelmed by reproaches from within, and the storm without, he pursued his way, but with a slower pace and a failing heart; and, at length, he came to a stand, and felt as though he could not proceed one step further. A few moments' thought decided his course. He resolved, at all risks, to follow his convictions, and, without further delay to hasten to the Missionary.

The night had far advanced. The Missionary and his family were within their quiet dwelling, listening to the pealing thunder and rushing torrents without, when suddenly their attention was called off from these sounds to a loud knocking at the gate, and the cry of a human voice, like that of one in deep distress. So loud and so bitter

was this cry, that they at once concluded that it came from some one in great danger. They therefore made haste to the spot; but what was their surprise when, on opening the gate, this youth stood before them. Worn and weary, like some timid lamb that had been chased by a savage wolf, he entered the dwelling, where he was received with open arms, and a warm welcome. He was not long in telling his tale. The Missionary heard him declare, with wonder and thankfulness, that he could no longer bear the pangs of an accusing conscience, but was most willing to suffer the loss of all things for Christ. We may imagine the joy with which the teacher instructed him in the way of duty, and found him willing at once to confess the Lord Jesus. This, in a short time, he did; and, although his intention was made known to his heathen friends, none of them attempted to prevent his baptism, or to disturb the service. He and the Missionary were much surprised at the apparent quiet of those who were opposed to his course; but that state of things did not continue long. In a little while, all the usual means were used—first to draw, and then to drag him from the standing-place he had taken up. Foremost, his father and mother, and other relatives, came to him with sorrowful looks and kind words, and entreated him, with many tears, to return to his home. Then they drew a picture of the loss he would sustain, and of the disgrace he would bring upon his family. In the darkest colours, they described the misery of his parents and friends, and mixed with these descriptions such flatteries as were most likely to sway a youthful mind. Finding these efforts useless, they then resorted to threats, and tried by fear to shake his firmness. Throughout this scene, the Missionary stood by, watching with mixed feelings what he heard and saw, and praying that God would enable this young confessor to prove faithful. As he looked, he was sometimes filled

with sorrow for the heathen, whose blindness and enmity to God were so strikingly shown; but his strongest feeling was the joy which sprang from observing the calmness and strength with which this young Christian stood to his purpose, and, particularly, in hearing him say to his relations, in the midst of a storm of entreaties and threats, "I will not sell Jesus for any price you can offer."

Wearied in using their tongues without success, the heathen now resolved upon severer measures. As the young man, accompanied by the Missionary, was crossing the yard to another part of the building, the cry was raised, "Seize him! seize him!" and, the next moment, all his relatives fell upon him, and in a short time he would have been hurried away or seriously injured, had not the Missionary, and some Christians who were near, rescued him. As they were few and feeble, compared with the mob of heathen who had collected around the youth, the rescue was remarkable; the Missionary himself considered it almost a miracle.

But this was not the end of the youth's trials. The police of that district were heathen. They had, therefore, no inclination to assist the Christians; but, on the contrary, were anxious, as far as they dared, to punish them. First, therefore, an armed man came to the Mission-house, and demanded that the young Brahmin should be given up to him. When this attempt failed, another officer came, with the wicked falsehood in his mouth, that the youth had taken ornaments from his father's house worth £500. This the Missionary knew to be an invention, but it made matters more serious than before. What, however, alarmed him most was, that the wealthy Hindoos took an active part in demanding the young man, while the crowd, encouraged by them, had collected around the house, and were threatening to break into it. This, no doubt, they would

have done, had not deliverance come, just when the danger was greatest. In that district, there was an English magistrate; he heard of the tumult, and of its cause, and immediately gave orders to the police to protect the young convert in the exercise of his Christian liberty. At once, the very men who had used falsehood and threatened force to obtain the Brahmin, crouched down at the feet of the Missionary, and drove the crowd from his dwelling. This decided the point; for, although numbers remained outside the inclosure, and the anger of the heathen was great against the Missionary, for keeping a person of such high caste from his house and wealth, they could not deny that a desire to serve Christ had led him to take refuge in the Missionary's dwelling.

"There," writes the Missionary, "he still remains, and we have great pleasure in him. Our prayer is continually—and we hope our friends in Europe will unite in it—"The Lord keep him faithful unto death, that he may receive a crown of life!" "

NATIVE PREACHERS.

In different parts of the world there are now hundreds of native Christians, who are engaged in preaching the gospel amongst their countrymen. This is the case in Polynesia, where many devoted men have gone as Missionaries to other islands, to carry to their ignorant inhabitants the same glorious gospel that has changed their own hearts.

The Missionaries at Tahiti, a few years ago, established an institution for educating native young men for the ministry; and there are twelve young men in that institution, who, it is hoped, will be faithful preachers of the word of God.

One of these young men, named Arato who has been

supported by the kind members of the Independent Church at Wellington, in Somersetshire, has lately been ordained, and is now settled as a native pastor, over a native church, in one of the districts of Tahiti. Some time ago, whilst he was still a student, he wrote a letter to the church at Wellington, telling them, that he had adopted the name of their former pastor, John Cuff, and giving them some account of his history. He says:—

“My father was a Missionary: Puna was his name. He was sent to Rurutu, a heathen island, to teach the word of God, and was employed in that work for nine years. There I was born, in the year 1824. In the year 1830, my father thought of going to Raiatea; but we did not reach Raiatea, but were drifted to a different land, where my father died.

“When my father was near death, he made known his thoughts to Puna vahine, that is my mother. He said to her ‘Friend, Puna vahine! I am now near death; do you by no means throw away the word of God. This is my wish, that you teach the children the word of God, and that one of them may become my substitute in my work as a Missionary amongst the dark heathen.’ Puna vahine heartily consented to this, and kept it well in her heart. Then, in the year 1840, when I was sixteen years old, Puna vahine made known to me what my father had said about one of his children becoming a Missionary, and acting as his substitute amongst the heathen.

“That word went to my heart, and I asked her particularly what the nature of the work of God was which my father did.

“Then she made clearly known to me the good works which he did up to the day when his spirit took its departure to heaven, the blessed place.

“Upon hearing of the good works in which he had been engaged, and his happy death, my heart became changed, and I reflected on that part of the word of God, ‘Train up

a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.'

"On account of all these things, my desire to join the church became very great. I had before, for some time, been assisting to teach the children in a little school, in the place where I lived; so, after some months, I was admitted into the church, and sent to teach the children at a place in Tahiti called Taravao.

"While there, Mr. Howe made known to me another good thing, which had just then commenced—that is, the training of young men as Missionaries. My heart at once gave its consent to that work; and I went before the Missionaries, and made known my desire about it, and I was admitted into the institution in the year 1841. After that, the great evil—the arrival of the French—came upon Tahiti, in the year 1844, and Mr. Howe went to Britain; but I still kept these things in my mind, and was engaged in teaching school during this time.

"When Mr. Howe returned to Tahiti, the institution was commenced again, and I was re-admitted.

"My heart is now glad that this work has again been established by means of your prayers to God, our strong helper; and now I wrestle in prayer to God, that I may not be entangled with the evil of this life, but that I may please him, and also you, who have assisted me. I am now engaged in studying, and my studies are agreeable to me, and I attend to them with strength and perseverance.

"My thoughts are constantly occupied about the work, day and night; and my heart is sometimes sorrowful, because wisdom is not quickly obtained, by which the work may be well done. This is what I am now studying—arithmetic, geography, ancient history, the English language, lessons on the Word of God, sermons for the Sabbath, and other things.

"From seven in the morning to three in the after-

we receive instruction, and then we read till eight in the evening, and we conclude with family prayer.

"Four days in the week are thus spent; and during two days, the work of the school is exchanged for other works, necessary for the body, such as procuring food, and other things required by the family. That is what I am now doing. May salvation be yours!

"I am Arato,—that is my old name,—but John Cuff is my new name."

This young man has now completed his course of study under Mr. Howe, and has become a minister of the gospel amongst his countrymen.

You see that his desire to be a minister, and to walk in the steps of his pious father, began when he was young; and, although he had many hindrances, on account of the war between the natives and the French, by prayer and perseverance his desire has been granted; and we pray he may prove a faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord.

ANECDOTE OF A CONVERTED KAFFIR.

A YOUNG man, after his baptism, went home to his relations, who gathered round him, and said: "Tell us, how could you allow that white man to bewitch you?" He answered,—"My friends, I am not bewitched, but the truth and power of the Word of God have overcome me. You know what an enemy I was—how I was afraid to be converted, and come near to God's word. You know what a strange opinion I had of white men—looking upon them, as being wild game, with long hairs, and only fit to be killed. But now, I see the white man is our friend; indeed, he has brought us this great word of truth, and by its power, I am now become another man."

THE ORPHAN GIRLS' INSTITUTION AT AGRA.

NEAR Achbar's tomb, described in our Magazine for December, stands another and a very different building—the Orphan Girls' Asylum. Although it has not such a front as the tomb, and is very humble in appearance, it is far more interesting to Christians; for, while the name or the false prophet echoes through Achbar's grave, here the praises of God, offered in the name of Jesus, are sung by the lips of orphans, who believe his Word. Such praise, from such lips, is, in the sight of angels and of God, worth infinitely more than the pomp and majesty of the mightiest kings.

Let us, then, pass out through the great entrance into the tomb, and, on our right hand, we shall see two houses. The nearest is the Missionary's dwelling; and that building which stands a little to the south, is where the girls live. Both houses formerly belonged to the old Mohammedan Government, but now one is turned into the dwelling of a Missionary, and the other into a Christian institution. Such a change the builder little expected. Nor do we doubt but that, in many a mosque, and in many an idol-temple in India, the praises of the one true Jehovah will, ere long, be heard. "This reminds me," writes the Missionary, "of Gouertahan, where the idol Krishna claims a tolerably long hill as his own, and professes to carry it upon his little finger. Upon this spot the Hindoos slavishly worship him; but when I was there a short time ago, preaching the gospel, one evening I went to a place where they were building a new idol-house, when one of the overseers said to me, in a jeering manner, 'We are building this for you.' 'Who knows,' I replied, 'remember the building of Secundra!' He was silent."

It was in the year 1840 that orphan girls, to the number of 145, were introduced to their habitation. Most of them were at that time very miserable, and suffered much from a

dreadful disease of the eyes, which deprived several of them of their sight. It was a time of great scarcity, which continued long in Secundra; and many recovered but slowly from the effects of the unwholesome food they had eaten. Another cause, which destroyed the health of many, was the shocking custom of eating earth mixed with saltpetre, and pieces of broken earthenware on which saltpetre had gathered.

You see from this circumstance, dear children, some of the difficulties were at first to be overcome. But the Lord graciously helped us through. They became gradually better, so that regular school instruction and hand labour were at length begun; and I could wish you could have seen how industrious most of them were. Cleanly clothed, still, quiet, and happy, they sat upon their forms, every one busied in her occupation. I am sure you would have rejoiced with us, for such a sight was scarcely ever seen in India. Females are never taught here. They grow up in the greatest ignorance, and learn neither to read, nor to write, nor to sew, nor to knit; and they suffer besides many injuries, which the dear girls in a Christian home could scarcely imagine.

Lately I was filled with concern for the poor heathen girls of the village of Runcotta, where I had just begun a boys' school. When this was opened, some sweet little girls came and stood at the door, and looked in with the greatest pleasure at the boys, as they were learning to read and write. How willingly would I have taken them in, had it been possible! But though I did what I could, to persuade their parents to allow them to come to school, the attempt was in vain. I always received the same cold answer: "It is not the custom with us." This is the reason why Indian maidens generally grow up in the greatest ignorance.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY HYMN.

PARACLETE.

Words and Adaptation by DR. DOBBIN.

Spi - rit of light, of life and love, Thou Pa-raclete di -

- vine Come from above ce-lestial Dove, And claim our hearts as

thine Oh Ho-ly Spi-rit come Oh Ho-ly Spirit

come Oh come and stay with us alway, and make our heart thy home.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

SPIRIT of light, of life, and love,
Thou Paraclete divine!
Come from above, celestial Dove,
And claim our hearts as thine.
O Holy Spirit come!
O come and stay with us alway,
And make our heart thy home.

These darkling hearts without Thine aid
Are wrapt in Egypt's gloom;
Thy power display, dispel the shade,
And all our souls illumine!
O Holy Spirit come! &c.

Awake the dead, Thou living One,
That all may live through Thee,
Let each dry bone thine influence own,
And learn again to be!
O Holy Spirit come! &c.

In mercy on the wide world's tomb
Hang Heaven's immortal wreath;
Bid roses bloom on fields of doom,
And life take place of death.
O Holy Spirit come! &c.

With love to God our heart expand,
With love to all mankind;
Let every land our prayers command,
And Christ-like be our mind!
O Holy Spirit come! &c.

And dry our tears while here we stray
With weary pilgrim feet;
Then guide our way to realms of day,
Thou blessed Paraclete
O Holy Spirit come! &c.



THE MONODROMOTE.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

MAY 1852.

THE MONOBROTEE.

IN India there are a great many sects of ascetics, or religious devotees, who, by performing penances, or enduring great privations and bodily pain, expect to obtain such an amount of *merit* as will not only atone for their past sins, but entitle them to the favour of the gods in this world, and to happiness in a future state. Many of these deluded creatures enter into the jungles, or wild uncleared forests, in which are tigers, bears, and other ferocious beasts, as well as serpents and a number of deadly creeping things; and in these horrid places, where other human beings never dwell, they will erect a little hovel, and, exposing their lives to the beasts of prey, will almost, and sometimes positively, starve themselves to death. Some will hold their arms in an upright position until the sinews become so stiff that they cannot be moved, and the arms remain immovably fixed. One man, determined to go beyond all

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others in these acts of self-torture, accompanied by some friends, went into the jungle, and every day a large fire was kindled under a tree, on one of the boughs of which was fastened a strong rope: his friends tied him by his two feet to this rope, and, with his head hanging down, he was suspended over the fire, and they swung him backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock, his head every time passing through the flame, until his eyes were ready to start from their sockets, and his brain seemed on fire. This he continued every day until he thought he had consumed all sin in his soul, and was made, by suffering, perfect in righteousness! Another man resolved to obtain merit in a different manner. He made a vow that he would never sleep on an ordinary bed, or sit on a common kind of seat. He therefore made a bed, about six feet long and two feet broad, of wood filled with iron spikes; and on this uncomfortable bed, without any covering, he sat and lay for about thirty-six years!! This remarkable bed is, I believe, now in the Museum of the East India Company, in Leadenhall-street, London, and may be seen by any one who chooses to go and inspect it.

Another mode of obtaining merit is to make a *vow of silence*, and several persons are known who have never spoken a word for several years. One of my missionary brethren once went to a place called Kalee Ghaut, near to a celebrated idol-temple, where many of these wretched people are daily to be seen. Having preached the gospel to a crowd of Hindoos who flocked around him, he entered into conversa-

tion with them, and afterwards distributed among them a few religious tracts. His attention was particularly directed to one man who was sitting at a little distance from the crowd, but near enough to hear all that had been said. His appearance was anything but inviting: his body was covered with the mud of the Ganges, he had scarcely a rag of clothing on his person, and the skeleton of a large serpent was hanging round his neck. The missionary began to speak to him on the folly of trusting to these means for obtaining salvation, and told him of Jesus Christ, and the way of life through Him; and having asked a question which required a reply, the devotee put his finger to his lip, to intimate that he was dumb; and the bystanders then stated that he was a *Monobrote*, or a man under a vow of silence; that he had not uttered a syllable for more than *four years*, and the vow was to continue for several years longer! The missionary, finding he could *hear*, though he would not *speak*, pointed out the insufficiency of all human merit to obtain the pardon of sin and the sanctification of the heart, and insisted on the fact that this vow of silence, instead of being meritorious, was a great sin against God, who had given us a voice to glorify him, and a tongue to speak his praise. Receiving, however, no answer to all that he said, he retired, placing on the ground before him two tracts, telling him that if he would not speak, he might read. A few days afterwards, to the great surprise of the missionary, this very devotee entered his study; the serpent was still hanging round his neck, and his body was still

covered with mud; but, what was more surprising, *the man spoke!* Taking the serpent from his neck, he cast it on the ground, and said, "My vow is broken. For *four years* I have not spoken a word; and for *six years more* I should have remained silent, had not you come and proved the insufficiency of man's merit, and the all-sufficiency of Christ's merit to take away sin. I read your books, I thought over the matter, and I am now convinced of the folly and wickedness of my conduct. I have come to seek further instruction in the things of God. I fly (he continued) in the face of all that the Brahmins and Shasters teach; my caste is gone, my hopes of life are over, all men will hate and shun me as an apostate, but I am willing to renounce all for Christ." On hearing this wonderful statement, the missionary read the Word of God to him, and taught him the way of salvation through the atonement of the cross.

After a time, he said, "For four years I was dumb, not speaking a word; henceforth I will speak loudly, and speak continually, and I will travel from place to place with this sacred book (the Bible) in my hand, and will call on my countrymen to 'behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.'" He added, "I should not be surprised if they kill me when they hear my voice, but God's will be done." He then left, and began his travels to distant parts. For a short time, intelligence was received concerning him; he was seen in various places, preaching the gospel to the idolaters of the land, and living on the charity of those who felt inclined to relieve his wants. All accounts of him

afterwards ceased, and we never could ascertain whether he was alive or dead; but it was generally supposed that he had died from fatigue and starvation. In all probability, he fell by the way-side, faint and hungry, without a friend to relieve his wants, or to render him the least assistance in his dying moments, and that his body was devoured by the jackals or vultures which abound in that land. May it not be said of this poor man, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

From this fact we learn how true it is, that the dark places of the earth are the habitations of cruelty; and we are also reminded of that scripture which saith, "They are feeding upon ashes; a deceived heart hath led them astray, and they are going down to hell with a lie in their right hand." It further shows the value of missionary operations, and the importance of helping those institutions which send forth the messengers of mercy to the dark and benighted children of men.

G. GOGERLY.

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG,
BY THE REV. O. H. BATEMAN.

(Continued from page 59.)

IN some of Mr. Bateman's addresses, he gave an account of a very cruel South African tribe. They are called Morimos, and live far up to the north of the colony, amongst the Blue Mountains. They are a tribe of cannibals, and were quite unknown to Europeans till visited by some

French missionaries a few years ago. The country in which they live is very beautiful, and consists of fine mountain lands, covered in many parts with thick woods. Here they keep their ground, greatly dreaded by all the neighbouring tribes, and preying upon any poor travellers that may come within their power. You may be quite sure that very few people venture near them, unless they are forced to it, or by accident get into their territory; for should they do so, they are almost sure to be killed and eaten at one of their horrible and bloody feasts. At one time, many years ago, the Morimos were a rich, large, and powerful nation. Then they were not cannibals. They were great warriors, and had frequent battles with their neighbours. In the course of years, these battles greatly reduced their numbers, and famine and pestilence reduced them still further. Their enemies now got the better of them, and hemmed them in on every side. At last there came a time of great distress. Their crops failed, their cattle died, and their enemies so surrounded them, that they were reduced to the greatest straits, and large numbers died of want. In their distress, they begun to eat those they took in fighting, and even some of their own people. They thus got a liking for human flesh, and, horrible though it is even to think of it, they would never eat anything else if they could only get one of their fellow-beings to feast upon. In this way they became a nation of cannibals, and are now the dread of the country. They lay their snares in the woods and along the paths, and then lie in ambush, watching for some poor traveller to come that way and fall into their trap, when they at once seize upon him, take him to their village, and feast upon his flesh. I will tell you a little story of this. A chief, his three wives, with several children and servants, had once to cross a wood in the country of the Morimos. They were flying from their enemies, and took this way

thinking to make their escape more easily. The Morimos, however, laid their snares for them; and as they entered the thickest part of the wood, they became entangled in them, fell down, and were directly seized by some savage Morimos, who jumped out of the bushes and made them their prisoners. The Morimos now drove them before them to their kraal, loading them with blows, and crying "*Ua! wa!*" as if they were driving cattle. When they reached the kraal, the women and children ran out, shouting "*Come, come!*" and at once all the people began to prepare for their dreadful feast. They danced about them in horrible joy, shouting and singing their savage songs. The children they called "*pretty lambs;*" the wives they called "*cows;*" the servants they called "*oxen;*" and the chief they called "*an elah*"—a sort of antelope. Very soon, and all was ready for the slaying of the poor people, when the Morimos rushed upon them, killed them, and cooked them. The chief they spared for another day; but his wives, and children, and servants were devoured before his eyes. This chief afterwards escaped, and got down to the Mission station at Moriah, where he told the tale.

These Morimos have been known to eat their own wives and children; while it is reckoned that several thousands of travellers and others have been devoured by them.

They have a savage song which they chant as they dance round their victims. Perhaps you would like to hear it.

" We are man-eaters
 We eat men; we can eat thee!
 We eat the brains of a dog;
 We eat the brains of a child;
 We eat the fingers of a man:
 Poor playthings for the Morimos!
 You will tickle our palates:
 Come along—to the work, my comrades!"

Besides this cannibalism, the Morimos have many other

dreadful customs. On certain times of the year they offer human sacrifices. When the time comes for sowing their grounds, they seize a young man, bleed him to death, dry his blood in the sun, and then, along with his brains, all which they pound together, scatter it as a powder over their fields, believing thus to secure a fruitful harvest.

These stories are told you, dear children—

1st, To let you see how true the Scriptures speak when they say, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

2nd, To show you how much you owe to the goodness of God, which has placed you in so different a land, and surrounded you, not with savage Morimos, but kind and Christian friends.

3rd, To lead you to admire the grace which can, out of such savages, make holy saints, and, by the Gospel of Jesus, civilize and tame even these.

4th, To stir you up in pity to seek, by all manner of means, to send the glorious Gospel to these and other poor ignorant heathen, to save and bless their souls.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA.

PROCEEDINGS AT TANA.

No. 3.

OUR first business, on the day after reaching Tana, was to meet the chiefs. For this purpose we went ashore early. The morning was bright and beautiful. A number of natives hurried to our boat, saluting us as we stepped on the beach. But, as the chiefs were not assembled, we took a ramble in the interior. Having climbed a steep hill, covered with trees, we soon lost sight of the shore, and found ourselves strolling along narrow paths, never trodden before

by the feet of white men. Suddenly we came upon the low huts of the natives—the most miserable-looking hovels for human beings I had ever seen. A little further on, we passed by gardens of yams, so very neatly cultivated that great pains and labour must have been bestowed upon them. We learned that the idle men put the toil of all this, and indeed every other burden, upon the poor women. We walked along, admiring at every step the flowers and fruits, the tall trees and sweet scents of this fertile land, and soon found ourselves on the edge of a lofty precipice, at the bottom of which we could hear the ocean swell breaking upon the shingly beach. Here we gazed with delight on the boundless blue sea, and islands in the distance, which we had to visit—the mountains of some rising on the ocean-plane like vast pyramids.

From this spot we hastened back, by another path, to the shore which we had left. Ten chiefs were assembled in the house of the teachers. Mats were spread on the ground, upon which we all seated ourselves. The chiefs sat on one side, and we on the other. A very serious conversation then took place. The chiefs were first asked whether their desire to have white Missionaries still continued? “Yes,” they earnestly replied. “Well; but if the Missionaries and their wives come to live among you they will of course want food: will you bring yams, and fowls, and pigs to sell to them?” “O yes, gladly! don’t distrust us.” “Very well; but this is a strange land, and if the Missionaries live among you, they and all their goods will be in your power—will you promise to protect them?” “Let them not be afraid; why should we injure them?” “But you often have wars in your land. Suppose, now, war should take place, you must not expect the Missionaries to take any part in it, either on one side or the other, as they do not come to have anything to do with fighting, and are

men of peace, and want you to become so too. Do you understand this, and do you agree that it shall be so?" "Yes, let it be so; we see what you mean." "Well, now, the one object of the Missionaries in living among you will be to teach you the religion of Jesus Christ. Tell us, will you come and listen to their instructions?" "We will," was the reply. This conversation, which took up some time, was ended by prayer, offered by one of the teachers, named Mose. And these wild men of Tana bowed their heads with us in that solemn act. Doubtless, they did not feel as we did; how could they? but it was perhaps the most important business they had ever taken part in. There was one old chief, too, taller than the rest, but rather thin, and bending somewhat through age, who seemed to enter into these arrangements, and he always proved faithful to the Missionaries when he could not protect them as he wished. His name was Viavia. After this conference, we shook hands with all and returned to the brig.

During the next day, which was Saturday, preparations were actively made for landing the goods of the Missionaries. The *Camden* was a scene of bustle from stern to stern, below deck and above. The sailors, and the captain directing them, were hard at work till sunset, when everything was put in order, the deck well washed, and arrangements made for the coming day: for the Sabbath drew on. It dawned; and a lovelier Sabbath dawn I have not witnessed on any shore, or in any clime of this wide world.

"No sound of a church-going bell
Had those valleys and rocks ever heard;
But they smiled when that Sabbath appear'd,"

bathed in the calm splendour of the rising sun. No noisy cries of natives were to be heard from the surrounding shore; nor did the splash of a single canoe-paddle disturb

the placid bay. This was pleasing, as every other morning the natives had thronged our vessel early; and it showed that they thus far respected the day of God. They had been told that we should go ashore to hold a service. We were glad, therefore, as we landed, about nine o'clock, to see them hurrying from different directions to the meeting-place. This was close by the house of the native teachers, under the shade of wide-spreading bread-fruit trees, for there was no chapel. After a little delay, all were seated, and, on the whole, were pretty quiet. I should like my young readers to have seen that motley congregation. It would perhaps have made some smile, others shrink away with fear; but some serious youth might have thought deep thoughts on all that was there to be seen. Shall I try and faintly picture it? Well, as I have said, it was close by the cottage of the teachers, under the shade of those large old bread-fruit trees, that this scene took place, when we spoke to these poor Tanese of the bread which came down from heaven, for the want of which their souls had been famishing. On a form near the house sat the Missionaries and good Captain Morgan, himself a thorough Missionary. Cocoa-nut leaf mats were spread in front and around; on these sat the Tanese, some of them cross-legged, with their black, blue, and red faces, of course, for they never wash them, and furnished as usual with bows and arrows, instead of Bibles and hymn-books. Some leaned their chins on their clubs, and looked a little thoughtful. Others laughed and whispered. Here and there the eyes of a fierce warrior stared strangely from under their dark brows, as if wondering what it all meant. There were in all about two hundred natives in front of us. On the right hand sat a group of Christian Rarotongans and Samoans, clothed in simple white. Once they were savage heathens, like the men of Tana; but now the contrast between them was very great. On the left

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management and, and do you agree that

"I am not to be so; we are what you are."

the one subject of the Missionaries in England

is to reach the people of Jesus

you know and learn to their hearts

was the word. THE CONVERSATION

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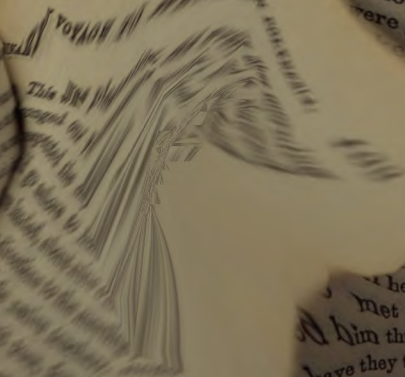
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illed by their priests, who are called "sacred
I suppose all priests are, black, brown, and white,
world over. These men live together in a district
the volcano, called Kasarumené. They profess to have
the power of causing mortal diseases; and the poor people,
who laugh at the fires and shocks of the volcano, which
sometimes shake the earth under their feet, tremble at
the anger of these priests. The way in which they cause
diseases, as they profess, is as follows: They take the leaves
of certain trees, and bury them in a circle round the house
of the persons with whom they are angry, and on whom they
intend to bring the disease. They do this in the night—
I suppose, because the family are sure then to be in the house.
morning they arise (whether or not they are told

were seen several Samoan women, wives of the teachers, gentle in their look, and neatly dressed. The poor degraded Tana women shrunk back from the assembly, some of them standing behind trees, and watching, as if by stealth, what was going on. And though we beckoned them nigh, they would not approach nearer. This, then, was the congregation, to which four of us, one after another, spoke briefly of Jesus, salvation, heaven. Glorious matters! But, alas! these Tanese saw nothing of their glory. Still we hoped that they would one day cheer our hearts. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered, after which the natives rose, and seemed pleased. We told them we were glad so many had met together, and urged them to remember the Lord's-day. We then returned to the *Camden*, and at the close of that happy, hopeful Sabbath, met together to give special thanks to God. On Monday morning all was renewed bustle, and continued so every day till we left. During those days we had opportunities of seeing and learning much about the condition and customs of the people, and much more has come to our knowledge since. A few things only can I now mention. One of the most common habits of the people is that of stealing. Of this we had daily proofs. As we were stepping out of our boat one afternoon, we observed two natives running very swiftly along the beach, closely pursued by a Rarotongan teacher. We watched them, wondering what was the matter. Suddenly the two natives rushed into the bush and disappeared, when the Rarotongan gave up the chase. On meeting with him, he told us that the two men had stolen a large axe, with which he had been cutting firewood, almost out of his very hands. The more skilful a thief is, the more is he thought of. But how any one of them was clever enough to manage the following matter, we could never tell. One night, on my second visit, Captain Morgan went down to his cabin at the hour of rest,

when, to his great surprise, there was nothing but his bare mattress. Coverlet, sheets, and all, were gone! and the only way by which they could have been taken was through the small port-hole in the side of the vessel.

Many of the South Sea Island tribes have been, and are, cannibals, and such we found these people to be. During my second visit to Tana, I was standing one day on deck, when a teacher said to me, "Do you see that man yonder?" pointing to a native a little distance off. "Yes," I replied; "but what about him?" "Not much; only, a few days ago he was returning over yonder mountain from a fight, with the body of a man killed in the battle, which he was going to cook and eat with his friends. He was met by another man, who, seeing the dead body, offered him three pigs for it, and the bargain was made." Thus have they the shocking relish for human flesh. But they say they only sometimes eat the bodies of their enemies slain in war. This is bad enough. But a sight of the people leaves little cause for wonder that they are man-eaters. Their degradation is most dreadful. Amongst their other miseries, is the alarm with which they are often filled by their priests, who are called "sacred men," as I suppose all priests are, black, brown, and white, all the world over. These men live together in a district near the volcano, called Kasarumené. They profess to have the power of causing mortal diseases; and the poor people, who laugh at the fires and shocks of the volcano, which sometimes shake the earth under their feet, tremble at the anger of these priests. The way in which they cause diseases, as they profess, is as follows: They take the leaves of certain trees, and bury them in a circle round the house of the persons with whom they are angry, and on whom they intend to bring the disease. They do this in the night—I suppose, because the family are sure then to be in the house. In the morning they arise (whether or not they are told

that the deadly leaves encircle their house, I do not know; most likely they are); but as they go out, they cannot help stepping over them, and in consequence become sick. In their terror, they inquire what "sacred man" has caused the sickness, that they may take presents to him to turn away his anger. He is of course soon to be found, as these presents are the very things he wants. Thus are the poor people oppressed and robbed of their fowls, pigs, yams, and all that they have, while these tyrant priests rule them by terror, and become rich in the spoils of their victims. Such is the priestcraft of Tana. We saw nothing of these "sacred man" during our stay, but they soon began to show bitter hatred to the Missionaries.

On the 7th of July, after a week's preparation, our beloved friends, Messrs. Turner and Nisbet, with their wives, finally left the brig, and took up their abode on that heathen shore. It was a post of danger they thus ventured to occupy, and of no little self-denial. They needed much faith: Jesus gave them much. It was for His sake and for His glory that they counted not their lives dear unto themselves, and He made their lives precious in His sight in days of fearful peril. We left them the next day, breathing many a prayer to God on their behalf, as our vessel slowly sailed out of the harbour. We mutually waved "farewells," till a point of land came between us, and we found ourselves once more "at sea."

THE SAMOAN CHIEF AND HIS WIFE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Many of you, no doubt, saw the Samoan chief Mamoe and his wife when they were in England, and have heard something of them since; but I think it will interest you to know a little more respecting them. As they lived in my family from the time we arrived in Samoa until they visited this country, and also until our departure from the islands, I will give you a few

particulars respecting them, to show what the Gospel can do, and to encourage you to go on in your efforts to send that Gospel to other dark places of the earth.

Mamoe and his wife were amongst the very first Christian converts in Samoa. Before the Gospel was brought there, they had taken a part in many awful scenes. I have often listened with thrilling interest, sometimes to one, sometimes to the other, as they have told me of the wickedness and cruelty which they had practised in the days of their heathenism. Mamoe had been engaged in some of their most bloody wars, and I could scarcely believe that the kind-hearted man, whom I truly loved, could have taken a part in such fearful scenes as he described. I will relate one of these scenes, about which he told me. It took place during the great war in Aana, which Mr. Williams mentions in his "Missionary Enterprises" as being carried on when he landed native teachers on Savaii. The victorious party kindled large fires in a part of Aana, into which they cast the unhappy prisoners who fell into their hands. One day, when Mamoe and several others were tending one of these fires, a poor woman and four of her children were brought from the bush, where they had been hiding themselves. She was the wife of a principal chief, and all she begged for was, not mercy for herself, but that they would spare her children, who, she said, were of rank, and would not disgrace them. But they only mocked her; and then one, raising his club, struck the eldest, who was a girl, on the head, and having stunned her, cast her into the midst of the flames. Another did the same to her little boy, as he stood by his mother's side. Another seized hold of the third child, and cast him alive into the fire; while another snatched her babe from her arms, and did the same. Then, with a club, they struck down the wretched mother, and hurled her into the same fire which was consuming her children. As she fell into the midst of the burning mass, she heard the cries of her babe

—and, as if unmindful of her own sufferings, she crawled through the embers towards the little one, seized it, clasped it to her bosom, and in this way they perished together. To all this Mamoe was a party; but he was then a heathen and felt neither pity nor regret.

But after this chief and his wife had embraced Christianity, they not only became new creatures, but were very useful in assisting the Missionaries to carry on the work of God. They were, indeed, particularly valuable to Mrs. Harbutt and myself; Mamoe fafine* was in many respects a very superior woman. Her husband had suffered much in the wars in which he had been engaged, and his hands had become hardened with handling the club, and after he had begun to teach the people, he was indebted to his wife, not only for writing out plans of sermons for him, but also for many of the ideas by which they were enriched. She was also one of my best pundits, and gave me much assistance in translating the Word of God. I can say of both, they were untiring in their efforts for the good of their countrymen. Sometimes, indeed, they were a little mistaken in the means they used, but their errors were trifling, whilst their desire was single—the advancement of the good cause in their native land.

After their return from England, I was often interested by the descriptions they gave of what they had seen in this land of wonders. Their fellow-countrymen were never tired of listening to their wonderful accounts, although, I dare say, some were inclined almost to doubt the truth of the things they heard from them.

Very soon after their return, Mamoe fafine was visited with an illness; from this she never recovered. I had many very pleasing conversations with her, although they were sometimes affecting. She was often troubled about her spiritual state, but never once did I discover any doubts

* The Samoan name for wife.

respecting the love of God, or the power of her Saviour—they all arose from her low views of herself and a remembrance of her past sins. She often wept as she spoke of her unworthiness of the least of God's mercies, and gave expression to her desires for perfect deliverance from sin. One day she suffered much from the undutiful conduct of her only daughter. At last, addressing her in my presence, she said, "You shall not distress me any more—you have long troubled me; but you know your duty. I have long prayed for you, and will continue to pray for you, and leave you with God." Soon after this, we left her in our house, as we were then coming to England. As we parted, she lifted up her voice, and wept aloud. Two or three days after this, she was conveyed for medical aid to another district on Upolu, and there she died, a short time previous to our sailing, and I believe went to that Saviour whom she loved. Her husband is still working for God amongst his countrymen. Continue, dear young friends, to send the Gospel to the heathen, that many more such trophies of grace may be gained.

WM. HARBUTT.

THE ORPHAN GIRLS' INSTITUTION AT AGRA.

(Continued from page 94.)

We will now go into the house and look at the children, and see how they do their work. And first we must enter the school-room, where the orphan girls learn to read and write, to sew and sing, and to cypher, as well as receive lessons in geography; and when they have got on so far as to understand an easy book, they are very full of joy. Scripture history is one of their favourite studies. Often have I seen a little group sitting together, while one of them was reading aloud the histories of the Old Testament or the Gospels of the New. They also learned many hymns; and

as soon as they knew a suitable tune, their clear voices would be heard in the garden, in the evenings, singing the praises of God, which formed a striking contrast to the foolish, and often wicked songs, which heathen girls are taught by their mothers.

From the school-room we must now go into the middle chamber of the house. It is a large octagon room, that is, you know, a room with eight sides—this is the chapel. It is vaulted above, so that the singing sounds in it very sweetly. Family prayer is offered here every morning and evening, and religious instruction is given. On each side of the chapel there are four other rooms. One of these is the work-room. Let us go into it, and see what the girls are doing. Besides household affairs, which all of them must learn, they are busily engaged in sewing, knitting, stitching, and making straw bonnets. Upon one form a number of them are making their own clothes; those sitting next to them are knitting stockings for sale, for in that hot climate they do not wear any themselves. In another place a few may be seen sitting in a circle; these are working on the tambour, after the Berlin fashion, not for their own use, but for sale. By far the greater number, however, are preparing straw, and are busied in making straw hats and bonnets for gentlemen and ladies. While one cuts and cleans the wheat straw, another splits it, presses and plaits it, and passes it through the rollers, and then another makes it into a bonnet or hat.

The girls take great delight in this kind of labour; and several of them have made such progress in it, that their work is often sold to European ladies at a good price, and thus proves very useful to the institution. I wish I could show you some of their straw hats; you would see that black and brown fingers can work as well as white ones, when they get accustomed to it.

If we now go out of the eastern door we may see, at a

little distance, a row of small out-houses: they are the meal-house, the kitchen, dining-room, the bath, and the hospital, together with dwellings for the Christian servants who are married. But first you must go with me to the meal-house. It contains nothing very particular, indeed; but it will remind you of some parts of Scripture; for here you see ten pair of small mill-stones. The under ones, which are larger and heavier than those on the top, are fastened in the ground. The upper one is moved round upon the lower one. If you were to be here early in the morning, you would see two, or perhaps three, girls seated at each mill-stone. Two drive the upper stone round by a wooden handle, while a third drops the wheat into a hole in the middle of it, and also gathers the meal, which comes pouring out at every side. This she then winnows through a fine sieve, when it is ready for use. By this simple process meal is prepared through almost the whole of India, and in many other parts of the East. When several mills are going together, the noise is singular; and the women often make it still more so by singing. This is, doubtless, the way in which the meal was prepared by the Israelites in Judea; and we can thus understand the allusion of our Lord, when he says, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left." And also the prophecy, "The sound of a mill-stone shall be heard no more at all in thee;" for when one goes through the streets of a village in the morning, the sound of the mill-stones is heard in every direction.

Many of our orphan girls have grown up to be sincere and consistent followers of the Saviour. I remember, as they were going to chapel one Sabbath morning, they met a few heathen girls, who, in ragged and dirty garments, were driving a flock of goats to pasture. One of the orphan maidens seemed inclined to insult these poor heathen girls; but another of them instantly reproved her companion.

while she said to her, "You have no reason to scoff at your poor sisters, because they have not such fine clothes as we have, and are so ignorant of what we know. Had not our dear Saviour had pity on us, and given us all we have, we should have been in the same condition as they. Therefore we should thank and love Him with all our hearts, and pray for them earnestly."

The effectual grace of God has shown itself particularly in the hearts of those whom the Lord has removed early to himself; and I have every hope that many among these are fallen asleep in Jesus. Lately, the master of the Asylum informed me of an interesting orphan girl, called Anna. She was twelve years of age when she died. This little girl had always shown much love to the Saviour; and, during her last long illness, it was clear that her spirit was preparing for his presence. Her pain was often great; but she bore all with patience, because her mind was filled with the hope of a better world.

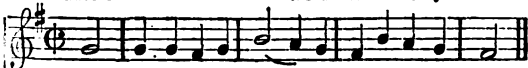
Shortly before her death she fell into a fainting fit; and those who were with her thought that her soul had taken its flight to eternity. But she came to herself again; and when asked how she was, she said, "Much better. I have been praying, and have seen Jesus my Saviour, to whom I hope to go soon. There, in his gracious presence, my pains and sorrows will be exchanged for everlasting joy."

Here we must close our visit to the Orphan Girls' Asylum of Secundra. But let the account lead you, first, to think of the great difference between our orphan girls and their poor heathen sisters around them. Then consider the value of those means which Missionaries have used, and which God has blessed, to effect this change. And lastly, inquire whether you have prayed, and given, and collected, as you might have done, in order to save the children of the heathen from the evils and dangers to which they are exposed.

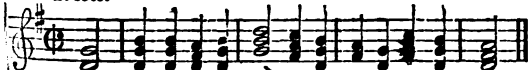
THE MORNING STAR.

Second Treble.

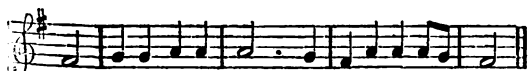
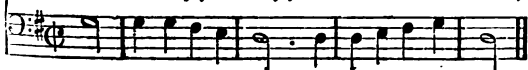
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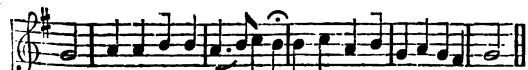
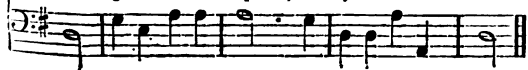
First Treble.



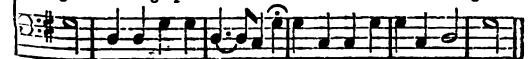
O these are joyful days, None such the world has known,



Lift high the voice of praise, Glo - ry to Christa - lone :



Light from his gospel streams afar Nations behold the morning star !



THE MORNING STAR.

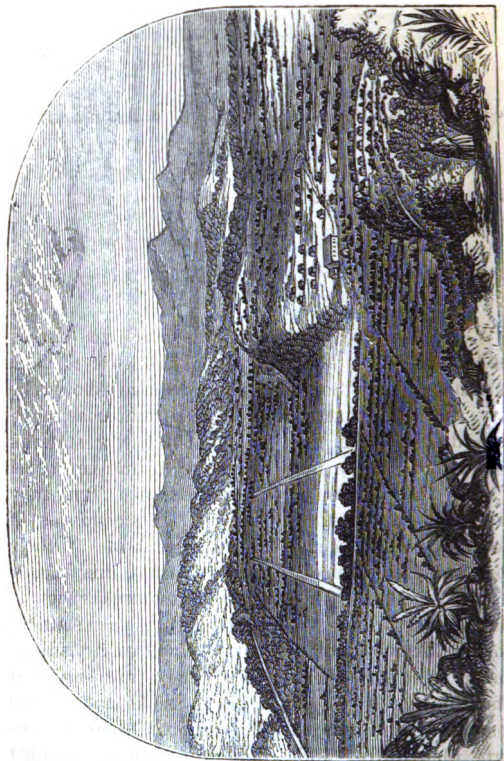
O THESE are joyful days,
None such the world has known :
Lift high the voice of praise,
Glory to Christ alone :
Light from His gospel streams afar,
Nations behold the Morning Star.

On many a sea-girt isle,
Where darkness reigned supreme,
Is seen the grateful smile
That hails its welcome beam :
Through every clime resounds the cry,
"Wake, sleepers, wake! the morning 's nigh!"

And on her trembling throne,
Lo! Superstition cowers :
Her frantic priests bemoan
Their fast-declining powers :
While thousands, rescued from their snare,
With shouts of gladness fill the air.

But when shall every eye
Kindle with rays divine?
And priest with people vie,
In grace and truth to shine?
Princes and subjects own His sway,
Whose Gospel gilds their dawning day?

Ascend thy golden car,
O Sun of Righteousness!
And let the Morning Star
Be lost in noon-tide blaze;
All darkness from the world be driven,
And earth's pure light resemble heaven



HANKEE, SOUTH AFRICA.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1852.

HANKEY.

WAR and wickedness have done much to destroy the labours of the Missionary, and the work of God, in some parts of South Africa. Still, we should be very thankful that only a few Missionaries have been driven from their posts, and a few stations abandoned. Our brethren have *heard* the sound of the thunder-storm in the distance, but they have not *felt* its fury. Through the goodness of God, they have been able still to labour at their posts, and to rejoice in the proof that this labour is not in vain. One of these favoured spots is Hankey, of which the frontispiece is a beautiful sketch. As you look upon it, you will easily believe that it is a quiet, fertile spot, where industry and Christianity have done much to make the people contented and happy. The ground there brings forth plentifully; and, could you ramble amongst the gardens and fields of the natives, you would be delighted with their beauty and fruitfulness. Yet

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all this wide tract of land was a few years ago a barren waste, scorched and hardened by an African sun. And what has made the change? The labours of the Missionary. It was he who, by the blessing of God, turned this wilderness into a fruitful field. Look again at the frontispiece, and pay a little attention to what I am going to say, and you will understand how this came to pass. In the distance you will see a long ridge of high land, which forms the boundary of the plain. Now, on the other side of that ridge, there runs a noble river; but, until the Missionary went there, that river flowed past the spot, and left the country, since so rich and fruitful, dry and barren. Many, when they watched its clear and sparkling waters, as they hurried like a foaming race-horse to the sea, wished that they could be conveyed to the thirsty ground across the hill; but that wish was vain until the Missionary did the work. But how was it done? If the frontispiece was larger, you would see, at the foot of the distant hill, a small dark spot. That is the mouth of a long tunnel about six feet wide, and nearly eight hundred long, cut through the solid rock. Through this the water of the river was brought into the plain, and then carried in many channels to refresh and fertilize the ground, and create the green fields and pleasant gardens which are now there. But this is not the only, nor the greatest benefit the people of Hankey owe to their Missionaries. They have done something far better for them than to render the barren soil fruitful. Through the labours of the same men, a still greater

change has been wrought in their once barren minds. Few natives could have been more ignorant or degraded than the Hottentots and Fingoes were, before they received the gospel. But now there are few instances which more clearly show the power of that gospel to enlighten, and purify, and bless, than exist amongst them; and even children there have loved the Saviour, and have found happiness in his favour and service. Of this the following is one instance out of many:—

There was a lad about thirteen years of age, who was obliged to leave the Missionary Institution, as his parents went to a distance to seek employment. While they were remaining there, he was engaged to go with a team of oxen to a distant town. To the surprise of the driver, he missed him for a short time every morning and evening; and, thinking that he remained away too long when he was sent to bring the oxen, he determined to watch him. Unknown to the lad, the man followed him, and, to his great surprise, came to a retired spot, where he heard the voice of the boy fervently pouring out his soul in prayer before God. The driver of the team was an unconverted man; but never after that could he find it in his heart to speak unkindly to the lad; and in fact, all those who knew and observed him, spoke of his consistent conduct in the highest terms.

When he returned from this journey, he was continually bewailing to his parents his absence from the privileges of God's house. It was his custom every evening to sit beside the fire reading

his Testament (which was his constant companion), and the people of the house said, that oftentimes the silent tears were seen rolling down his cheeks whilst he was thus engaged. At length he became so unhappy that his parents were obliged to yield to his entreaties, and sent him back to the Missionary Institution. There he now resides; and it is delightful not only to hear him pouring out his soul in prayer, but his earnestness, his deep humility; his confidence in God as his Father, his assurance of the efficacy of Christ's blood, and his consistent conduct, furnish striking evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit upon his youthful heart.

About the middle of last February, a school girl of eleven years of age died. She also gave very pleasing indications of a state of preparation for death. Shortly before her departure, her father was reading to her the twenty-third Psalm, and when he came to the fourth verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;" she raised herself up on her knees, and then, clasping her hands together in an attitude of prayer, she signified her adoption of the sentiment of the verse as her own, although unable to utter the words. This was a favourite psalm with her in health, and proved her strong support and consolation in death.

Surely all who really desire to promote the temporal welfare, and the spiritual happiness of their fellow-creatures, must be the friends and supporters of Christian Missions.

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG,
BY THE REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

(Continued from page 106.)

"AMONGST the savage tribes of South Africa," said Mr. Bateman, "the Missionaries of various Societies are labouring. I have already told you of George Schmidt, the first Missionary, and the labours of the good Moravians who sent him out. But besides the Moravians, there are some twelve or thirteen Societies, all working for the conversion and civilization of South Africa. There are the Missionaries of the London, the Church of England, the Wesleyan, the French, and various Scottish Presbyterian Missionary Societies, going hand in hand in this great and glorious work. By their instrumentality, under the blessing of God, great things have been accomplished. Wild bushmen have been tamed; cannibal Morimos converted; degraded Hottentots raised, educated, and saved; warlike Caffirs brought to embrace the gospel of peace; and wicked Bechuanas, purified and blessed themselves, and made a blessing to others. Along with the blessings of salvation, the gospel has brought to these people the arts and habits of civilized society. Many of the wandering tribes, who used to live entirely by hunting and plundering, have been induced to settle down upon their lands, and to lay out and cultivate fields and gardens. Under the direction of the Missionaries, forest and waste lands have been cleared, and beautiful little villages have been planted in the midst of orchards, gardens, and fine pastures, where once only wild bushmen lived, and savage beasts and chattering baboons roamed at pleasure. 'The wilderness' has thus positively 'been made glad for them, and the desert has become as 'the garden of the Lord.'

Travellers tell us, that, while passing up the wild but beautiful country, they are often surprised by coming suddenly on some Missionary village, as they perhaps turn round some mountain rock, or get to some high land. There, lying embosomed amongst splendid trees, is to be seen the happy settlement. The pretty Mission church, generally standing near the centre of the village, strikes first the eye. Beside it are the dwellings of the Missionaries, and round about the neat cottages of the reclaimed and civilized natives, fine trees, well-cultivated lands, and beautiful orchards and gardens, make up the scene of beauty; and many a Christian man, as he looks down upon the happy spot, and hears, perhaps, the swellings of the song of praise coming up from the congregation at worship, mingled with the lowing of the herds around, blesses God for what the gospel has accomplished. Here, *once* nothing could be heard but the cries of savage beasts, or more savage men at their cruel wars. Here, nothing could be seen but wild desert hills and uncultivated glens. *Now* a paradise is looked on, and the sweet voice of prayer goes up, and not only men, but angels, on their errands of mercy, often stop to listen and admire, while they find some fresh matters for which to bless their God.

“ Besides Missionaries sent out specially to preach the gospel, the Societies at home have sent out Christian mechanics, to teach the natives various trades; while many of the Missionaries themselves have learned trades before they went, which enable them to teach the people many useful things. Under the direction of these good men, some of the converts learn the turning of hard wood, bone, and ivory; others learn to be carpenters and joiners; others, to be masons; others, how to make shoes; others, how to make clothes; and others, the making of knives and other articles of cutlery. A Missionary village is thus a busy little place.

All are at work; and the happy signs of industry give to it a great charm.

"The Missionaries' wives are just as active and useful as their husbands. They teach the women, while their husbands teach the men. They give instruction in knitting, plain sewing, and many kinds of ornamental needlework."

"There are schools, too, at all the stations, not only for grown-up men and women, but for little boys and girls. Here they are taught just as you are taught at home. The little boys learn reading, writing, cyphering, &c., with, generally, some trade. The little girls learn reading, cyphering, and writing too, and also sewing and knitting, with other things to make them useful when grown up to be women. They all learn to sing, and the little South-African children are found to have sweet voices, when properly trained, and to make as sweet music as little children here. 'And what do they sing?' you ask. Why, first, what you sing here. Mr. Moffat and others have translated many of your prettiest hymns into their strange tongues, and taught them your pretty tunes. I have here a little hymn-book, used in some of the schools, and what is in it? Why, here is—

" 'Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.' "

Here is—

" 'I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here amongst men,
When he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.' "

And here—

" 'Oh that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.' "

"All your sweet songs are thus sounding far over the mighty sea; and were you to-night, while you sleep, lifted up by some great angel, and set down near one of the South-African schools to-morrow morning, you would almost think you heard your own happy playmates singing near you, as their sweet morning song struck upon your ear.

"Perhaps you would like to see some of the books they use, and some of the things they have written in these schools, or made in these villages."

Here Mr. Bateman showed the children a great many interesting things from Mission stations, all which he contrasted with things the people used to make in their savage state. Thus, he showed them a native Bechuana woman's dress in her savage state, consisting of a little leathern apron, worked with a few beads and seeds, and then a fine large petticoat of wash-leather, now made and worn by them on the Mission stations. He showed them a native woman's head-dress, consisting of a tuft of black ostrich feathers, tied to the crown of the head; and then some beautiful worked caps, made under the direction of the Missionaries' wives, and which, he said, "would not do discredit to a Moravian sister's house." He showed them a native Bechuana shoe, and a Hottentot sandal, consisting merely of a piece of strong tough leather, tied under the foot; and then a well-made shoe, the work of native Christians. He showed them an original Bechuana knife, as rude as possible; and then a couple of very good knives, made by native cutlers on the Moravian stations, and which were in every respect most excellent. Then he showed them specimens of the knitting and sewing of the women, of the writing and drawing of the boys, and of the printing of the native converts; all of which, you may be sure, greatly delighted the children that saw them, not only by what they were in themselves, but by what they proved of the blessing the gospel had been to

these poor savage and wicked people. "They all proved," as Mr. Bateman said, "that the gospel not only saved, but civilized, wherever it went; and that the true way to lift up and civilize the world, was to send them the gospel of Christ."

A FLOWER IN THE DESERT.

THE HISTORY OF BALA SHOONDORE.

BEFORE this Number of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* reaches our readers, Mr. Snow, of Paternoster-row, will have published a little book, written by a Missionary in Calcutta, which gives one of the most interesting histories we ever read, of the conversion of a Hindoo lady. In our pages, we can only give a short sketch of this beautiful story; but we hope that this sketch will lead many to get the book from which it is taken.

In the beginning of the narrative, the author has given an instructive account of the circumstances of Hindoo ladies, which shows how many, and how great, are the difficulties in the way of their conversion. Rich women in India, receive nothing worthy the name of education. Few can read, and, if they can, their books are full of silly stories, which rather corrupt the mind than improve it. As they are generally prisoners in the house, or the harem, they get no benefit from conversation or society; and spend a large part of their time lounging upon couches, with folded arms, while servants are rubbing their limbs, or standing over them with a fan. No Missionary is allowed to speak with them, and, if they wished to hear the gospel, they would not be able to go where it is preached. The poor Hindoo woman has some liberty in these respects, and many of them have received the truth of Christ; but it is

otherwise with the rich. Few, indeed, of these have ever heard of Jesus; but a change is now taking place, and the following sketch of one of the first—if not ~~the~~ first Hindoo lady converted to Christ—gives promise of brighter and better days for this interesting, but unhappy class.

The name of this convert was Bala Shoondore Chucker-buty. She was born in 1833. Her father, and other relatives were of the highest class, and possessed wealth, as well as nobility. When quite young, she was married to a Hindoo, whose family stood very high in Bengal; and the father of her husband spent no less than £10,000 on the marriage ceremony. He had learned English in the Hindoo College, and had there read several books on religious subjects, which had convinced him of the truth of the Gospel. But, though convinced, as he was not converted, he did not give up the practices of heathenism, nor make an open confession of his change of opinions.

It was about two years after their marriage, when, one evening, Bala Shoondore and her husband were sitting together, that her attention was first turned to Christianity by his inquiring what her ideas were about religion? Greatly astonished at this question—for she had never even *thought* on the subject before—she at once replied, that she worshipped Kali; and, on being asked her reason for doing so, she answered, that it was because her father was the priest of that goddess. Her husband then told her that *he* did not believe in Kali, but had found another and a better religion. This statement, and the account which he gave of Christianity, was to her like the sudden rising of the sun at midnight. It surprised her much; but it delighted her more. Though she had never dreamed before that her own religion could be false, the conviction that it *was* so, now laid fast hold upon her mind; but, what was better, she at the same time received the truth about Jesus Christ with

readiness and joy: she saw and felt that it was just what she required.

From this time, Christianity was her chief concern. It engaged her whole mind, and heart, and soul. As she had no other teacher but her husband, she naturally looked to him for knowledge upon this greatest and best of subjects; but, as yet, he was not converted. He had been convinced that the gospel was Divine, but he did not feel its value, or its power. His wife, therefore, though she *knew* less than he, *felt* more. And she could not rest without more light than her husband could supply; but, shut out as she was from the world, and not knowing one real Christian in it, what could she do? While in this state, it struck her that, as Christianity was the religion of the English, if she could but learn their language, she would gain what she desired. But how was she, a poor Bengali lady, separated from general society, and not the mistress of her own actions, to learn a strange language, with which native *women* were supposed to have no concern? But her desire was stronger than her difficulties, and it raised her above them all. You shall hear how it was.

Bala Shoondore had a little nephew, who learned English at the Hindoo College. From him she got a spelling-book, and every day, when he came home, she sought him out, and asked what he had been learning, and put to him other questions, with a view to get information about some parts of the spelling-book which, in secret, she was labouring hard to understand. By the help thus gained, day after day she tried to make out some fresh lesson; and for a time, no one, not even her husband, knew what she was doing. At last he made the discovery, and then promised to give her a lesson every night, after they had retired to rest. Meanwhile, the light was breaking in on her mind, like stars, as one by one they twinkle out upon the face of the evening

sky. It was, indeed, hard work thus to learn a foreign tongue; but, happily, she had not to wait until this task was performed ere she could get more knowledge of the blessed gospel, for Missionaries had translated Christian books into Bengali; and her kind husband got some of these for her. Two of them were great favourites—Baxter's Call, and Bunyan's Pilgrim.

The change thus effected could not long be hid from others. Her manner, her employments, her dislike to heathen ceremonies, and her general conduct, showed it clearly enough to her friends. Their first attempt was to bring her back to the worship of Kali. But this failed. Then they made her attend to household affairs, that they might keep her from her books, and, as they supposed, punish and mortify her. Still she found time for retirement, and, by God's help, was able to increase her knowledge of his Word.

At this time, her husband's mother died, and, why they could not tell, she, though a heathen, left them all her property; and, a little while afterwards, his father settled upon them £600 a year more. This not only gave Bala Shoodore more liberty than before, but enabled her to engage an English governess; and by this help she quickly learned our language, and made excellent use of her newly-found treasure. From this time, she grew in knowledge and in grace. Having entered upon a new world, she made haste to explore its wonders. She was now only seventeen years of age; and, for a while, she felt as if in the midst of the most lovely scenery. But soon a cloud overshadowed her path, and her pleasant thoughts and bright hopes were darkened. The light of her conduct had shone with so steady a ray as to attract the attention of the heathen, and to awaken both their hatred and their anger. A Christian home, such as hers, in their midst, was a new thing to them,

and one which they could not endure. All kinds of efforts were therefore made to draw her away from Christ; but her convictions could not be changed, and her confidence in God continued unshaken. As her character was strongly marked by high principles, she could neither take a course she knew to be wrong, nor leave one that she believed to be right. Her disposition was beautifully mild and gentle. She was ever anxious to please her friends; but, whenever they urged her to join them in their idol worship, or do anything else that was wicked, she firmly refused, and would add, "How can I do so, when I know it to be wrong? I cannot." At this time, her husband was not so sincere a Christian as she, and this grieved her much. Often did she beseech him to join with her in a public profession of Christ; and when he began to make excuse, she would say, "I am willing to go and live with you, even in a hut, if you will become a Christian; for then we can serve God as we please."

But severer trials befel her, which our space will not allow us to describe. These storms however, passed over, and a brighter period followed. But this proved to be the brightness of the setting sun. It was "light," indeed, with her, but it was also "even-tide." Late in 1850, Bala Shoondore and her husband had more liberty than before, and took a greater interest in Christianity. She had also become acquainted with a few pious ladies, who rejoiced over this lovely plant of grace, so solitary and so beautiful in the midst of that vast desert of heathenism. Their instructions and influence were most valuable; but just then, when angels in heaven and Christians on earth were rejoicing over this convert to Christ, God took her.

It was in April, last year, that a Christian lady in Madras sent Bala Shoondore a copy of Mrs. Hemans' Poems. She took up her pen to thank this kind friend for the gift, when

a sudden pain in the head obliged her to lay it down. That pain was the stroke of death. Fever, followed by consumption, soon closed the short but bright course of this young Christian. Some days before her last, she became unconscious; but, on the 16th of July, she unexpectedly revived, and being raised up in her bed, requested that her medical attendant and the members of her family might be sent for. Then, having given to her husband directions about the disposal of some parts of her property, she turned to the physician, and said, "Doctor, I am going to die." "Are you afraid of death?" he replied. "No!" she said, "I am not at all afraid of death; I am tired of this wicked world." "Do you die in the spirit of faith and prayer?" inquired her husband. With a fixed and majestic look, and with a calm but firm tone, she replied, "Do you doubt it? *I die in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.*" "Will you remember me in heaven?" he asked. "Oh, yes!" she said, "I can never forget you, and I will hover about you." She then desired the Scriptures to be read to her, and after listening to them seriously for some time, she took the doctor by the hand, bade him farewell, and said, "I leave you." Then, asking her husband to give her a parting kiss, she said, "Now let me sleep;" and she sunk back and slept in Jesus.

This history is not only interesting in itself, but very encouraging to all who desire to see the Gospel triumph in India. Much has been done by preaching, and in schools, the effect of which is seen at the time; but this is not the whole. As the light of the morning is spread over the earth and sky before the face of the bright sun is seen above the horizon, so is it with the gospel. Though no Missionary can speak directly to many of the mothers and daughters of India, some of them are beginning to hear the *echo* of his voice, and to feel the influence of his teaching, through fathers and brothers and friends, who are instructed in Christian

schools, or who sometimes enter a Christian sanctuary. Silently, but surely, the word of the Lord is thus making way amongst a class the most important, but the most difficult to reach. Let the instance of this just given encourage all to labour on in this great and glorious work.

JAMES YORK.

THE following interesting account has just been received by the Editor from the Rev. James Scott, of Demerara:—

“The *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* is highly esteemed here, and I think deservedly so. It is likewise very useful among our young people. One of your Numbers last year contained an account of the persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar. I read it to a crowded Sabbath-school of between four and five hundred, with very considerable effect. This brings to my recollection an affecting incident, which I will now relate. There was a little boy present, about nine or ten years of age, named James York. James was a day as well as a Sabbath-scholar, and one of the cleverest little fellows I ever saw, either here or in England. He always kept the first place in his class. Whatever was difficult to the other boys, was easy to James. He never seemed to require an effort for anything, and yet was always prepared. He was as full of frolic and fun as any boy of his age; but he was always harmless, and was a universal favourite with his school-fellows. On the Sabbath when I read the account of the sufferings of the Christians in Madagascar, James was present. As soon as I had read the piece, which I did with much feeling, I was silent for a moment or two, and then said, ‘My dear children, is not the Queen of Madagascar a very wicked woman?’ Three to four hundred

voices replied at once, 'Yes, very wicked.' I said, 'Well, if so wicked, does she not deserve to be punished?' The answer was, 'Yes!' 'Now, then, as I am about to close the school by prayer, shall I pray to God to strike her dead, and thus to save the poor suffering Christians from her bloody persecutions?' The answer was very general: 'No!' 'Well, what shall I pray God to do for her, or with her?' James was at the farthest end of the school, amid a crowd of children; but, with great energy he said, 'Ask God to change her heart and pardon her sin.' This reply furnished me with an important subject for an address to the scholars and teachers, and for ten minutes or so I spoke on the necessity of a new heart for the Queen of Madagascar and for us all. James, during my address, seemed perfectly raptured. Though of pure African descent, he was unusually fair, with more of the European than the African cast of countenance. He was small for his age, but his face was very large, and his eyes were likewise large and bright. His request that we should pray for the conversion and salvation of the Queen fixed my attention on him. I could think of no other child during my address. And, had a stranger newly arrived from Europe occupied my place, without any previous knowledge of the boy, he must have felt as I felt. James's answer, his face, and his evident interest, must have fixed his attention on the dear boy. James went from the school to the chapel, and from the chapel home to his father's house. As he reached the steps of the door, he began to stagger. His mother caught him in her arms, and kept him from falling. He saw his father lying on a sofa, sick. He cried out, 'My father! what is this? My father! I am dying!' and never uttered another word, and soon after breathed his last. What an affecting case! The dear boy in the school hearing about the new birth—telling us to pray for the conversion of the Queen of Madagascar—

and so soon afterwards in another world! The following day we committed his mortal remains to the silent dust, amidst hundreds of his sobbing, weeping play and school-mates."

THE REV. DR. LIVINGSTONE.

I AM going to tell you a little about some discoveries that have lately been made in Africa by a Missionary. But, before I do so, you will like to know something about him. He is the son-in-law of Mr. Moffat. His name is Dr. Livingstone, and he has been labouring at Kolobeng, which is farther north than any other Missionary station in South Africa. Now, Dr. Livingstone does not care much about his own comfort, but he is very desirous of spreading the gospel among the heathen; and, what is more, he is a bold man, who will not be kept back by fear from doing what is right. Neither savage beasts nor savage men can easily drive him from the path of duty. He has gone, therefore, where many others would not venture: but you will not be surprised to hear that he has sometimes been in great danger, and more than once on the brink of death. Once he set out on a journey to preach to some tribes at a distance from his station. And he had to pass through a country where there were more wild beasts than men. Some natives were with him. But, while travelling, he and his companions lost each other. This was in the midst of a thick African forest, where the grass was as tall as he was, and where no house nor human being could be found. Here he wandered about, shouting and firing off his gun, in the hope that the natives might hear him. But they heard him not. Night came on. He did not know which way to take; he had no food to eat nor water to drink, and while in the midst of lions and other fierce creatures, which would sometimes come

out of their hiding-places and prowl about for prey, he had no means of defending himself, as he had used all his powder in firing his gun to make his companions hear. When darkness gathered round him, he tried in vain to get a light as the natives get it, by rubbing two sticks together; for he wanted to kindle a fire, that he might drive away the savage beasts. Then he climbed into a large tree, which was covered with thorns, and there he swung, while the lions were roaring all around him. When the morning dawned, he got down from the tree, and lay in the long grass. A laughing hyena ran up to the place where he was, and several jackals: but, through God's protecting care, no evil befel him. As soon as he had had some sleep, he set out again in search of his companions. The sun was very hot, and the sand was burning under his feet. And now his mouth was parched with thirst. His eyes became dim. He had tied a handkerchief around his body, that he might not feel the pangs of hunger; but he had become so weak that he could not draw it tighter. At length he was so overcome that he threw himself under a tree, and thought that he must die in the wilderness, unnoticed and unknown. But, though no friends were near in that sad hour, He that keepeth Israel never slumbers. The eye of God was then upon him, and soon His hand was stretched out for his aid. After a time he recovered a little, prayed for help, and rising from the ground, went on his way. To his great joy, he found, within a little distance from the spot, a pool of water, and saw there the footsteps of his companions. The rhinoceros had just been wallowing in that pool, and the water was very muddy; but to him it was more delicious than language could describe. Having drank, he went on his way, and at midnight he found a company of natives, who treated him kindly, and gave him some food; and in return, he preached to them the blessed gospel.

At another time, Dr. Livingstone went with Mr. Edwards to find a suitable place for a new Missionary station. At length they fixed upon a spot amongst a tribe called Bakhatla. Mrs. Edwards and a native teacher called Meibalo went with them. They chose a pleasant valley for their future home, and the natives built them a little house of reeds. But they soon found that the Bakhatla were not the only inhabitants of that valley. The king of beasts had long been master there, and was not disposed to give up his possession. Day and night he walked about in that valley, and soon after the Missionaries had arrived there, he attacked their cattle. Their first loss was only a calf. But shortly after the calf had been taken, two lions broke in upon the cattle, and killed nine sheep and goats. And the Missionaries now thought it was quite time in their turn to attack the lions. So Dr. Livingstone took with him Meibalo the teacher, and some natives, with their chief, and went in chase of these savage creatures. Soon they found one of them. At first he fled from bush to bush, until he was wounded by a ball in his shoulder. This made him so ferocious that he rushed out of his hiding-place, and sprang into the midst of the party. In a moment the Bakhatla, though they called themselves warriors, turned and ran for their lives. None remained but the Missionary, the teacher, and two natives. But these natives also fled soon after, and Dr. Livingstone and Meibalo were left alone with the lion. The next moment the angry creature seized the Missionary just as a cat seizes a mouse, and crushed his arm. The teacher pointed his gun, but it burst. The flash enraged the lion, and he let go Dr. Livingstone, and caught hold of Meibalo, giving him a dreadful bite in the back. By this time, two natives with guns came up. They fired, and made the beast drop the teacher, and run away. Dr. Livingstone was much hurt,

but managed to walk home, most thankful to the God of Daniel, who had delivered him out of the mouth of the lion.

And now that you have been introduced to this excellent Missionary, you will, I doubt not, be more pleased to hear about his late travels and discoveries. These will be described in the next paper.

NOBLE LIBERALITY.

OUR readers have often received interesting accounts of the liberality of native Christians. The Report of the London Missionary Society for 1852 contains some new proofs of this. During the past year more than twelve thousand pounds have been raised for the support and spread of the gospel at the missionary stations. A large part of this is given by poor people, and not a little by the young. But the *spirit* with which many give is even more precious than the gifts themselves. The following anecdote will show this, and will, we hope, encourage many of our young friends who are active in raising, or generous in giving money, to persevere in this good work. It is given by the Rev. Charles Pitman, of Rarotonga, in a letter to the Directors :—

“Since our May Meetings, we have been very busy receiving the contributions of our poor people, who have exerted themselves to the very utmost ; and this you will not doubt when you hear that in many, *very many instances*, they have given their all ! and that with cheerfulness.

“One day, as I was standing at my door, a deacon came with his grandson, a child about six years of age. I asked his errand. Pointing to the boy, he said, ‘Something for the Society he has to offer,’ when the lad put into my hand a dollar.

“Looking at him, and seeing he was ill-clothed, I said, ‘This is too much ; give a part of it, and buy him a garment-

with the remainder.' 'No, no,' said the good man, 'it is property devoted to the spread of the gospel. From the bark of a tree his grandmother will beat him out some native cloth for a garment, but he cannot get more money !'

"The whole, and the only piece of money they possessed, *all* was given to the Lord ; and as they joyfully went away, I could not but lift up my heart to God for his blessing to descend both on the grandsire and the child."

OUR OWN LIBRARY.

THOSE only who have made the attempt, can have any idea of the difficulty there is in writing books for little children. Many persons who only *read* such books, fancy, as their eye passes over the simple words, and pleasant pages, that nothing could be more easy. But let them *try*, and they will soon find out their mistake. And, therefore, it is only now and then that we meet with a book just such as almost the youngest child will understand, and all children will be pleased with. But there is such a book now upon our table. It is called "Bible Fruit for Little Children." This fruit was "gathered by the Rev. E. Mannering," and we can most strongly recommend it as very beautiful and very sweet. Mr. Mannering is a most useful minister in London. He loves children, and children love him. And what he has now printed in a book was first spoken to the lambs of his flock. Had you been present on those occasions, you would have been very attentive yourself, and you would have seen hundreds of children as attentive as you, while Mr. Mannering delivered these beautiful addresses. But though it was pleasant to hear, it will be better to read them. And we hope that tens of thousands will soon do so. This is a real Sunday book.

It should be in every Sabbath-school Library. Parents and teachers should study it as a model; for if addresses in Sunday-schools were like these, there would be no difficulty in getting the attention of the young, while great good would certainly be done. We cannot too strongly recommend this most admirable little volume.

A PRAYER FOR THE LATTER-DAY GLORY.

"Thy kingdom come."

"How long, O Lord, how long."

I.

Hasten the day, Father, hasten the day,
When the world shall rejoice in salvation's bright ray;
When from east and from west, and from south and from north,
A worshipping host of thy saints shall come forth;
When men from the heart shall thy teachings obey,—
Hasten the day, Father, hasten the day!

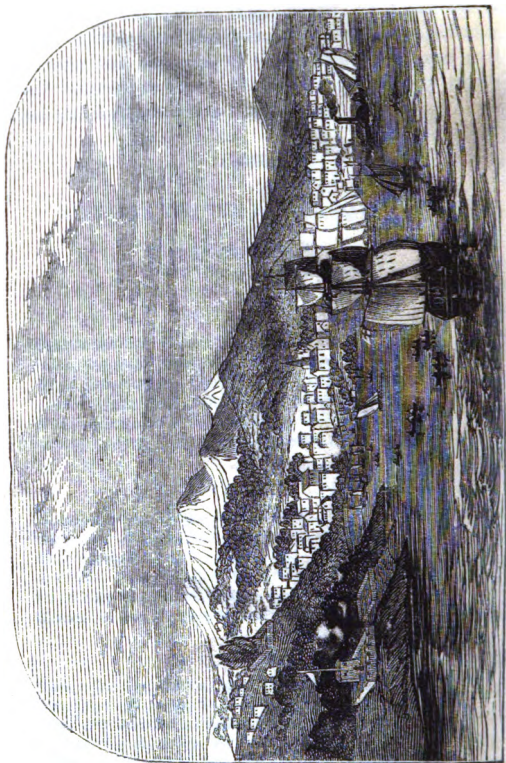
II.

Hasten the day, Father, hasten the day,
When men of all nations shall bow to thy sway,
Their idols shall cast to the bat and the mole,
And serve Thee, and love Thee, with body and soul;
To be holy and just shall have found out the way,—
Hasten the day, Father, hasten the day!

III.

Hasten the day, Father, hasten the day,
Give the world to thy Son, oh! do not delay;
Why, why should his coming be longer deferred?
We have thy promises, we have thy word,
"The kingdoms shall own and submit to Christ's sway,"—
Hasten the day, Father, hasten the day!

B. K. C.



THE "JOHN WILLIAMS" AT HOBART TOWN.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1852.

VOYAGE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS" FROM LONDON
TO TAHITI

LETTER FROM THE REV. A. BUZACOTT.

TAHITI, *February* 13, 1852.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You will no doubt ere this be anxious to hear something about *your Ship*, and I am glad that the other Missionaries who sailed in her have requested me to give you a short account of our voyage to this place. You will recollect what a number of kind friends came with us in the steamer to see us on board at Gravesend, and how earnestly and affectionately they prayed for us, and bade us farewell in the name of the Lord. As soon as they were gone, the great anchor was drawn up; then the sails were spread, and a gentle breeze wafted us the same evening as far as the Downs. Here the anchor was again let down until the morning; but as soon as it was day, it was again drawn up, and the pilot having left us at Deal, we set sail with a fair wind. Soon the sea became more rough, which

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made us all feel very poorly, except Mr. Darling, who, I believe, was never sea-sick. Some of those who had never been to sea before suffered a great deal, while others speedily got well enough to attend to their several engagements. We soon lost sight of dear old England, which some of us never expect to see again ; and now for weeks and months together we could see nothing around us but the broad sea and the lofty sky. We had a great deal of beautiful weather. The heavens above us were bright and clear, and the sunsets were magnificent ; then as night came on, the moon and the stars were beautifully bright ; and while passing through the tropics, we could sit upon the deck, and admire them without fear of taking cold. Then underneath us was "the great and wide sea," wherein are things moving innumerable. There go the ships, and here we sometimes saw those great "leviathans which God has made to play therein." Sometimes the sea would appear to be full of porpoises, gambolling about on the surface of the water, and appearing very happy ; and every now and then, on either side of the vessel, shoals of little flying-fish would start out of the water, and fly to a considerable distance, like a flock of little birds, with their silvery wings glistening in the sun. Birds innumerable were constantly flying about, hundreds of miles away from their nests ; many of them appeared to follow the ship night and day for weeks together. Frequently, at night, the deep blue ocean sparkled and shone like a sea of diamonds. But it was not always fine weather ; the stormy wind sometimes blew, and we realized what

is so strikingly described in the 107th Psalm, "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Again, "He maketh the storm a calm," and we were glad because the waves were quiet. But there were many things which made us very happy, notwithstanding all the privations and uncomfortable circumstances necessarily connected with so long a voyage. One of these was, that ours was a Missionary vessel, and that we were a Missionary family, going on a voyage of mercy, and doing it for Him who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor;" and he fulfilled to us his gracious promise, that he would be with us. He was with us to preserve us from the dangers of the deep; death was not permitted to make any of us his prey, and no one has experienced any other than sea-sickness. He was with us when we met together for morning and evening worship, at our prayer-meetings and Bible-class meetings; and when on the Sabbath we met together to worship him, we have indeed found our ship a "Bethel." He has been with us to bless his word to the conversion of one of the officers, and several of the men. Since we left England, we have had the pleasure of admitting five into the church on board the "John Williams." Several hours a day were spent in teaching the new Missionaries the language of the people among whom they expected to labour. Mr. Darling taught the Tahitian class, and Mr. Buzacott the Rarotongan and Samoan classes. Other parts of the day were filled up with reading,

writing, translating, &c. ; while the ladies were sewing, knitting, netting, and crocheting, &c. Good Captain Morgan, with the officers and crew, were engaged in working the vessel. In this way we spent our time ; and after a voyage of 109 days, we were very glad to hear the cry of " Land O ! " We sailed up the beautiful harbour of Hobart Town on a Saturday, and came to anchor about five o'clock in the afternoon. Our friends knew by the Telegraph of the approach of our ship, and the anchor had scarcely dropped ere they were on board to give us a hearty welcome. We were much refreshed by the kind treatment of the Christian friends here, who received us into their houses, and did all they could to make us comfortable during our stay. By the time we got ashore, we found large bills posted throughout the town, announcing the various services of the next day. Several of us were engaged to preach morning and evening in the different places of worship ; and in the afternoon there was to be a gathering of the Sunday-school children and young people, in the large Scotch church. This was a very interesting meeting. It was very wet weather, and we did not expect to see many ; but the place was nearly full of children, who were looking as healthy and rosy-cheeked as any we ever saw in England. It was quite delightful to see their happy, smiling faces. Many of these, like you, had subscribed to pay for the " John Williams," and therefore they were very much interested in the statements we had to make about her. Although no collection had been announced, many of them, on going away, put their subscriptions un

asked into a large plate, usually kept at the door of Scotch churches, for the poor. During our stay here we had several Missionary meetings, which appeared to increase in interest to the last, and a good deal of money was cheerfully given to the good work.

We were much pleased with the English appearance and beautiful gardens of this place. Here the roses were in full bloom, with many other lovely flowers, while the fruit-trees were laden with fruit or covered with blossom.

Three of the Missionaries, Messrs. Buzacott, Law, and Gill, were appointed to visit Launceston; and two, Messrs. Buzacott and Gill, to proceed to Melbourne and Geelong. We were very much pleased to find at these places, and especially among the young, a great interest in the Missionary vessel. A good gentleman at Melbourne has promised £100 for the "John Williams," the first time she is allowed to visit them. They are very anxious to see her at every one of these places. I wanted the gentleman to give me the £100 at once, as an inducement for the Directors to send the ship there next time; but he said, "No, he would keep the principal till she came, and give me twenty-five per cent now;" and so he did—he put the £25 in the plate at the collection, on the Sunday, at his own place of worship. After we had finished our work at these places, we went in the "Shamrock" steamer from Melbourne to Sidney, and on our arrival we found that the "John Williams" had got there the day before. The friends here also were very kind, and accommodated us at their houses, free from expense

to the Society, for five weeks. During this time, Messrs. Buzacott and Spenser visited Maitland; a great many meetings were held in Sydney and the neighbourhood, and much interest in Missionary labour appears to have been excited.

The gold discoveries in Australia engage much of the attention of the people here. Some are making their fortunes, and others are losing what they have. I met with one poor gentleman on board one of the steamers, who said he had spent a great deal of money in preparing for the gold diggings, and after toiling for some time had returned without finding any. He asked if I had been, or was about to go to the diggings, and was very much surprised to hear me say that I had been, and hoped to be engaged again, in digging for stones more precious than gold,—living stones.

We have now got to Tahiti, and are very busy landing the goods belonging to the Missionaries who are to remain here. Since the French have been here, the Missionaries have had many difficulties to contend with, but I hope these will be overruled for good. The people regularly attend to instruction, and the children attend their respective schools; and, amid much evil, we hope great good is being done.

Mr. Law, who is going farthest, has engaged to give an account of the remainder of the voyage to Samoa. So farewell; from your affectionate friend,

AARON BUZACOTT.

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG,
BY THE REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

(Continued from page 131.)

IN addition to the many interesting things we told you of last month, as shown to the children by Mr. Bateman in his Lectures, and the proofs they gave of the blessing the gospel had proved to the South Africans, in civilizing them, Mr. Bateman told the children many interesting stories, showing further the triumphs of the gospel amongst them. Among others, he told them

THE STORY OF AFRICANER.

Soon after Mr. Moffat first went to Africa, he was sent up into the country to labour in Namaqualand, at a village, or kraal, where lived at the time a famous Hottentot chief, called Africaner. This man was the terror of all the country round, and so great a nuisance, from his plundering habits, to the colony, that the Government had outlawed him, and offered one thousand rix dollars to any one who would bring his head. He was surrounded with a band of men just as daring and wicked as himself; and he had a brother, Titus Africaner, who even exceeded the rest in wickedness and cruelty. Many were the murders committed, and great was the value of the property they stole every year. The farmers on the border were kept in constant dread of them; and often, when they thought all was peace, they heard Africaner's savage yell rise on the air, and found themselves the subjects of an attack from him and his band.

You may be sure it was no very pleasing prospect for Mr Moffat to go amongst such a people; but he felt God had called him to the work, and he knew that he carried with him that precious gospel, which, if received, would at once

change all their natures, and turn these lions into lambs. So on he went. His journey was very difficult, long, and dangerous. In some parts it lay over hot, burning sands; in others, through deep and dangerous rivers. Savage beasts prowled all round, and sometimes at night he was disturbed by their roaring. He travelled in a waggon, drawn by oxen; and the slowness of these animals, and the badness of the roads, made the journey very tedious. As he passed by the different farms in the colony, and told the people where he was going, the farmers thought he was insane, and did all they could to persuade him not to go on. Some declared Africaner would kill him as soon as he got there. Others said he would put him up for a mark for the boys to shoot at; and others, that he would make his skull into a drinking-cup. All this, however, did not move him, and on he went.

At last Africaner's kraal was reached, and the outlaw received Mr. Moffat kindly. There had been a German Missionary there before him, and he left as soon as possible after Mr. Moffat arrived. Mr. M. felt very much to be left alone, but knew he was not alone, for God was with him, and to Him he looked for strength and wisdom. One thing encouraged him much—the people were very willing to hear him preach, and amongst the most attentive was the outlawed chief himself; and often, after the sermon was over, might he be seen sitting under some great rock, to avoid the scorching heat, searching his New Testament, to find out if what the Missionary said was true. Nor did he search in vain. The Spirit of God blessed the reading, and Mr. Moffat's labours, to his soul. Africaner became a converted man, and before very long had passed, one of the brightest Christians and most devoted friends the Missionary could boast of. Of course all his evil practices were given up, and he became as humble and simple as a child. His past sins

often made him weep, and kept him very low at the Saviour's feet.

At last it became necessary for Mr. Moffat to return to Cape Town, and he requested Africaner to go with him. Africaner did not like to refuse his Missionary's wish, and yet he did not dare to go. "I thought," he said, "you loved me, and do you advise me to go where the Government will lay hold of me, and hang me up?" Mr. Moffat knew his danger, but promised to protect him, and bring him back in safety. In a few days they set off. Africaner was dressed so that nobody might know him, and went as Mr. Moffat's servant. All went on well, and they had little fear, till they reached the dwellings of the farmers; but there it required no little skill and contrivance to prevent a discovery. One day Mr. Moffat called at a farm, leaving Africaner with the waggon, at the bottom of the hill. The farmer would hardly believe it was he. He pretended to think it was his ghost; for he had heard that he had been murdered long before. His first inquiries were about Africaner; and when Mr. Moffat told him he was converted, and a very humble follower of Jesus, the farmer was more astonished than ever, and declared he never could believe it unless he were to see Africaner, the changed man, for himself. Mr. Moffat asked him, if he were to bring him to him, whether he would promise that his life should be safe, and the farmer promised it. By this time they had reached the place where Africaner was sitting reading his Testament, and the farmer stood behind him. Mr. Moffat at once pointed to the converted outlaw at his feet, saying, "THIS, THEN, IS AFRICANER!" The farmer started back, at first horrorstruck at the idea of being so near the savage chief. Africaner arose, and held out his hand to the farmer; and when the farmer saw it was indeed Africaner, but altogether changed,—so gentle, kind, and peaceful,—the tear started to his eye,

while he broke out into the exclamation, "O God! what a miracle of power! What cannot thy grace accomplish!"

After this discovery, they found it necessary to hurry forward, lest the news should get abroad of Africaner being in the country. On arriving at Cape Town, Mr. Moffat waited on the governor, taking Africaner with him. The governor asked Mr. M. a deal about his station and work, and then about the outlawed chief. Mr. Moffat told him he was a converted man, and a very devoted Christian. The governor would hardly believe it, and declared that all that human laws could do had been done to tame him, but in vain. Mr. M. told him he would show him Africaner, if he would pledge himself to his safety. The governor did so, and the chief was brought in, and told the wonderful things that God had done for his soul.

Africaner returned safely to his country, and died soon after in great joy and peace. One of his last sentences was this: "My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven."

And not alone stands Africaner as the glorious results of Missionary labour in South Africa. I could tell you of many more of the most savage, cruel, lawless, and degraded of its tribes, who have been made as humble and gentle as he was, and of whom it might be truly said, that, beneath the influence of the gospel,

"Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb."

The effect of the gospel in thus taming these savage people, even where it does not convert, might be shown by many anecdotes. Here is one of a Bechuana prince, whom we will call

THE FORGIVING BECHUANA.

One of the chief sports amongst the Bechuanas is that of hunting the ostrich. These birds run very fast, and the hunting of them is full of excitement. Molehabanque, one of the late king's sons, in the district where Mr. Moffat labours, went out one day, with his servant and others, to this hunt. It so happened that one of them ran between the prince and his servant. The servant at once levelled his gun and fired, without knowing that his master was within reach. The ball entered the shoulder of the prince, and did him a serious injury. The poor servant, seeing what he had done, and fearing his master's anger, fled. He felt sure that, according to their heathen custom, he would be put to death. The prince, however, at once resolved to forgive him, ordered him to be followed, and brought back. The man was accordingly caught, and led to his master's dying bed. The poor fellow was so much affected, he could not bear to look upon his master, and nearly swooned, and had to be taken out of the room till he recovered. On being brought back, Molehabanque spoke most kindly to him, told him he quite forgave him, and bid him do what he could for his children, when he should be no more.

After the prince's death, the people demanded that the servant should be killed, but his brother refused to let it be done.

Mr. Bateman told also a story of a young girl who had been seized in a wood by a savage enemy of her father's, who chopped off both her hands, and then sent her, bleeding, home. Many years passed, the poor girl recovered from her wounds, and the stumps healed. One day there came to her fathers' door a poor, worn-out, gray-headed man, who asked for alms. The girl knew him at once as the cruel man that had chopped off her hands. She went into the hut, ordered a

servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat, and sat down and watched him eat it. When he had done, she dropped the covering that had hid her handless wrists from view, and, holding them up before him, uttered a sentence meaning, "I have had my revenge,"—the very sentence he had uttered when he so cruelly maimed her. The man was overwhelmed, deeply humbled, and filled with surprise. The secret was, the girl meantime had been converted, and had learned that lovely scripture, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him milk: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Stories were also told of the dying experience of several, showing how the gospel had cheered and saved in life's last hour; and particularly of one, a Coranna chief, who, dying from wounds inflicted by a lion, uttered as his last words, "All is peace! all is peace! all is peace!"

Beautiful letters, too, were read from the little girls at Beersheba, telling how much they valued the gospel they possessed, and showing what a holy influence it had had on their characters and lives.

What a precious gospel is that which thus smooths down the rugged nature of South Africans, and lifts up and sets with saints and angels some of the most degraded of earth's degraded ones!

MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA VISIT TO NIUA AND FOTUNA.

No. 4.

No sooner had we lost sight of our friends whom we had left to begin their great, good work in Resolution Bay, than our eyes were at once turned to another object of interest. This was the Island of Niua, which is only about fifteen

miles from Tana, and lies right opposite the harbour we were leaving. As we expected to reach it by the afternoon, we at once set about preparations for landing, as a couple of hours only could be spared to make our visit. Armed natives stood on the rough, rocky shore to receive us. A short walk inland brought us to the neat little white cottage of the teachers, which was surrounded by a low wall, inclosing also a few banana and other trees. Here the natives began to increase around us; and, had not the teachers assured us of safety, we might have had reason for fear, for they told us that during the short time they had been there, the crew of a whaling ship had gone one day ashore, when these natives held a secret consultation about killing them all. The teachers by some means got to know of this plot, and by prudently interfering, through the blessing of God prevented the massacre. The cottage of the teachers stands near the house of a chief named Nitiamu: with him and several others we conversed about the great object of our visit. We urged them to attend to the instructions of the teachers, and distributed a few presents among them, for their kindness to them. This done, we turned our steps towards the boat. Two armed natives grasped me firmly but kindly by each arm. Mr. Buzacott and Captain Morgan were treated in the same manner, while a host of men followed. Thus we proceeded to the boat, on reaching which, it was a relief to be set at liberty. Fifteen or twenty minutes brought us again safely to the "Camden," when all sail was made, and Niua soon left astern. This island is very low and small, and its inhabitants are but few, perhaps only five or six hundred. But insignificant as it is, would it be right for the Missionary Ship to pass it by as if its few people were unworthy of notice or pity? The soul of each rude savage that roams round the shores of that tiny islet will live when proud

England's cities, and the world itself, shall be burnt up; and tell me, my young reader, is it no matter *where* it will live? in what world, whether in that where bright mansions are prepared by Jesus for redeemed millions, or in that other world, too dreary and dreadful to be described?

Fotuna was the next island we had to visit. We could just dimly see its high land as we left Niua, and by the following afternoon were within a few miles of its shore. It is not much larger than Niua, but is far more imposing, since at one end a cluster of noble mountains rises abruptly from the sea. Stormy clouds hung about the tops of these mountains, and seemed to frown upon our approach to the island. And it was with difficulty that we got near enough to accomplish our object before night, for every little while strong blasts of wind came rushing down the deep gorges of the mountains, baffling not a little our captain's skill. In a lonely narrow bay two courageous teachers had been landed about a year before. The name of one was Samuela. He had gone from Samoa, forsaking, for the service of Christ, his country, and for a time his wife and child also. These latter were on board with us, prepared to join Samuela, if at length it was thought to be safe. The other teacher was a young man in whom I naturally felt a warm interest, as he had gone from my own station. I was glad therefore at the prospect of seeing him, and saying a few words of encouragement to him at his post of danger. His name was Apela. While our brig was beating about near the bay where they lived, natives appeared on high rocks by the shore, beckoning us with something white. We, however, wished the teachers to come off to us, and for this purpose kept sailing to and fro as near to land as possible. One canoe after another ventured some distance towards us, but the heavy gusts of wind that swept down the valleys made them afraid, and they returned to shore. Our boat was at last

lowered, and Captain Morgan went in it to fetch the teachers on board, as the only way to see them, if they were still alive. The boat soon came back, bringing, however, to our surprise, only Samuela. What joy lighted up his emaciated countenance as we greeted him on deck, especially when he met his wife and child! But a sorrowful look soon followed, when he was told that in a few minutes he must return to the shore, and we be sailing away. I remember after the lapse of years the sadness of his countenance, for he had a long tale of trouble to tell. He thought too of his poor brother Apela, who, he said, would be greatly disappointed if the opportunity of seeing us were so suddenly cut off, for he had stayed behind to watch their few remaining things, while Samuela came first on board. Hard, however, as it seemed, we were obliged to sail away as soon as Samuela, with his wife and child, were landed. But though our call at Fotuna was so hasty, there is no island of Western Polynesia which my memory oftener visits. Would you, my young friends, have me tell you why? Ponder then the following account. The name of one of the teachers, as I have said, was Apela. How came he by that name? for it is taken from the Bible; but he was born and brought up a heathen, before the Bible was known in his land. The explanation is this. It is the custom of many of the South Sea Islanders, when they become Christians, to change the name by which they were known during their heathen life, for a new one which they select from the Scriptures. When the young man of whom I am telling you was converted, he was so struck with the history of Abel, that he chose his name for himself, and was henceforth called Apela, which is the Samoan pronunciation of Abel. Apela was of middling stature, he had a mild but manly countenance, his voice was rather musical, and his disposition gentle. Even during the days of his heathenism, he was not, I should think, one of

the baser sort. As a Christian he was humble, warm-hearted, and earnest. He made good use of his opportunities to improve himself, and was an active and useful man. His prayers were fervent, and seemed to flow from a full heart, especially when praying for the heathen of his own and far-off islands. Of this he gave the truest proof: "Minister," said he one day, with deep sincerity, "I have a desire, and that desire is, if it be the will of God, to go to the dark lands." That desire was accomplished; and when the "Camden" went again to the dark lands, Apela was one of the band of teachers which it conveyed. It seemed a promising day when he and Samuela were landed on Fotuna, as the natives welcomed them to their shores by waving palm branches, and other signs of joy. It was as if they had been waiting for the "good tidings of good," for the news of peace and salvation, and were now glad of their arrival. But it was not so. That hopeful day was followed by many dark and discouraging. During the first two months the devoted teachers travelled twice round the island, taking nothing with them, and trusting simply in God. Wherever they met with natives, they tried to explain their errand. Soon after these two Missionary journeys, Samuela fell sick, and for many months was prostrate. During this long time Apela waited kindly on his poor sick brother, and did all the work of the Mission. At one time seventeen natives had professed to give up heathenism, and the hearts of the teachers were lightened. Ere long they went back again to heathenism, to their sore disappointment. Their things too, were stolen, for the people were great thieves. Thus they had trial upon trial. It was in the midst of these distresses, which Samuela hurriedly told us, that we called at the island. As he left the "Camden" in the boat that gloomy evening, I bid him cheer Apela with the prospect of the next visit of the Missionary Ship. Ah! how he looked forward

to that next visit, while patiently doing what his hands found to do. As I was engaged one morning at my own station at Samoa, the captain of a strange ship, which had passed by Fotuna, put the following touching note into my hand, which he had kindly brought :—"Teacher! my love to you. The work is great and hard in this heathen land. I have a desire to make known to you in this short writing. I have lived in this dark land till my little light is dim. I thirst for the waters of life which I used to drink at my own native isle; for this is a barren land. I desire, if it be proper, to return, when the ship comes again, to my own land, that I may learn more of the gospel, and get some new light and strength, and then to come back again to Fotuna; but if this be not proper, I am willing to remain, doing the work of God among these dark people. My love to you, teacher.—I am, APELA."—Mark the desires which this simple note conveyed. He desired to have more of the light which Jesus gives. He thirsted for the living waters. He longed for more knowledge of the glorious gospel. Noble desires! and how soon they were to be fulfilled! Yet not by returning to the land of his birth. "God had provided some better thing for him,"—he was soon to find himself in the midst of heaven's own light, led by the Lamb to living fountains of water, and receiving from Jesus knowledge more glorious than he had ever thought of on earth. But before all this, he was to die a cruel death, and not only he, but all the little Mission party also. In the month of March, 1843, Apela, and Samuela, with his daughter, went one day to their plot of ground, which they used to cultivate to obtain food for themselves. They left Samuela's wife at home in the cottage. After they had spent some time at work, Apela and the little girl set off to return home, leaving Samuela to follow them. The faithful teacher and the little girl were slowly pursuing the narrow path homewards. Perhaps the

latter was asking Apela whether he thought many years would pass away before the poor heathen of Fotuna would be converted; and the teacher might just be going to give her some kind, interesting reply, when the yells of furious savages, rushing towards them, suddenly startle them. They stop; and the ferocious band surrounds them, led on by a man named Nasaua. They are men whom Apela has tried to teach the way to heaven. But they have come to put an end to his teaching for ever. They fall upon him with their deadly clubs. In a few moments he falls, and his lips are silent in death. A few blows with the same clubs lay the little helpless girl lifeless by his side. How little did Apela think, when he chose the name of the first martyr for his own, that his death would be so much like that of Abel! The bloodthirsty party then hastened to Samuela, who was still at work, and killed him. One member only of the Mission family now remained alive. This was Samuela's wife. The murderers soon reached the cottage, where she was staying alone and unprotected. Nasaua entered, and shouted to his cruel band, who rushed in and killed her also. The few things that belonged to the teachers were divided by the barbarians among themselves. The cottage was burned to the ground. The bodies of Samuela and his wife were cooked and eaten. Those of Apela and the little girl were sunk in the sea. Darkness has brooded over that heathen isle since that fatal day. Pray, youthful reader, oh pray, for such miserable cruel men, for there is hope even for such, because Jesus died, and is mighty to save and change even them. Think, too, of those brave teachers, who, that they might tell of salvation to these lost and guilty men, were willing to face danger and death, trusting in God. And though, obscure and unknown on earth, they have perished the victims of the savages they would have saved, think not that they have

lost their reward; crowns of glory will sparkle on their brows, and they will rejoice, in the presence of the Lamb, that they were counted worthy to suffer death for Him, in that day when many who, in this Christian land, have never denied themselves for Christ, will be filled with anguish and shame.

OPINIONS FORMED OF ENGLISHMEN BY PEOPLE IN INDIA.

WHEN we consider how much the gospel has done for English people, and how many more useful things *they* know and can do than the ignorant inhabitants of heathen countries, it is not very wonderful that some poor blinded idolaters should think them a different race of beings. This was the case with Captain Cook, whom the Sandwich islanders supposed to be a god; and in some parts of India at the present day, the English are looked upon in the same way by the heathen. A Missionary in that country makes the following observations on this subject:—"The English," he says, "have certainly done great things in India; and their knowledge, their skill, and their power have led many of the natives to the opinion, that they are a higher race of beings than themselves. One of my brethren in the neighbourhood of Madras, lately said to a Hindoo, 'To whom do you pray?' 'I pray to the English,' answered the native. 'What foolishness!' exclaimed the Missionary. 'Why do you do that?' 'Because,' he replied, 'they must be gods. Look yonder at that great iron bridge across the river. None but gods could have made *that*. See there that large steamship. It is made of iron. If the *Hindoos* were to cast iron into the water, it would sink to the bottom in a moment; but the *English* can make it swim like wood, and go wherever they please. Then behold the terrible clouds of smoke

it sends forth, and hearken to the fearful noise it makes! Truly they must be gods; for men could not do such things!"

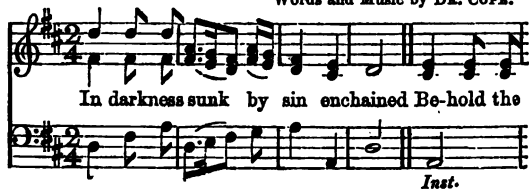
The Missionary tried to make the Hindoo understand that it was education and religion which made the English so much more wise and powerful than others; and that his people, if they became Christians, would be able to do the same things. He told him also that there was but one God, who created heaven and earth, and that it was vain and wicked to pray to any other being. But all he said had no effect. The poor man pointed again to the bridge and the ship, and with such objects before his eyes, was not to be persuaded that they were the work of human hands, and that the makers of them were but men.

But the *skill* of Englishmen is not the only reason which has led some of these poor people to worship them. There is one district in Southern India, where the *vices* and the *violence* of our countrymen have produced the same effect. The inhabitants of that district are called *Shanars*. They mostly live by cultivating the palm-tree. All of them are devil-worshippers. These evil spirits they dread very much; and they suppose that they are pleased with horrible ceremonies, and they are constantly adding some new object of worship to those evil spirits. And amongst these there is an Englishman, who died in the country, and at whose tomb the *Shanars* offer *spirits* and *cigars*!

How long shall these poor benighted heathens worship and serve the creature more than the Creator, who is God over all, blessed for evermore? The answer is easy. They will do so until Missionaries go amongst them, to make known the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. And how can it be otherwise? for "how can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how can they hear without a preacher?"

PRAYER FOR THE HEATHEN.

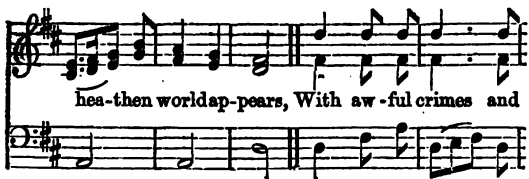
Words and Music by DR. COPE.



In darkness sunk by sin enchained Be-hold the

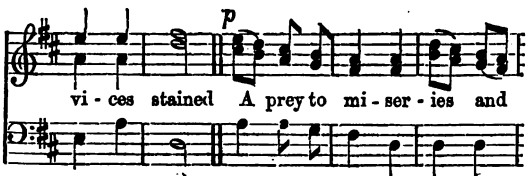
Inst.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics 'In darkness sunk by sin enchained Be-hold the' are written below the staves.



hea-then world ap-pears, With aw-ful crimes and

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues on the treble clef staff, and the accompaniment continues on the bass clef staff. The lyrics 'hea-then world ap-pears, With aw-ful crimes and' are written below the staves.



vi - ces stained A prey to mi - ser - ies and

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues on the treble clef staff, and the accompaniment continues on the bass clef staff. The lyrics 'vi - ces stained A prey to mi - ser - ies and' are written below the staves. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is placed above the treble staff.



fears, A prey to mi - ser - ies and fears.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The melody continues on the treble clef staff, and the accompaniment continues on the bass clef staff. The lyrics 'fears, A prey to mi - ser - ies and fears.' are written below the staves. A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is placed above the treble staff.

MISSIONARY HYMN, BY DR. COPE.

PRAYER FOR THE HEATHEN.—PSALM lxxiv. 20.

'Have respect unto the covenant: for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'

IN darkness sunk, by sin enchain'd,
Behold the heathen world appears!
With awful crimes and vices stain'd,
A prey to miseries and fears.

Here Africa's sons, a numerous host,
Degraded and untutor'd stand;
There Asia's soft, luxuriant coast,
Enwapp'd in Superstition's band

Shine from on high, Almighty Lord,
On pagan lands with splendour shine;
And let thy powerful, saving word,
Go forth in triumphs all divine.

Behold thy promise, full of grace,
Thy fix'd, immoveable decree—
That men of every clime and race
At length thy glory, Lord, shall see.

Hear our united earnest prayer,
Our inmost souls' supreme desire:
The banner of the cross uprear,
And scatter wide the gospel fire;

Till nations, or remote or nigh,
On Jesus' holy name shall call;
And join with saints above the sky,
To crown the Saviour Lord of all.



KAFFIRS.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1852.

KAFFIRS AND THEIR CHILDREN.

You have no doubt heard or read a great deal about the Kaffirs. At the present time, you know the English are at war with some of them. They are, therefore, our enemies, and they do all they can to kill our soldiers, and to rob the colonists of the Cape of Good Hope of their cattle and other property. On this account it is common to condemn them, in strong terms, as the most fierce, and deceitful, and cruel people in the world. And no doubt they *are* very wicked, and deserve to be condemned. But *why* are they so bad? It is because they are heathens. They know not God. Sad to say, there is not a word in their language which describes that great and good Being who made, and who preserves them. And when we take this into account, can we wonder that they should be what they are? Can we wonder that they suppose the world to be governed by wicked impostors, who pretend to give rain from heaven—to find out what will come to pass by dreaming and inter-

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preting dreams—or to discover witches, who, they fancy, have power to find out wicked people, and to take away their lives by a glance of the eye, or a wish of the heart? Can we wonder at their believing that lying, cheating, stealing, and even murder, are scarcely crimes, if a person has been strongly tempted to commit them; and that they will not be punished if payment is made of a few oxen? Nor is it surprising that in their passion they should sometimes destroy their children; and when wives or parents become too old to work, that they should be cast out, and left to perish in disease, and want, and misery.

But though we may not wonder at the savage state of a people so ignorant of all that is most necessary to render them wise, and kind, and holy, and happy, we should pity and pray for them, and do what we can to make them better. And there are some things about these savages, besides their condition and their crimes, which should make us feel an interest in them. They are a fine race of people—tall and manly in their appearance, obedient to their chiefs, and faithful to their friends. But there is one part of their conduct which will especially interest our readers, and to which our remarks will be confined—their treatment of their children. This, as you may suppose, is not *always* wise or kind, but neither is it always foolish or cruel. You shall hear a little on this subject; and what I shall tell you is stated by Mr. Niven, who was a faithful Missionary among them, but has been forced by the present war to leave their country.

As soon as a little Kaffir baby is born, he is wrapped up in a cold and dirty sheep-skin. If the mother lives, the little stranger, after having been thus huddled up in darkness, without food, for a day or two, is taken to her bosom and nourished there; but if she dies, which is not seldom the case, no other kind friend will perform for it a parent's part. The helpless babe is then forsaken and forgotten, and soon dies from neglect and starvation, when it is buried in the same hole with its mother—the grave being the burrow of the ant-eater.

Where Missionaries are, they, you may be sure, do all they can to deliver these helpless orphans from death; and Mr. Niven tells us that he had saved and fed many of them, who are now fine healthy children. But he, and others like him, have done more than this for these little ones, by leading many a Kaffir mother to love Jesus, and learn of Him who took the infants in his arms, and said, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But if the mother lives, the babe does not want a friend. Yet some of the ways in which kindness is shown to it, will seem very strange to you. One of the first things done for the child is, not to clothe it very nicely in a neat little dress, but to smear it all over with whitewash, and then to hold it over a heap of burning herbs, that its body may be well smoked. But this, though far from pleasant to the poor babe, is much less painful than another operation—that of cutting off the first joint of one of its fingers. And why, you may ask, are these and other foolish and wicked practices performed?

If you were to put that question to a Kaffir mother, she would tell you that she knows of many people who have a bad heart towards her, and who wish to kill her child, and that the whitewash, the smoke, the loss of a finger-joint, and similar means, will be a protection against their wicked intentions.

Like other heathen, the Kaffirs have no schools, and do not know or care about any education which can be given to their children, unless it fits them to hunt, to work, to fight, or to do other similar things. Still, there are some useful lessons which the Kaffir mother teaches to her little ones. From their earliest years, for instance, they learn to be patient when they suffer pain; and it is quite wonderful to see how still they are in circumstances where other children would scream and writhe in agony. Mr. Niven says that it is no uncommon thing for children to roll into the fire, which is always kindled on the ground in the middle of the tent where they live; and that, when they have been brought to him to have their dreadful wounds dressed, he has wondered much to see these little sufferers stand trembling all over with pain, but without shedding a tear or uttering a murmur. And if at any time the torture was so great that a cry was forced from its lips, instantly the exclamation of the mother, "Patience! patience!" hushed the sound, and the silent little sufferer would be seen nerving himself anew for the endurance of pain.

Another thing which these children are taught is, to submit to the will of their parents. And there is one plan acted upon by all Kaffir mothers—never to let the infant have its own way, merely because it

tries, and tries again to get it. For example: enter a Kaffir hut, and watch the mother as she sits busily weaving a basket. Her chubby infant, only a few months old, is crawling upon the floor, and, attracted by the glittering light of the fire, is making its way towards it. All this while the eye of the mother turns frequently to her babe, and just as its little hand is stretched out to touch the blaze, she seizes and drags it away. Failing at this point, the child creeps round to another part of the burning heap, and makes a similar effort, but with no better success. Other attempts follow, until, wearied or convinced, the babe tries no more, and has learned a lesson of submission which a thousand harsh sounds and false threats would never have taught it. The Kaffir teaches her children submission by her deeds, not by her words.

Under this training, Kaffir children early make themselves useful to their parents. From four years old and upwards, they have their work to do, and they do it. One will be seen hasting from the stream or the spring with a vessel of water upon his head; another is watching the kids, or waiting attentively upon a calf; another is in the garden with his eye fixed upon a crow, as he hovers in the air, and shows a desire to make his dinner off the ripening corn. Others are scattered through the fields, scaring the birds, or the baboons and monkeys, who, full of their frolics, play at hide and seek with the young sentinel until he is quite outwitted, and compelled to call his mother to help him to save the ripe pumpkins by driving these robbers away.

But these children help each other as well as ob-

their parents ; and whatever they get from strangers, they willingly share with their companions. When Mr. Niven first visited some Kaffir villages, the children, who had not seen a white man before, were frightened at him, and ran away in a great hurry ; but he got them back by offering them a piece of bread. Very cautiously the boldest was tempted to draw near to him, and, having taken it, then he would scamper off, followed by the rest. But he would not run, like a greedy child, to get out of their way, that he might eat it all himself ; on the contrary, he would sit down with the rest, and share it equally with them all. Now you may suppose, that when these children learn and love the Bible, they readily show their kindness to others who have not received the same blessed book. One day Mr. Niven heard a knock at his door, and when he opened it, there stood eight boys, most of them with no clothing except a dirty sheepskin. He asked them what they wanted. "Work," said they. "Our fathers and mothers have told us there is to be a collection on the Sabbath, and we have nothing to give." They got work, and all their little earnings were cheerfully thrown into the plate on the next Lord's-day.

And there is one respect in which these Kaffir children are better than many even in our own country. They are not mischievous ; they do not seem to take pleasure in injuring any thing, or annoying anybody. They will not destroy flowers, nor break down hedges, nor enter gardens, nor steal fruit.

One other thing only shall be added about these children. It is, that they love their parents and their home. It sometimes happens that a Kaffir child is lent by its father to some stranger; but they are never happy till they get home again. One little fellow had nearly lost his life in endeavouring to gratify this feeling. He had been lent to a friend who lived about five miles from his father's village. One night he slipped away, and wandered towards his home, but he did not reach it. Search was made for him in vain. Three days and three nights passed by, and it was believed that the poor boy had been devoured by wild beasts. On the fourth day some Kaffirs were hunting in a wood, and while there one of them fancied he heard a human voice. He went in the direction of the sound, and espied the boy, weak and dying from want and weariness, under a tree. As he came to the spot, the poor little fellow faintly cried, "My mother! my mother!" and then he added her name. Happily the young man knew him and his mother, and, lifting him up in his arms, said, "Don't be afraid; I know your father's house; I'll take you home." Soon after, he put him down in the midst of his rejoicing parents; and though they were heathen, the father, for the first time, acknowledged Him who is the preserver of men, and exclaimed, "That is God's child! God has preserved him!"

Let us not, dear children, despise one of these little ones, but do what we can that they may all be brought to know the Saviour, and to love his service.

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG,
BY THE REV. O. H. BATEMAN.

(*Concluded from page 158.*)

"AND now, dear children," said Mr. Bateman, as he closed his Lecture, "you will ask, What can we do to help on this great work in Africa? It must not be that these souls are being saved, this work of civilizing and blessing these degraded tribes is going on, and we have no share in it. Every boy and girl must have part in the work, that, when the glorious triumph comes, they may have a part in the reward. 'But what can I do?' you say. 'I am but a little child. I cannot go out as a Missionary to preach, or make speeches at home, and get great sums of money in behalf of the heathen. I fear there is nothing I could do. Oh! yes, there is a great deal that you can do; and though each only does a little, yet all of you together can do a great deal. You know the Scotch people say, 'Mony a little makes a muckle;' and there was once a good Scotch minister, the famous Dr. Chalmers, who used to talk much of '*the power of littles*,' and showed once, that if the people living in one of the Western Isles would only give up, I think, *every seventh pinch of snuff* they used, it would raise some hundreds a-year, and keep the Gospel amongst them. Don't say you can do nothing. Why, if every little child here, and all through the country, attending our Sunday-schools, would only collect one penny a week for Missions, it would amount in the year to about £433,333, or nearly half a million of money, which, if divided amongst the principal Societies, would nearly double their incomes, and enable them to do twice as much good in the world as they are doing. The mighty power of the children of this country, in this great work, has been already shown again and again. I find that

in five years—the first five years of the juvenile movement—the children of Great Britain raised, for the different Missionary Societies, about £34,000. I find, that in a very few months the little folks connected with the London Missionary Society raised nearly £7000 to buy the Missionary ship; and now, during the past year, have collected £3000 more, to refit her and send her out again to sea. I know you can do much, if you will. It only wants *all of you at it*, and great things will come out of your efforts.

“ And what must those efforts be?

“ 1. Why, first, you can *all give something*. No matter how little; it is put to other littles, it will help to ‘make a muckle’ in the end. Do not satisfy yourself with begging of others; give up some little pleasure, rather than not give something of your own. You have heard of the little chimney-sweep, who gave his penny, and so bought ‘a share in the concern;’ and I want you all to give your own pennies, and buy a share in the great concern of converting Africa and the world to Christ.

“ 2ndly. You can all *collect something*.

“ Some of you can collect money, as you do already. Suppose you collect for one month or one quarter, specially for Africa, and the rest of the year for all the world, would not that be well? There are pretty little Missionary boxes in abundance, to be got at the different schools, and churches, and chapels you attend. Ask your parents to let you have one, and begin and collect at once. When it is full, get another, and another, and never tire in this good work. Others can collect what will, in some cases, be for Africa quite as useful as money,—I mean, various things useful at the different Mission-stations and in the schools. Of these, I may name all the things used in our day-schools at home,—slates, pencils, maps, globes, pictures, such as those you see in your British and Foreign and Infant-schools. For

the girls, pins, needles, thimbles, scissors, and all things used for girls' work of various kinds.

"Then, for the boys, various tools, with which to learn their trades, such as those used by carpenters, turners, cabinet-makers, shoemakers, and tailors.

"In some schools and some families, a large box is sometimes filled with these things. The little boys and girls interested in the work are supplied with a list of all that is wanted to fit out this box,—so many saws, so many planes, so many hammers, &c.; or so many needles, so many thimbles, &c.; and then they ask their friends what they will give. One will, perhaps, give a saw, another a plane, &c.; one, a dozen of thimbles, and another a case of needles, till the whole stock is collected, when it is sent to the Mission-house in London, specially marked for South Africa.

"Some of you might collect for a set of pictures for one of the schools (I think you would get 120 of the coloured natural-history pictures of the Christian Knowledge Society for 17s. 6d.); some for a pair of, say, 12-inch globes; and some for a set of educational maps. These would help to furnish the school-rooms nicely; but in these cases you had better write to Mr. Prout, and ask if such and such things would be useful just then, or what would be most acceptable.

"Some of the little girls might make clothes for the poor children at the stations; or, what would be still better, beg *remnants of calico*, &c., to send out for them to make clothes for themselves, which would both teach them to sew, and keep them well employed. Whatever you make, however, must be of the plainest and most useful character. Whatever is useful for our own working-people, would be suitable for the Mission-stations, but some things are particularly so; about which any little working Societies can have full directions by applying at the Mission-house.

"I have thus told you some ways by which you can help the Missions in South Africa, and I hope not in vain, but that you will now all set to work, and do what you can.

"And now two words, and I have done. I want to gain two things from you before I close.

"1st, I WANT YOUR PRAYERS;

"2ndly, I WANT YOUR LIVES.

"1st, I WANT YOUR PRAYERS.—It would be a great thing to have all the prayers of the little boys and girls of Great Britain; and it would be no mean thing to have just the prayers of the boys and girls that have attended these meetings. It is reckoned, that each October I have spent thus lecturing to you, not fewer than about 30,000 of the children of this great city have attended the meetings. What a glorious thing it would be to have 30,000 prayers going up every night to God, and asking, 'Let thy kingdom come; let thy will be done on earth!' Don't you think the angels in heaven would rejoice in hope for the world, when they heard the 30,000 children's prayers coming up for the advance of the kingdom? Why, I almost fancy they would stop all their golden harps, lest their song should hinder the voice of each child being heard; and listen till the last lingering prayer had died away, and then break out in one rich, loud anthem, singing, as they prayed, 'There's hope for the world; for 30,000 children upon earth are praying for its conversion.' Oh! let every boy and girl here, when he or she kneels to-night,—and I hope you will all to-night and every night,—in prayer (you would surely never think of lying down on a prayerless bed), as each of you kneels to-night before your God, you will put in a simple prayer for the poor perishing heathen, and specially to-night for wretched, degraded Africa.

"2nd. Then, besides your prayers, we want your *lives*. Yes, we want all the lives of all these boys and girls for this great enterprise,—that is, if they grow up to be men and women ;—

we want them to resolve to-night that they will grow up promoting this glorious work, that it shall form a part of their every-day's thoughts how they can help it on, mingle itself with all their plans, and, if opportunity offers, be the great business, with some of them, to which they give all their time and life. I want some of you to work the great Societies at home when you grow up, and others to go forth to preach the Gospel abroad. I am no prophet, dear children, and yet I can see, by the light of this precious Bible, that great and glorious times are quickly coming in upon the world. A dark veil, it is true, hangs over the future history of the world; but in this book the spirit of prophecy seems to me to lift its skirts, and give us bright glimpses of coming glory, and coming glory now not far off,—glory that may break all on you as you reach your manhood. Another thirty years, and who can tell what openings God may have made into this dark interior of Africa, into those black places of Asia, throughout these heathen islands? With steamers going to all parts of the East, ready openings into hitherto unknown lands, knowledge may soon be running to and fro in the earth, the nations soon waking up, and the Gospel finding an open door on every hand. But if so, we shall want more men and more means; and as on you, dear boys and girls, these great things will come, I want you now to catch the spirit you then will need, and young though you are, solemnly and earnestly to dedicate your lives to convert the world to Christ. I want you now to determine, that if spared to manhood, you will live for Christ, and that, as others fall, you will carry on the cause and the promotion of this glorious work. Let me tell you a little story: Many, many years ago, a company of daring soldiers, I think in Italy, marched off to give battle to their enemies. Before them walked the standard-bearer, and beside him stood his bold and daring wife, holding by the hand their little boy. The battle was very hot; but that noble woman never

stirred a step, but cheered her husband on by kind and gladdening words. At last, a shot from the enemy struck the poor standard-bearer, and he fell; and, as he fell, the standard dropped from his hands, and was stained with the blood flowing from his wounds. The moment his companions saw it, they became disheartened, and began to give way. The woman saw them giving way, and all her spirit rose at once. For the moment she forgot she was a widow and her child an orphan, and, lifting the banner from the ground, she placed it, all stained with her husband's life-blood, in the hand of her child, saying, as she did so, 'There, my boy, take the banner. Your father died bearing it aloft. Bear you it aloft, like him; and never let it go till like your father, you fall upon the battle-field.' The boy took the banner, and, though he knew but little of the danger to which the act exposed him, lifted it high above his head, and, stepping on to the centre of the bridge the soldiers were trying to take, was seen alone by all. A joyful shout rose as the men saw the boy bearing the blood-stained banner, rallied each other's hearts, returned to the attack, and soon won the day.

"Take the banner,—the banner of the Saviour's cross, all stained with a Saviour's blood. Your fathers have lived to hold it high, and bear it on. They have done so in many a heathen land, in the midst of many a hard-fought battle. But they have fallen, and are falling at their work. There is a John Williams fallen on the shores of Erromanga; there a Morrison and Milne, in the crowded land of China; there a Henry Martyn, on the burning plains of Tartary; and many more. As they fall, the banner drops from their hand. Who will lift it up, and bear it high against the enemy of God and man? Children, will not you? Oh! yes, I know you will. Here, take the banner; vow you never will forsake its cause, but bear it high and bear it on, until the shout is heard, 'Hallelujah, the kingdoms of the earth'

are the kingdoms of God and Christ,' or you lie dead upon the battle-field."



MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA,

ARRIVAL AT ANEITEUM.

No. 5.

A BRIGHT morning followed the gloomy evening of our visit to Fotuna. Our brig had shot fast a-head during the night, so that we cast anchor by ten o'clock off the island of Aneiteum. This is a much larger island than either of the two last we had visited, and in some respects more important. I was sketching a view of its mountains and valleys from the deck, when, on lifting my eyes, I espied a few canoes with natives leaving the shore. They approached us, not eagerly, and with laughter and shouts, as did the Tanese, but slowly and cautiously, keeping for some time at a distance from our vessel, and looking shy and suspicious. We talked to them over the side of the brig, as well as we could, and by every means we could use tried to get them on deck. At length they ventured to come, but still with something like fear.

As soon as we had made them feel a little at home, we asked, "Where is Tavita, the teacher?" Pointing right over the mountains, they made us understand that he was on the opposite side of the island. We offered a man a present if he would go and fetch him. He hastened ashore, swiftly crossed the island, and by the next day-dawn Tavita was safely on board. Shortly after I was with him on deck, breathing the ocean's free, fresh air, mingled with rich scents from the adjacent mountains, after a restless night in the close, hot cabin below. Leaning against the sturdy bulwark of the old *Camden*, I listened, now with a shudder, and then with a gladsome thrill, to Tavita's account

of Aneiteum's customs and cruelties, his own many trials, and many efforts on behalf of the people.

The appearance of the people we had already seen, told us that they were as low, as dark, and most likely as cruel as any we had yet visited. And appearances told truly. They do not form large settlements where they have fixed homes, but small parties build four or five houses in one spot, where they dwell for a time and then remove to a new place. Their houses, being most wretched huts, are of little value, and are easily removed or abandoned. They have nothing like heathen temples, god-houses, or idols. Yet they pray to certain imaginary gods. And they believe there is a great Supreme Power somewhere, and that there is and will be a dwelling-place for the soul. This dwelling-place they call *Ipaki*. In this place of spirits they say there are two parts or divisions, one of which is for the good, the other for the bad. All who go to the happy division of *Ipaki*, find their heaven in plenty to eat and drink. Those who go to the dreary part, suffer from lack of food,—half starvation, I suppose—a sort of everlasting famine, for ever hungry, yet never supplied with enough to satisfy. Thus you see

“ They know *some* heaven, they fear *some* hell,
Some endless joys, *some* endless pains.”

But how different from that glorious heaven, that gloomy hell, those high sweet joys, those piercing, awful pains of which our Bible tells us !

But mark by what a strange journey the souls of all, both good and bad, get to *Ipaki*. When the soul leaves the body, it travels over the land till it comes to the west point of Aneiteum. From this point it leaps into the sea, and gets across to Tana, which is forty or fifty miles off. It then journeys over the land till it reaches the west point of Tana, and, leaping again into the sea, makes its way to

Erromanga. It then hastens over the mountains of that island to its west point, and thence it plunges down into the region of Ipeki. Does this long, laborious journey of the soul to its last home, seem very strange to my thoughtful young reader? And does it make him smile? Ah! let it also make him shed a tear. What know those poor pagans of that kind Saviour, who taught us how sure and swift is the soul's passage to heaven, when he said to the dying thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The people of this island are tormented by the same notions and fears about disease-makers, as are the Tanese. But one cruel custom belongs to them alone. It is the practice of strangling widows. That is, when a husband dies, it is the custom to strangle his poor wife by drawing a rope round her neck, till her breath is stopped, and her face shows signs of agony, and she dies. Her body is then bound to that of her husband, heavy stones are fastened to their feet, and they are then taken in a canoe out to sea and cast into the deep. If any little children are left who cannot take care of themselves, they are strangled to death and cast into the sea also. "Why should they live," say their barbarous friends, "since there is no one to take care of them?" Now all this shocking, merciless work is done, not by some stranger or enemy, but by friends. The poor widow is strangled by her own brother; and, unaccountable as it may seem, I was actually told that the horrid deed is done as a mark of respect and compassion! Do such people know what true compassion means? The cries and shrieks of their writhing widows and infants, as the fatal rope chokes their struggling breath, answer in agony, "No." Can they ever be taught what pity is, and how? How, but by being told the melting story of the cross?—of Jesus, pierced and dying for them that they might never die? Yes, this in time will move them, and as they look on the loving Jesus, the Lamb of God, bleeding for them, tears will

gush from eyes that had never learned to weep, and there shall be a great mourning among the poor people of Aneiteum. The teachers who had lived for a short time amongst them had sought to teach them about Christ, but their lives were at one time in great peril. Of this, however, and other things about Aneiteum, I will tell you in my next paper, begging you to remember, that you leave us in the *Camden*, riding at anchor about a mile from the shore, where clustering trees dip their bending branches in the rippling waters of the rising tide.

REPORT OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR
1852.

THE Report of the London Missionary Society has just been published ; and although we cannot give our readers a full account of its contents, there are two or three facts in it which will interest them.

It states, for instance, that, in Tahiti, where the French and the Roman Catholics have done all they could to hinder the Missionaries and injure the people, four *natives* had been ordained as *pastors* over churches in that island. At Rarotonga, too, a great and a good work had been going on, and Mr. Gill says that more than 300 persons had been brought under conviction of sin in about six months. And then, the liberality of these poor people to the Missionary cause is quite wonderful. Many of them, Mr. Pitman says, have given their *all*, and that with cheerfulness. One instance of this will be found in our June Magazine; and the Report adds, that these pious islanders, though very poor, have subscribed during the last year £108! And for what do they so willingly give their property? It is that others who *are* as wretched as they *were*, may receive the same gospel which has turned them from dumb idols to serve the living and the true God.

But such proofs of Christian liberality are not confined to the South Seas. The converted Negroes in the West Indies have always shown a similar spirit. And the Report this year shows that, though they have not so much money to give as they used to have when they had more work and higher wages, their hearts are as large, and their gifts as free, as ever. Mr. Gardner, of Jamaica, says that there was a very respectable female member of his church, who always went to the market on Saturdays, to sell cakes. And as her husband was not badly off, Mr. Gardner wondered why she did so, and asked her the reason, when she told him that she wanted to *get* a little money, that she might *give it away*. The Missionary then reminded her that her husband always gave liberally. "Yes," she replied, "*but he earns all that; and I want to feel that I am giving away what I have myself earned. I can then think that I am doing a little.*" Mr. Alloway also mentions the case of a blacksmith, called Thomas Morgan, who, when the people were suffering very much from want of rain and of employment, came to his teacher, and said that, as the times were getting harder, and he could not tell what might happen to him during the year, he wished to pay his subscription beforehand. He then gave Mr. Alloway £1 16s. as his own subscription, and soon after, his wife and aged mother paid 12s. more on their own account. There would be no want of money for spreading the gospel, if Christians in this country, rich and poor, young and old, had the excellent spirit of this poor blacksmith.

When speaking of China, the Report mentions the case of no less than sixteen men at Shanghai, who appear to have been truly converted during the past year,—a fact which has greatly rejoiced the heart of the Missionary, and which, we hope, will encourage the efforts of our readers. The Report also states, that the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society had now printed the Chinese New Testament in beautiful metal type, and that this blessed book could be

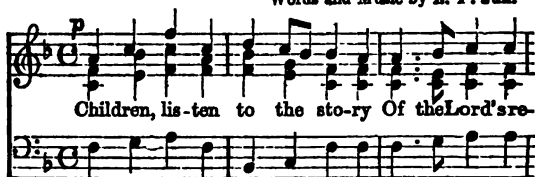
sold for fourpence. Dr. Tidman, at the Annual Meeting, placed a copy in the hand of the Lord Mayor, with which the chairman was greatly pleased.

The Report contains a very interesting account of the conversion of the young Hindoos in the College at Calcutta, and the sufferings they had to bear in consequence; about which we have informed our readers before. Another instance, however, of a similar kind is mentioned by Mr. Clarkson. It is that of a young man, a near relative of the prime minister of the Prince of Baroda, and the teacher of the Prince's son. When a lad, he had learned some Christian truths from a Missionary. These truths remained in his memory; and though, for a time, like seed cast into the ground, they appeared to be dead, yet, by the good providence of God, they were quickened unto life, and have now brought forth good fruit. He was seized with illness. Death seemed near at hand. He felt his danger, and said that he needed just such a Friend and Saviour as he had heard of in former days. He therefore inquired for a Missionary; but there was not one at the place where he dwelt. Happily, however, his life was spared. But it was not with him as it is with many young people, who, after their recovery from sickness, grow as careless as ever about their souls. On the contrary, as soon as he recovered, having heard that Mr. Clarkson was in his neighbourhood, he sent him a letter. The Missionary soon went to see him. God blessed their intercourse. His wife, too, having been prepared by his instructions, followed her husband, and both gave up their rich friends and worldly prospects. This young man is twenty-one years of age, and his character, Mr. Clarkson writes, is such as to give him and other Christians the greatest delight, and to make a strong and very favourable impression upon the heathen.

These facts will show that God is doing great things among the heathen, whereof we should be glad.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

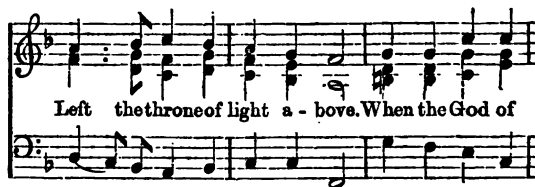
Words and Music by R. P. Jan.



p
Children, lis-ten to the sto-ry Of the Lord's re-



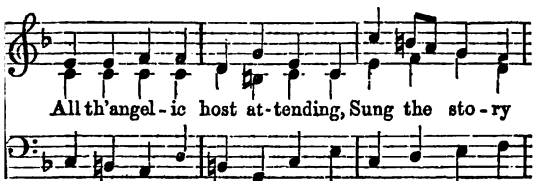
- deem-ing love; How the migh-ty king of Glo-ry



Left the throne of light a - bove. When the God of



heav'n des-cend-ing Came to dwell with men on earth,

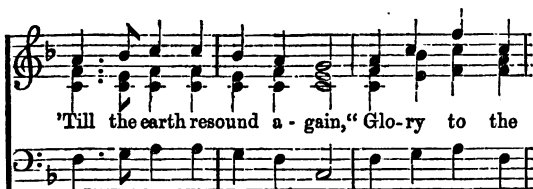


All th'angel-ic host at-tending, Sung the sto-ry

Chorus. f



of his birth. Let us raise the song to hea-ven



"Till the earth resound a - gain," Glo-ry to the



Lord be giv-en, Peace on earth, good will to men!"

MISSIONARY HYMN.

I.

CHILDREN, listen to the story
Of the Lord's redeeming love;
How the mighty King of Glory
Left the throne of light above.
When the God of heaven descending,
Came to dwell with men on earth,
All the angelic host attending,
Sung the story of his birth.

(Chorus.)

Let us raise the song to heaven,
Till the earth resound again—
"Glory to the Lord be given,
Peace on earth, good will to men!"

II.

While, astonished and delighted,
We behold thy Son appear,
Let us strive that men benighted
Soon the wondrous news may hear.
May the gospel be victorious,
Soon may Satan's empire cease,
And the nations learn the glorious
Tidings of the Prince of Peace.

(Chorus.) Let us raise, &c.

III.

Lord, may all men bow before thee,
May they know thy glorious name;
Let the heathen all adore thee,
And resound thine endless fame.
And while distant isles are telling
All the wonders thou hast done,
And the chorus loudly swelling,
Sounds the praises of thy Son,

(Chorus.) We will raise, &c



RESOLUTION BAY, TANA.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA. .
ANEITEUM. REVISIT TANA.

No. 6.

As we gazed on the island, everything invited us to quit for an hour our cooped-up quarters, and enjoy an ampler range on shore. In that region of glowing heat, the very sight of deep-shaded dells and groves seems linked with a refreshing sense of coolness to the sun-jaded occupants of a ship's deck. Urged, however, by weightier reasons than these, we determined to land, and for this purpose our boat was lowered about eleven o'clock. Tavita, of course, accompanied us as guide and interpreter. He was particularly desirous that we should land, and have an interview with the people. !

As we neared the shore, although not a dwelling was to be seen, several natives came out from amongst the trees that line the coast. One or two joyously capered about in the shallows, so glad were they

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that Tavita had returned to them. On landing, we were at once lost almost in a forest. Tavita told us the people lived inland, and led us forward. We followed, not forgetting that it was a land of widow-stranglers, infanticides, and cannibals; whose soil we were treading. Natives increased in number as we advanced along the path. They were not armed; and we were informed that they give themselves no trouble, as do the Tanees, in preparing war-weapons, but, in case of battle, hastily supply themselves with rough clubs from the woods. The walk was longer than we had expected; it was useless to wish it had been shorter, and needless, for Tavita was quite happy and trustful, and had no concern for our safety. While walking on, he told us of a notion held by the natives, which had been nearly fatal to his life. They would have it that the teachers were men cast off by their own countrymen, and had come to them only to seek food; that they were liars; and that the ship would not visit them again; and that they deserved to be killed.

But we had now arrived at the place to which the teacher wished to bring us. The path had led to an open space, where many natives had assembled from different directions. Our attention was at once turned by Tavita to one individual. We looked, and there, under the shade of a large tree, by the smoking embers of a small fire, sat a poor emaciated cripple. "There," said Tavita, "is my protector. One day the people rushed upon me to kill me, because they said I was a liar and a castaway man, and should never again be visited. I fled to that man. He

stayed them, and I was rescued." On inquiry, we found it was the old chief under whose protection the teachers had been formally placed, when first landed there. His name was Niumanusé. We walked up to him, shook hands with him, and heartily thanked him. He was a pitiable object; but the thought that he had alone and so promptly protected the teacher, cast around even him the halo of a generous deed. Looking at him, however, as he then appeared, one might have thought that a straw would as soon have checked a rushing torrent, as that his feeble voice or feebler arm should have stayed a band of boisterous savages bent on murder. But a sling and a stone and a stripling were once chosen by God to lay low a mighty giant cased in armour. The same God lives still.

We spoke to the people on various subjects. Very distinctly we told them that our object was quite different from that of the sandal-wood seekers, as there were three of their vessels on the opposite side of the island, and the sailors were shamefully imposing upon the natives. We told them that compassion for their souls had brought us to their shores, and for their bodies, too, which would also be benefited by the good news we brought them. When we pointed, for proof of what we said, to their unglad-painted bodies, in contrast with ourselves and the two or three Samoans who were with us, they were amused, and smiled. But it struck me that smiles seldom played on their dark features. A suspicious, gloom seemed to me to sit on their brows. And no wonder that it should. So often are they engaged:

in deeds of cruelty and blood, that the darker passions must sway their spirits. As we have come to know more of them, and the extent to which their fearful customs prevail, they appear to be "full of murder and malignity, and without natural affection." They seem not to know one another as parents and children, brethren and sisters, but are hateful, and hating one another. Who of my young readers does not from his heart exclaim,—

"Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er"?

But before I leave this island, let me tell you, that since I was there in 1842, there has been more improvement at Aneiteum, more good has been done there, and there are now better prospects for the future than at any other island of the New Hebrides. Devoted Missionaries, Powel, Geddie, and Archibald, have been toiling there. Books have been made and printed; some of the people have learned to read, a chapel is built, many have given up their superstitions, and, better than all, some few seem to be truly converted. The dawn of a brighter day has broken upon Aneiteum, and it is likely to become a centre of light to neighbouring islands.

Having arranged all matters with Tavita and his fellow-teachers (for we left fresh help with him), we weighed anchor at one o'clock, and stood for Tana, intending to pay our friends a visit of inquiry as to how they had passed the week since we left them.

All possible sail was set, in the hope of making Resolution Bay before night; but we failed, and the lurid light of the volcano lent us no help. So we stood out to sea till the morning. By daylight we found ourselves not far from Niua. In a few hours we had approached so near to it, that our brig was "brought to," and the captain and Mr. Buzacott went ashore. Having seen the teachers, heard a good report from them, and purchased a few pigs and fowls, they returned, and we steered direct for Resolution Bay. Before we left Samoa, one of the Missionaries had given us a young ox. This was killed while we were sailing on, that we might take a part of it to our friends at Tana, as there was reason to fear there would be difficulty in their getting animal food, and only pork at best.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, when about four miles from the harbour, the brig was again "brought to," the boat lowered, and Captain Morgan and myself took our departure for the shore with a goodly portion of the beef for the Mission party. While rowing along the coast by the volcano, we had a good opportunity of observing the external appearance of the mountain. It seems to have three craters, or mouths, from which smoke, cinders, and ashes are frequently sent forth in dense volleys. These generally fall on the leeward side of the mountain, which slopes down nearly to the sea, and is quite bare of vegetation. As we glided by the base of this slope, one almost fancied a tremulous motion in the sea itself, as the hoarse, thunder-like rumble of the huge furnace rolled upon our ears. Restless, however, as

the elements seemed in the earth's caverns beneath us, we could not have been overarched by a clearer, calmer sky.

We had not long left the volcano astern, when Resolution Bay, with its semicircular beach, backed by its ever-verdant mountains, opened charmingly before us. No wonder that the sainted John Williams was filled with delight, when, the day before his death, as the first herald of the Cross, he entered this lovely bay. It presented to us that afternoon as perfect a scene of repose as eye ever saw. Not one weary cloud lingered about the mountains, and their tree-clad peaks towered in the purest azure. The glistening plumes of the lofty cocoa-nut palms quivered in a gentle breeze. Not a canoe crossed the bay, and scarcely a native strolled along the shore. As we neared the point of beach where the Mission cottage stood, we looked again to the memorable spot, a little to the left, where Williams had that successful interview with the natives, which so much joyed his kindly heart, and where the first evangelists set foot on that heathen shore. And now our friends stood on the margin of the water, welcoming us. We found that a religious meeting was just over; and as we walked up to the cottage, there sat the devoted Heath, who had gone to help our friends in beginning of their Mission, teaching a class of Tana boys the alphabet, under the shade of the old bread-fruit trees. Think, young reader, how small and humble are the beginnings of that work, the fruits of which will be borne in heaven, and flourish for ever.

We were glad to find that, on the whole, circum-

stances had been favourable, during the days our friends had been among the people. They had, indeed, found the natives already backward in supplying them with some articles of food, and were therefore glad of the beef. Other comforts would be but scantily furnished at best. Of such things as we in England call comforts, they had scarcely the shadow. Trackless oceans severed them from civilized lands. Their only Protector was unseen, though ever at hand. None but brutalized forms of men passed and re-passed their lone dwelling. The "one thing" they were there to do, their only work, was with these very beings. And does my thoughtful reader pity them, and think of them as exiled from all happiness? But think again. God had called them there. They had obeyed his voice. They cheerfully chose to be there, because it was their Saviour's will; and were they not in the sure path of the purest happiness? Yes,—

"They might be calm and free from care

On that strange shore, with Jesus there."

With a happy smile of sacred satisfaction they bid us a final adieu.

Our boat was now launched, and with many a thought of our brethren and their wives, and their hard "work of faith," we rowed away to the *Camden*. As we got out of the harbour, a fresher breeze blew, and sail was hoisted to ease our hearty sailors, and speed our course; for the vessel was three or four miles out to sea, and the sun nearly set. As we came close up to the brig, we were on the wrong

side for boarding her, and had to pass to the other. The captain steered across under the bowsprit, and a noble sight it was to see how buoyantly the prow rose, unfettered by anchor, upon the breast of the ocean swell. But it was a perilous moment. The captain ordered the boat's sail and mast to be quickly struck. The sailor's dexterity for once failed him. The mast was as near as possible being caught by the booms of the bowsprit. The brig lifted high her broad prow; her next plunge threatened to sink us, boat and all, when providentially the mast was lowered, the boat shot ahead, and we were safe. Night was now setting in; and as soon as we were on deck and the boat hoisted, our work at the New Hebrides was finished.

As we sailed along the coast of Tana that night, leaving this interesting group behind, many an earnest thought, as to the present and future state of those islands, occupied our minds. I had seen enough to convince me that it was no tame, every-day sort of work that was to be done there, but one of sternest difficulty and truest heroism; that men of one aim, men of strong resolve, men of great grace, men of quenchless compassion, were wanted. Ten years have gone since then, and at this day there are but one or two such men there, native teachers excepted; and ten years hence, I fear the brunt of the work will still remain to be borne at most of the islands. What if some one or other of my youthful readers, pondering these things, should pray that *he* may have grace to fit him for the hard work there to be done, and ten or twelve years hence should find himself a Missionary at Tana or Erumanga?

DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

IN a former paper I have given our readers some account of Dr. Livingstone, and now I shall tell them a little about his travels and discoveries. If our young friends will look at a map of Africa, they will find that a large part of it to the north of the Kuruman and Kolobeng,—Missionary stations where Mr. Moffat and Dr. Livingstone are labouring,—is nearly a blank. And many have fancied that this part of the country is a desert, without streams, towns, or inhabitants. But this turns out to be a great mistake. Dr. Livingstone has travelled more than 500 miles to the north of his station, and has discovered a large lake, some wide and deep rivers, and a region filled with people. And if you could see a map of the country he has visited, which Dr. Livingstone has sent to England, you would be surprised to find how many towns and villages and streams there are in it. But you shall hear a little about what he did, and what he saw, in those parts.

When Mr. Moffat was in this country, he often spoke of a large lake, about which he had heard when he was in Africa, and he hoped after his return to that country to visit it. But it was more than 500 miles from his station, and there was a wide desert in the way, and as he was very busy teaching the Bechuanas, and translating the Bible into their language, he could not do what he desired. But his son-in-law determined to make the attempt, and his station was 200 miles nearer to the lake than Mr. Moffat's. But still it was no easy task to take such a journey. Again and again had parties of Griquas, who wanted to get the ivory, which was plentiful there, tried to cross the desert, but were forced to come back from want of water. But their failure did not prevent the Missionary from making a

trial. And he fully expected to succeed; first, because he was in earnest to carry the gospel to those who were in darkness; and secondly, because he believed that God would aid and preserve him. In this spirit he set out, with some natives and two English gentlemen, who helped him very much. For many days they travelled on over a dry and thirsty land. All around them there was spread out a wide, sandy desert. No streams, no fountains, no trees, no houses met their eye, and the scorching sunbeams made them weary and faint; but on they went, until they had travelled nearly three hundred miles, and then they received their reward. A large river, of which they had not even heard, all at once came in sight, and a fine country, covered with trees, and full of people. The name of the river was the Zonga; and you may suppose how the Missionary felt when he saw all this. His joy was very great. And you will not wonder that it was not long before he reached the banks of this river. He found it clear and bright, and more than 100 yards wide. And it was as beautiful as it was broad. Many of the trees upon its banks he had not seen before. Some of them were seventy feet round, and others were loaded with fruit. And had you been with Dr. Livingstone, the sight and sound of bright birds that sung and flattered in the branches, of many-coloured butterflies as they drew sweets from flowers as lovely as they were, would have filled you with pleasure. But perhaps other things were there which would not have pleased you quite so well; for on the same banks lay the huge hippopotamus, the ugly alligator, and other creatures whose company little folks would not be fond of, except when they meet with them in the cages of a Zoological Garden. But Dr. Livingstone thought more of the people who lived in that region than of anything else that was there. And what pleased him very much was, that, though their skin

was dark, and their appearance savage, their manner was open and friendly. As the Missionary sailed in one of their canoes up the river, he stopped at some of their villages on its banks, and was everywhere received and treated with kindness. In this way he travelled for 800 miles, until he reached the lake of which he had heard so much, but which no white man had looked upon until now. Here he learned that there were other fine rivers in that region besides that which he had discovered. One of these, the Tamunacle, he visited. And his heart was rejoiced to think how easy it would now be for Missionaries of Christ to find their way by these rivers to the multitudes of the people who dwelt near them. To some of these he spoke of the true God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ. They were strange sounds to these poor blinded heathen. But they did not turn a deaf ear to what they heard, as many do in our own land. On the contrary, they seemed to understand what God's servant told them, "better," he writes, "than any people to whom I have preached for the *first time*."

Now our readers will not wonder that after Dr. Livingstone got back to his station, he thought much of the good land of broad rivers in which he had been, and wished to visit it again, that he might prepare the way into it for Missionaries of Christ. Nor was it long before he resolved to take a second journey.

But the account of this, and of what followed, must be kept back until our next Number.

LETTER FROM A NATIVE TEACHER.

It is a great, a wonderful, and a glorious fact, that not less than seven hundred men, who *were* heathens, are now native teachers in connexion with the London Missionary-

Society. Many of them are very clever, as well as very good and devoted men; some have given up friends, worldly prospects, and property, for Christ's sake, and others have laid down their lives in the service of their Lord. Our readers would be very much interested if they could watch some of these devoted men, as they go forth to their work; and as the following extracts from a letter just sent by one of them, whose name is Joseph Daniel, to kind friends in Edinburgh who support him in India, will give an idea of the class to which he belongs, and of the way in which they work, it will be read with pleasure and profit :—

"March, 1852.

"Through the mercy of the Lord, I, your servant for Christ's sake, and my poor family, are quite well.

"Dear Brethren,—Though I have been hindered from writing to you, by several circumstances, I am now desirous of giving you a brief account of my labours during the past year.

"I have many times conducted the service in our chapel, with the natives, and have visited our Christian people in their own houses as often as I could. I trust many of them walk uprightly, but some of them are very careless of their souls. I have also visited the houses of several gentlemen resident here, and have preached the gospel to all their servants. Many of them did not hear me gladly, but came merely because their masters sent them. Though I have often warned them, and told them what wrath will come upon them that are not converted, yet they are not impressed. Two of these servants are Roman Catholics. Though these two did not, like the others, hear me with reluctance, they have not yet fully received the truth. One of these two is a friend of my youth. Though I had seen him many times over, yet I did not know who he was. After a long time, his father came to see my father, at my

house, and on that occasion he told me that his son was serving in so-and-so's house. On this, when I met the man again, I made myself known to him; and whilst we were speaking, I spoke much to him about his soul. When he had heard me, he spoke as if he would receive the gospel. I hope that this man will soon, by the blessing of God, leave off his Roman Catholicism. I have also gone to different places in the town, and sometimes to the villages, preaching the gospel to all classes of the people. Great numbers of the people believe the truth. They have not the least doubt about it; but are hindered from embracing it on account of their love of the world, and an unwillingness to leave off sin. One of the Roman Catholics confessed to me voluntarily, 'I know that our system is wrong; still I embrace it, because my parents embraced it. When I speak with our priests, they give me as good an answer as they can. When they cannot give me an answer, they go in and shut the door in my face.' The Roman Catholics are very ignorant, wicked, and abusive men. Often, when they could not reason with me, they have begun to revile.

"On the evening of the 23rd September last, T. Stamper (catechist) and myself went to the Lascar Lines. Whilst I was reading a tract there, at first twelve or thirteen persons were gathered together, and heard well. Gradually, the number increased up to fifty or sixty. Then a person among them began to say that the Virgin Mary was a goddess. 'How is she a goddess?' I asked. He answered, 'Because she brought forth Jesus Christ, who is God.' Then said I, 'Would you, then, say that the parents of the Virgin Mary were gods, because they produced the goddess Mary?' 'Yes,' he replied. I asked him over and over again the same question, and he answered, 'Yes, yes,' as often as I asked him. When I had asked him five or six times, and received this answer, I said, 'Then I suppose

that you say, like the heathen, that you have 330 millions of gods?' He replied, 'Yes;' and then he and others began to revile us. So we left them and came away to our houses.

"On the morning of the 3rd of December I went to a village called Blackpally, where there is a man distantly related to me. I heard that he was sick, and therefore went to his house. There were two other persons present whilst I was speaking to the sick man. One of these, seeing the figure of a cross on a tract which I had in my hand (addressed to Roman Catholics), began to speak to me, and said, 'A great number of your people in England have joined our church,' and this led to the following conversation between us. The Roman Catholic said, 'I have been to your chapel, too, and I assure you our system is the only proper one.' I replied, 'Very well; now, if a man who has seen with his own eyes, by means of a telescope, the planet Jupiter and his four satellites, were to speak of them to another man who had neither seen nor heard of them, would he also believe that it was true that there were such objects?'

"R. C. 'No; he would never believe it.'

"Catechist. 'Why so?'

"R. C. 'Because he has never seen them, and cannot see them with the naked eye.'

"Catechist. 'Well, now, the man who looks merely upon the different outward forms of churches, but is not able to judge from his own knowledge which is right and which is wrong, is just in the position of the man who cannot see the satellites with his naked eye. We must learn whether the character of a church is right by the Bible, that telescope which the Lord has given us. Therefore, you must read the Bible, and then tell us whether your system or ours is right. You do not act so, but believe that whatever your

priest says is true, and so you cannot tell which is right and which is wrong.'

"*R. C.* 'Ah! ah! we are not worthy to read the Bible.'

"*Catechist.* 'Who says so?'

"*R. C.* 'Our priests.'

"*Catechist.* 'Should we hear them, or God? It is said in the Word of God, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night,"' Psa. i. 1, 2. I quoted, also, the 119th Psalm. 'The Bereans, also, are praised for searching the Scriptures. Now, you say that your priests tell you not to read the Scriptures. Pray, will you not say that St. Paul is your minister?'

"*R. C.* 'Yes, he is.'

"*Catechist.* 'Very well; Paul says, 1 Thessa. v. 27, "I charge you by the Lord that this epistle be read unto *all* the holy brethren." Now, what do you say to this?'

"He replied, 'Ah! you do not understand the meaning of the verse,' and added many other foolish things. Then his companion said, 'No, no, we ought *all* to read the Scriptures;' then he became quiet.

"In the evening of September 1st, T. Stamper and myself went to the native town. Wishing to go more among the people, we did not take our stand at a fixed place, and begin to read a tract aloud, as we usually do (to attract a congregation), but went among the little groups of people who were sitting in different places. I saw three persons sitting together, and began to speak to them concerning the wickedness of the people, about the wrath that was about to come upon them, and of what Jesus had done to redeem them from such an awful state. These three persons heard me with great attention and respect. They did not say any-

thing against me when I spoke with severity about the worship of idols. Fancying that I was a Romanist, they said, 'What you say is quite true; but you, too, make and worship idols.' I then showed them the difference between the heathen and the Romanist, and said, 'I am not one of them; we do not acknowledge them. They are heathen, like yourselves.' On this, they expressed their assent, and made *salaam*, upon which I left them.

"On the morning of the 20th October I was in the Bazaar street, and there was one of my friends there. I gave him a tract, and whilst I was speaking to him some others gathered round us. One of them began to speak against Christianity. Then a bazaar-man said, 'Christianity is the true religion; but it is hard to do what they (the Christians) tell us to do.' During the last year a heathen man came to us, and wished to be baptized. We caused him to wait for a while. Whilst doing so, after the lapse of a few months he went to the Roman Catholic priest, and got baptized. I have since given him a tract, which exposes the errors of that system. I make a practice of going to see him, and always speak to him about his soul.

- "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Amen.

"I remain,

"Yours truly,

"J. DANIEL."

LETTERS FROM RAROTONGA.

In the Report for this year there is an account of the good work of God which has been going on in Rarotonga, and of the liberal spirit of the people. Now the following

letters come from two of the districts of that island; and if our readers will remember, as they read them, that the natives a few years ago were fierce savages and horrid cannibals, they will wonder and rejoice at the marvellous change:—

“ To the Minister who writes for the Society in England
(the Secretary of the London Missionary Society).

“ SIR,

“ Blessings on you. I am the man who writes for the Society at Mr. Gill's Station, Arorangi, Rarotonga. This my letter I write to you that you may know what we are doing at this season. This is indeed a joyful season to us. The cause of this joy is, that a great portion of our people, who have until this season been living heedlessly, have now become men of faith; some have joined our classes, others have been baptized, and others have been admitted to the church.

“ This is the cause of great joy to our Missionary, and also to the church. God has poured forth his Holy Spirit, as foretold by the prophets and the apostles—a spirit of fear, of repentance, and of desire after salvation by Jesus.

“ In the month of July last we collected together our contributions of help to the parent Society in *Beritani*, which is doing the work of God in all lands.

“ We first prayed to God. Then several of the brethren rose and spoke words of exhortation. Parents and children were assembled. Some of the old people told us how they used to take their offerings to the deceitful gods; now, however, they rejoiced to bring them to the true and living God.

“ When the speeches were ended, many of the children of the school repeated portions of the Word of God and of hymns, and afterwards the people brought their contri-

butions; some gave arrowroot, others gave money. The total for this year is £25 6s.

"The arrowroot has been sold to Messrs. Hort, merchants, Tahiti; and the Missionary, Mr. Howe, will send on the money to the Society.

"NA. STEPHANO."

"*Aotua, Oct. 22nd, 1851.*

"To the Oromedua Minister who writes for the Oromedua Minister Society, London (the Secretary of the London Missionary Society).

"SIR,

"Blessings on you from our Lord Jesus, the everlasting Saviour! Amen. We have experienced the great love of God during the times which have fallen behind us. By it we have been preserved and assisted; this enduring love has established all the blessings of the Gospel on our land. This is my little report to you. We have this year finished our school-house. It is a stone house: it is fifteen fathoms long, five fathoms wide, three fathoms high; it has seventeen windows, four doors, and fifty-eight seats each two fathoms long. This house was finished in the month of April. The Missionary of Mangaia (Mr. G. Gill) was at Rarotonga at the time, and preached at the opening.

"Now our school is quite filled every day—twice filled every day; in the morning by adults, in the forenoon by the children. We praise God for his great love to us. In the month of July we met to collect our little property for the Society; ours, however, is a land of no property, but the people brought what they had,—adults and children. It was a season of great good. Many hard hearts were

made soft, and the people gave what they had—their properties, their bodies, their souls—to God.

“The whole amounted to £31 1s.

“Now we ask you a question, Where is the Missionary Ship? We have been long waiting for it; now we are weary of waiting. We wish to see Barokot (Mr. Buzacott); we desire to receive the Word of God Mr. B. has been translating in England. When will he reach us? You must not detain him in England. We have with us a young man from Maniki, that heathen land. He says the people of Maniki are wondering why the ship is so long in coming. Do hasten it. This is our desire. Let it soon return to do the work of God among the islands. Friends, be diligent yourselves, and exhort the churches to be diligent; that is our prayer. Cease not to care for us. Help us by your prayers; our affections are towards you.

“Blessings on you from Jesus. Amen.

“NA. MAKEA,

“Who has charge of the Apinga Society, Avarua.”

JUVENILE MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARIES.

THE last-Report of the *Morden Hall Juvenile Missionary Association* has just reached us. Like all the previous reports of this most interesting Society, it is both instructive and surprising. During the past year these young people have supported two native preachers in India and one in Rarotonga; they have paid for the board and instruction of a boy and girl in China, and have granted £20 towards a chapel for one of their teachers! The amount subscribed and collected is £63 7s. 6d., and the different items which make up this large total show the industry, ingenuity, labour, and liberality of these zealous youths. The chief

part of this sum consists of small subscriptions, but there are two extras this year, a fancy fair and a Missionary pig! The last meeting was a very useful one, and from the report then read we insert the following notice of one of the native preachers whom they support.

"The Rev. W. Clarkson, who is well known to your Association, and has spoken from your platform, in writing concerning your native preacher Gungaram, says, 'Happy am I to give so good an account of him: he abounds in faith and love;' he again goes on to say, 'You would indeed be delighted with Gungaram if you knew him; the general feeling of the Mission is, what should we do without Gungaram? Affectionate, grateful, active, intelligent, and pious, he is in the fullest sense a comfort to us all; seven years since, he was a heathen; think of this man as the only convert from Déwan; think of the grace of God,—illustrated in drawing him out of the den of thieves, as that place literally is, long before he heard of a Missionary,—leading him on, from the reading of a tract, to take journey to Surât, one hundred miles distant, to get instruction in the Christian religion.' The account of his conversion is very interesting, but the space allowed for the Report will not permit it being given. Mr. Clarkson informs us of many particulars of Gungaram's missionary tour, in which he disposed of two thousand five hundred tracts! How must he who was converted through reading a tract, be delighted to find the heathen willing not only to receive them, but to purchase them from him. From the journal it appears that he and the two believers who accompanied him, congregated large assemblies, and had animated discussions: it was not uncommon for them to converse with the people till midnight, and on one occasion the dawn of day dispersed them."

Our young friends at *Wakefield* are also keeping up their

good character. At their last meeting it was reported that, during the year, they had raised £60. This good fruit has in part been gathered from Missionary Boxes, one of which had been promised to each family in Mr. Lorraine's congregation:—an excellent plan, which, if it were generally acted upon, would work wonders in increasing the income of the London Missionary Society. Another thing which makes this Auxiliary so useful, is the activity of the Secretary and Committee, and the kind interest taken in their proceedings by their much respected pastor. He took the Chair at their last Meeting, and was assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Bateman, Skinner, and Scales, whose addresses, with one by Master F. J. Dear, gave new life and energy to the collectors and subscribers. It would be a happy thing for the young, and for the heathen, were there such an Association and such Meetings in every congregation.

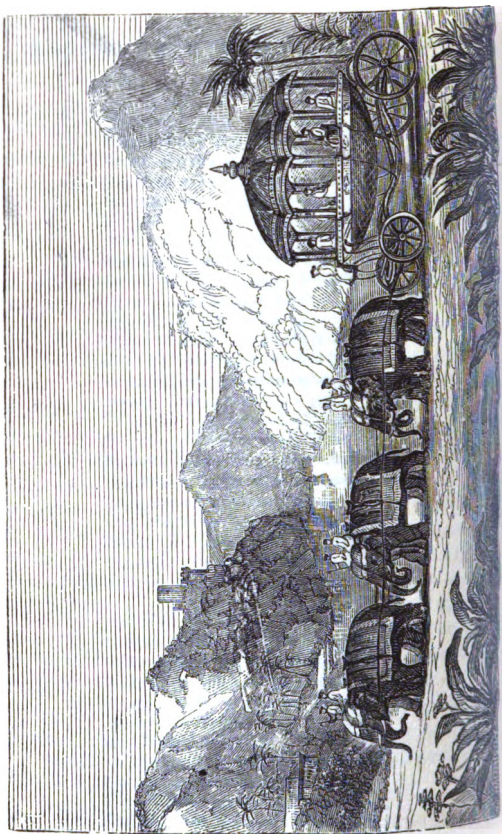
An interesting Meeting, in connexion with the *Pembury Grove Juvenile Missionary Association*, was held on the 27th February, when upwards of 200 took tea together. The report stated, that in June 1851, several youths of the Bible Class, resolving to make an effort for the cause of Missions, formed an Association to raise, by weekly or monthly subscriptions, sufficient to support two native teachers, one in India and another in the South Sea Islands. Such a resolution did these young friends great honour, and the result has shown that they meant what they said. At the time of the meeting they had obtained sixty subscribers, and they have since raised the required sums. Mr. Harbutt, from Samoa, attended the meeting, and interested them very much; and the manner in which they have begun to work is an earnest that they will not go back or grow weary.

HEAVENLY "ZION THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY."

Rev. xxi.

BEAUTIFUL Zion! built above!
 Beautiful city that I love!
 Beautiful gates of pearly white!
 Beautiful temple! God its light!
 Beautiful trees for ever there!
 Beautiful fruits they always bear!
 Beautiful rivers gliding by!
 Beautiful fountains never dry!
 Beautiful light without the sun!
 Beautiful day revolving on!
 Beautiful worlds on worlds untold
 Beautiful streets of shining gold!
 Beautiful heaven where all is light!
 Beautiful angels clothed in white!
 Beautiful songs that never tire!
 Beautiful harps through all the choir
 Beautiful crowns on every brow!
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show!
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear!
 Beautiful all, who enter there!
 Beautiful throne for God the Lamb!
 Beautiful seats at God's right hand!
 Beautiful rest! all wanderings cease!
 Beautiful home of perfect peace!

And shall the heathen, dark and wild,
 Debased by sin, with dreams beguiled,
 Of this bless'd world, so bright, so fair,
 Be never taught to think or care?
 Its open gates, its pathway plain,
 Declare that all this world may gain;
 And Jesus Christ himself has come,
 To lead the wretched wanderers home.
 Then let us work, and let us pray,
 That all mankind may know the way,
 And find their home and happy rest,
 Where Jesus reigns, and all are bless'd.

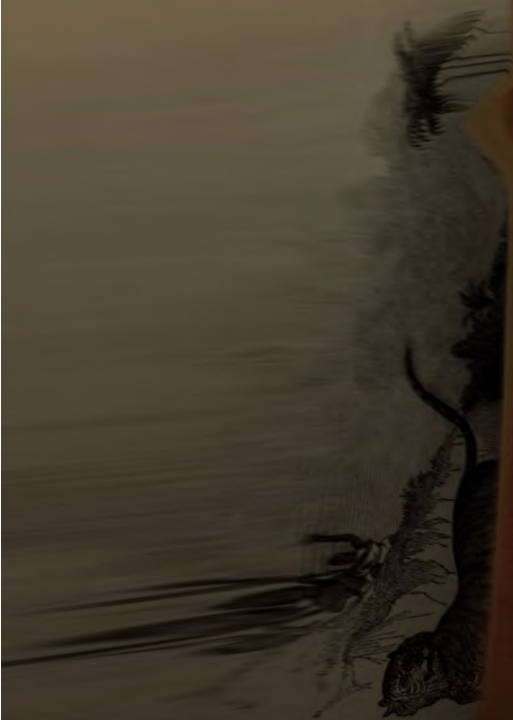


THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1852.

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

INDIA is a very large country. Some parts of it, for hundreds of miles, are quite flat. Other parts are mountainous. Large jungles, in which no human beings can live, but where wild beasts abound, are very common. There are no railways in that country, and, except for a few miles near the towns where Europeans reside, there are no roads like the turnpike-roads of England; so that travelling there is a very different thing from what it is here. Most travellers go from one place to another by water; for in India there are many fine rivers, with ships and boats sailing upon them. The boats are of various kinds, but most of them are covered with a roof made of thatch. In some of these so many as a hundred or a hundred and fifty people, men, women, and children, will travel huddled together, for two or three hundred miles, to some sacred place, where a religious feast is to be held, or a celebrated idol is worshipped. They stop in the



middle of the day, and go on shore to cook their meals. At night, if they are near the jungles, they suffer a good deal, for they have not room enough to lie down, and they are afraid to sleep on the shore, because of the wild beasts; they therefore sleep in a sitting posture on the deck of the boat, closely packed together, keeping one another upright. These persons, of course, are generally poor. The rich have more comfortable boats, called pinnaces, budgrows, and bolios, in which there is such nice accommodation, that a family may travel for months, and, except the confinement, enjoy many of the comforts of home.

Travelling on land is slow, expensive, and often dangerous. The rajahs, native princes, and other great men, keep large numbers of elephants. On one of these noble animals is placed a howdah, a light covered carriage, in which the nobleman sits, and he is generally seen smoking his hookah or pipe as he journeys on his way. The *mahoot* (driver) sits astride on the neck of the animal, and one or two servants sit on his back behind the howdah, in readiness to wait on their lord. On another elephant is carried the tent of the prince, together with six or eight other servants. In the evening they pitch a tent in some open place, where there is no danger from tigers. In this the rajah sleeps. A third elephant carries the cooking utensils, the tent furniture, &c. In this way the great people in India will travel about sixteen, or at the most, twenty miles a day.

The Rajah of Mysore, and some other of the great men of India, instead of sitting in the howdah on

the back of the elephant, have beautiful carriages, which are drawn by two, four, or six small elephants, as you will see in the frontispiece. These animals come from the island of Ceylon, where I have seen numbers of them not larger than a well-fed brewer's dray-horse in London. They appear to be a distinct race from the larger kind,—as different as the little Shetland pony is to the noble war-horse.

Another way of travelling is in a rude kind of carriage with two wheels, drawn by one horse, called an *ekka*. The *gereoka garra* is a similar, but larger conveyance, drawn by two bullocks. These carriages are covered with bright-red cloth, adorned with a number of ornaments. Bells are fastened to the necks of the animals, and when several are travelling together, the tinkling of the bells may be heard at a great distance. Their appearance is rather pretty; but they are most uncomfortable carriages to ride in. They have no springs, and no seats. The only way to sit is cross-legged on the floor: and as the roads are full of ruts, the passengers are often thrown one over the other; but these things are generally taken in good part, and cause laughter rather than complaint.

The carriages used by the native ladies are generally of the same kind; but instead of being open in front, there is put up an ornamental mat, made of fine grass, so woven that air can be let in, and those within the carriage can distinctly see everything without, while those outside can see nothing within. Thus the ladies are hid from all observation, and at the same time they can observe every-

thing that takes place in the road. Large families of ladies and children frequently travel in this way, on pilgrimage to the shrines of their gods, and for weeks live in these small conveyances; but if they come to a place where they are not likely to meet other passengers, they will at night form their blankets into a kind of tent, and sleep in the open air.

In Calcutta a kind of hackney coach is very common. It is called a *koranchee*, and is drawn by two tatoos,—small, but very hardy ponies. These little, and generally ill-formed animals, do a wonderful deal of work, and their owners give them so little food, that it is quite surprising how they live. They are miserable-looking creatures, and the carriages they draw are in appearance no better. Between nine and ten o'clock every morning, numbers of these conveyances may be seen entering Calcutta, from all parts of the neighbourhood, each carrying from four to six native writers or clerks, who are going to their offices, where they will remain till four o'clock, when the *koranchee* is ready to receive them and take them back to their homes. For a ride of four miles each person will pay one anna, or three halfpence.

The palanquin is so well known that it is not necessary to say much concerning it. It is a comfortable mode of conveyance, and in Calcutta is very generally used. There are regular stands of them, like the cab-stands in London, and at any moment of the day or night you can hire them. They are carried on the shoulders of six men, and go at the rate of five miles an hour.

The *oot*, or camel, is used in the upper provinces of India, but it is not often seen in Bengal.

G. GOGERLY.



MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA.

THE LOYALTY ISLANDS.

No. 7.

ON the third day after leaving the New Hebrides, land was seen in the distance. This was one of the Loyalty Islands—a group which had been but once before visited by the Missionary vessel. Two Samoan teachers were then left by Mr. Murray at Malé, one of the largest of the cluster. For this island, which is also called Britannia Island, we steered. As we drew near to it, its appearance, which was different from that of all the other islands we had visited, surprised us. It had no lofty mountains, like the other isles, nor were there either sloping hills upon its surface, or rocky heights along its shore. As it appeared when first seen, one might have fancied it to be the back of some gigantic tortoise lying lazily on the ocean. The natives of the island believe that it was some long time ago dragged up from the bottom of the sea; but it is plain enough that the fierce fires, which have heaved up such huge hills in other groups, have raged but little under the flat surface of Malé. White cliffs, like those of Britain, reminded us of our own far-off isle,—

“ Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
Where all may happy be,
Through Heaven's own smile.”

As we looked through the telescope, we saw on the shore

numbers of men, white as chalk. They were walking slowly along, watching our vessel. The strange sight raised our curiosity not a little. Had we left the realms of black, copper-coloured, and painted men behind? And what kind of beings were we next to see? We were now about three miles from the shore, and, while watching the moving white figures on the rocks, a small canoe, carrying three persons, drew our attention. Hard, indeed, were the poor creatures beating the waves with their paddles, in order to reach our brig. As soon as they came within hearing, a shrill voice shouted, "Talopa!" In a chorus we shouted, in return, "Talopa!" The canoe was soon alongside. With a quickness, for which Samoans are famous (for, if need be, they can use hands and feet as skilfully as monkeys), Tanielu, one of the teachers, found his way on deck, and, full of excitement and joy, seized our hands. His companions were not so eager to meet us. The man and boy, who came with him, remained in the canoe, which was in great danger of being capsized and knocked to pieces. At last, by persuasion and coaxing, they were got up on the deck. The man crouched down under the bulwark of the vessel, shy and frightened. We were as strange to him as he was to us. In him we had an explanation of the white beings we had seen on shore at a distance. To our amusement, we found he was a whitewashed man, and that whitening the body is all the fashion at this island. Our strange friend, however, who had just come on deck, did not present a perfect specimen; for sea-spray and perspiration had left many a dark patch and streak of his copper-coloured skin.

The bay, which we had now approached, was the place at which teachers had been left by the *Camden* on her former voyage. They soon after removed to another and distant settlement, to be under the protection of the chief; but lest the Missionary ship should come, and not find them, Tanielu had been waiting here three months for us. Daily had he

stood on the shore, looking out to sea, for the sails of the "religion ship;" and he seemed overjoyed when he actually found himself on her deck. Having therefore got him, his companions, and their canoe on board, we altered our course, and stood for Kuama Bay, where the chief lives. This we reached by next morning. The brig "lay to" in the offing at a few miles distance, and we went ashore in the boat. There a sight met our eyes, which was strange beyond description. A crowd of naked men, tall and powerful, and fierce, but white as snow from head to foot, crowded the beach where we landed. Not a dark spot was to be seen on some of them, except their black eyeballs; for even their hair and eyelids were white.

Led by the teachers, we passed on through this staring and wondering crowd to the house of the chief, Jefeú. Here we seated ourselves, in the midst of natives, waiting for the old man, who was on his way from a distance. We spent the time in talking to the people, as well as we could, until the arrival of Jefeú set all in a bustle. We then, in the first place, gave presents to his naked majesty and to his three sons, who had shown great kindness to the teachers. After he had expressed his pleasure, we begged him to listen to a few things we had to say to him. The teachers had not yet sufficiently well learned the language to interpret for us; but there was an old woman on the island, who, with others, had been drifted thither when a girl. She acted as our interpreter. Our main object was to persuade the old man and his people to attend to what the teachers had to tell them about God and Jesus Christ, and the new religion. He said he would do so. That he had not hitherto, because he wished first to have it proved whether the teachers were false, cast-away men or not. He now doubted no longer, and would attend to their instructions. Some of the natives had done so already.

We had now been sitting cross-legged upon mats on the

ground till we were stiff, and had said all we had to say, and seen as much as we wished to see. We rose, therefore, bid old Jaiui "good bye," and returned to the beach. There the same crowd of natives were waiting for us, hideously white, and armed with monstrous clubs, which only such strong arms as theirs are fit to wield. There was a gloomy fierceness in the eyes of many; and never, I confess, while among the Polynesians I had seen before, did such a feeling creep over me as then. I was not sorry when we were in the boat, and clear off from the land. It was plain enough how slight a cause might rouse their ferocity, as the following account, which the teachers had already given us, will show.—Six men, belonging to a sandal-wood vessel, went ashore in a boat. They spent some time, seeing what was to be seen, and then quietly returned to their boat, to go off to their vessel. The natives crowded around them on the beach, and, as the sailors were pushing off the boat, one of them accidentally struck a native on the head with his oar. At this, the whole host of natives rushed at once upon the sailors, and killed every one of them. They then cooked and devoured their bodies. This was but one of several horrible murders which have been committed by these fierce people. The following fact will show you how such barbarians sometimes reason.—A small vessel, named *The Sisters*, went to this island to obtain sandal-wood, and anchored not far from where we had landed. The natives took yams on board to sell. One of them, a chief, offered the captain two large yams for two pieces of iron hoop. The captain would give him only one piece, and demanded the two yams. The chief refused; on which the captain took the end of a rope, and beat the chief. The chief then shouted to all his people to be off on shore. He followed. That night they laid a dreadful plot. Next morning they went off again to the vessel, well armed with clubs, and killed the captain and

every sailor, eleven men in all. Four bodies they ate; seven they cast away into the sea. Having taken as many things as they could out of the vessel, they set her on fire. When they came to examine the stolen treasures which they had taken on shore, they found a quantity of gunpowder. They did not well know the nature of it; but they began to throw small quantities into the fire, the fizzing sparkles of which amused them much. But their mirth was soon changed into terror. A spark fell into the whole quantity of gunpowder, when, of course, it went off in a fearful explosion. Many were wounded, four were killed, and the house was blown to pieces. "What could this mean?" asked the horror-struck natives, one of another. Why, it is the revenge of the white men, was the conclusion—a judgment sent on their account. But, instead of being prevented by this from further deeds of murder, they resolved to kill the first white men they could. And soon, alas! they had an opportunity of killing five out of seven, who landed on their shore; the other two were saved through the interference of the teachers. Such are the people of the Loyalty Islands—a treacherous, cruel, bloodthirsty people; and if ever the Gospel shall subdue and change them, as we trust it will, another triumph will be added to the millions already won, which proclaim it to be from heaven, and prove it to be "the power of God."

As yet, however, the prospects of any speedy change are not bright. The most wonderful thing is, that, notwithstanding the peculiar savageness of these people, the teachers have been safe, and, on the whole, kindly treated. In this we rejoice to acknowledge the hand of God. May that hand be with them, till a great and glorious change shall come over the now deeply-debased people! Their superstitions are much the same as those of other islanders. One peculiarity is, that they worship the relics of dead relatives, such as toe-nails, teeth, hair; but they have no idols. They are

a fine race of people, as to their bodily figure and size; and, if once tamed, and taught, and softened by the grace of God, their countenances, now so fierce, will welcome the Missionaries of other days with grateful, loving smiles. In the mean time, let not the children—let not the Christians of Britain forget the unsaved savages of Britannia Island. Let them cherish that tender pity,—

"Which has an angel's pinion, mounting forth
O'er rocks, and hills, and seas, to make men blessed;
No matter what their colour, name, or place,
It blesses all alike, the universal race."

DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

No. 2.

In former Numbers we have given our readers some account of Dr. Livingstone, and of his African journey in 1849, when he discovered the lake Gnamti, and the large river Zouga. And we are sure that all who read that account will wish to hear more about the country and the people to which he went. We shall therefore try to gratify them.

As soon as Dr. Livingstone got back to his station at Kolobeng, after the journey we have described, he began to think that it was his duty to visit again the newly-discovered region, that he might see a powerful chief, called Sebitoane, who lived some distance beyond it, and try to prepare the way for beginning a mission among this strange people. Accordingly, in April, 1850, he set out on his second journey. This time, Mrs. Livingstone and their little children, with a chief, and native teacher, went with him; for although he was going amongst savages, he believed that the great God whom he served would take care

of him and of them. Dr. Livingstone first made his way to the Zetiga, and visited a tribe called the Bakarutee, who live at the lower end of that river. Then they went towards another river, called the Tamunale, which flows from the north, and falls into the Zouga, near the lake; but, before they came to it, they were told that at that time of the year, in that neighbourhood, there was a large venomous fly, called "tsetse," and that, if they went there, this fly would kill their oxen. Dr. Livingstone, therefore, made up his mind to leave his oxen, and his wife and children behind him, in the care of some friendly natives, and to go on alone to the country of Sebitoane. Not many wives would have consented to let their husbands go so far to a strange land and a savage people, and themselves to stay among the heathen. But Mrs. Livingstone was the daughter of Moffat, and a Christian. She was therefore willing to give up her husband, and to bear suffering for the sake of the Saviour, and the souls of men. Nor are there many with a missionary spirit such as made Dr. Livingstone resolve to take this dangerous journey.

But this time, the Providence of God spared his servants the pain of separation, and the perils of an African wilderness; for, just as Dr. Livingstone was about to start, two of his children, and some of the people that intended to go with him, were taken very ill with fever, and, as this was caused by the unhealthy climate, it was necessary that they should leave it as soon as possible. The fact is, that they had taken this second journey at the wrong time of the year, when the heat and the damp produce disease. And as Dr. Livingstone saw that it would be wrong for him to place his own life and the lives of others in danger by remaining, he made up his mind to return, and to take a third journey in a more healthy season. He was as you may suppose, a little disappointed; but he was not the man to be discour-

raged. Having set his heart upon doing the great work of carrying the gospel to those lands of darkness, he resolved to pay them another visit.

This he did with Mr. Oswell, in the beginning of 1851. As they took a different road from that which they had travelled before, much of the country was new to them, and its appearance was very strange. On their way they passed what are called "salt-pans," one of them fifteen miles broad. These are the dry beds of what had been large salt-water lakes. Further on they came to a flat country, covered with trees, and well watered everywhere with springs, which flow out of limestone rocks. There a number of poor, ignorant, wild bushmen were living, but they did not treat the travellers unkindly, and listened, for the first time, to the gospel of Christ. At length they got to the river, upon the banks of which the chief, Sebitoane, was living, whom they went to see. This river is called the Chobe. Leaving the oxen upon an island, where it was hoped they would not be bitten by the fly, Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Oswell got into a canoe, and went down the river. And it was a great treat to them, after travelling so far in a heavy, jolting wagon, to glide swiftly over the waves in a light canoe, paddled by five active rowers. And so fast did they go, that it seemed to them like a boat-race, for they soon came to the town of Sebitoane; and no one could have received them more kindly than he did. It had long been his desire to see white men in his country, and now that desire was gratified. He was an old man, and had been all his life a warrior. Many were the fierce battles he had fought, and the dangers from which he had escaped, and he seemed to take great pleasure in telling Dr. Livingstone all about them. He was one of the Mantatees described by Mr. Moffat, who came down to attack the Bechuanas in 1824, and who were driven back by the Griquas. And long before day-break on the morning

after Dr. Livingstone had come to his town, this chief placed himself by the fire, and began to describe the doings and the dangers of his past life. But the Missionary had a different story to relate to him in return,—the story of God's love to man, and of the great salvation of his Son. On the next day, Dr. Livingstone held two religious services with this chief and his people. It was a solemn and a pleasant thing, indeed, to say to these ignorant heathen, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy." But there was one who heard this message of mercy that day for the first time, and for the last. It was Sebitoane; for, just afterwards, he was seized with a disease which ended in death. This was a great grief to the Missionary. But he soon found that the chief was not his only friend in that land of strangers and savages. All the people received his advice most respectfully, and treated him with much kindness. "Do not leave us," they said; "though Sebitoane is dead, his children remain, and you must treat them as you would have treated him." And soon after, the old chief's daughter, who was now the queen, ordered the people to treat Dr. Livingstone just the same as if her father was living still. And they did so during the two months that he stayed with them. "They are," he says, "by far the most savage people we have seen;" but to their visitors they were most kind, and they very much wished them not to go away. But this they were obliged to do, though Dr. Livingstone had made up his mind to return to their country again as soon as he could, and to stay a longer time amongst them, that he might teach them more of the blessed gospel.

Dr. Livingstone has now done what he wished to do. He has returned to the newly-discovered country; and, as we hope in future Numbers to tell you something about what he has seen and what he has done, you will like to know a little more of the country he discovered and its inhabitants.

The country, Dr. Livingstone tells us, for hundreds of miles abounds with rivers, running into and out of one another. Some of these are large and deep. One, called the Zambesi, is from three to five hundred yards broad. "The waves," Dr. Livingstone says, "lifted the canoes, and made them roll beautifully." In this river there is a great waterfall, and the spray from it may be seen ten or fifteen miles off. Between the rivers there are large marshes or swamps, where no wagon can travel, and where the tsetse abound. Ivory, corn, and wild honey are found here in great abundance. The appearance of the country is different from any other part of Africa yet known, and not at all like the barren region which, before this visit, it was supposed to be.

The natives of this country are strong, numerous, and very black. They seem, also, to be more clever than those who live to the south of them; for they can make iron-work, baskets, and pottery. It is a sad, sad thing to say that, only two years before Dr. Livingstone's visit, some wicked white men had got another tribe, that lives between this country and the sea coast, to go to them and offer them English cloth and guns, if they would make war with the people near them, and sell those whom they took prisoners, as slaves. They did not like to do this, but at last consented; and no less than four hundred poor children had been caught, and chained, and carried away from their parents and their homes across the sea, there to work, and suffer, and perish. Dr. Livingstone hoped, on his return, to put a stop to such wickedness. We shall let our readers know when there is another letter from him, and we trust that many of them will not forget to pray that God may preserve and bless his servant. He has gone to this strange land alone for two years, and Mrs. Livingstone and her little children have returned to the country. No one ought to talk or think of

the sacrifices they make for the salvation of the heathen, when they consider the conduct of this devoted Missionary, and of his self-denying wife.

~~MISSIONARIES~~

YOUTHFUL CONVERTS AND CONFESSORS FOR CHRIST AT CALCUTTA.

OUR readers have heard of the College at Calcutta, or, as the Missionaries call it, the Educational Institution at Bhowanipore. It was formed, partly to give the youths of India instruction in English and in general knowledge, but principally to teach them the truths of the Gospel. Now, as the natives of that country, and especially those who are rich and of high caste, wish their sons to understand the English language, because it helps them to get good situations under the Government, they are willing to send them to this and similar institutions. But these parents are heathens, and they hate Christianity. They cannot bear the thought, therefore, that their children should forsake the idols which they and their forefathers have worshipped.

Still, hundreds of these children are sent, and, happily, some of them have not been sent in vain. Some have professed, and have proved their love to Christ. They have forsaken father and mother, houses and lands, and have suffered many things for His sake. Falsehood and force have been tried to get them back to the worship and ways of the heathen, but they have stood firm; and the good news has just come, that three, who were baptized last year, and whose conduct since then has been consistent with their profession, have now expressed a desire to devote themselves to the service of Jesus Christ, as ministers to their heathen countrymen, and have asked the Missionaries at Calcutta to

give them such instruction as will best fit them for that office. You may be quite sure that Mr. Mullens, Mr. Storrow, and others, who teach in the Institution there, received this application with great joy, and will most gladly do what they can to prepare these converts for the work of the Lord.

But, pleasing as this piece of news will be to our readers, we have something more to tell them, with which they will be also gratified. It is, that two more of the pupils at Bhowanipore have just come forward to profess themselves servants of Christ. The following account of them has been sent to the Directors by Mr. Storrow:—

One of these youths is called Shoojee Kumai Ghose. He was a pupil in the Institution last year, when three of his companions gave up their idols, and publicly professed their belief in the Gospel. The conversion of these youths alarmed many of the parents of those who were then in the Institution. They feared their own sons would follow the example of their schoolfellows. Many of them, therefore, were taken away. This was the case with Shoojee. His father went with him to Benares, the most idolatrous city in India. There he stayed some time; and no doubt his father thought that Shoojee was in no danger of becoming a Christian; but he was much mistaken. The youth had learned many things at Calcutta, which all the priests and idols of Benares could not make him disbelieve or forget. This, however, his father did not know; and supposing, no doubt, that the danger was past, after a few months he returned home with his son. At that time Shoojee was not sixteen years old. Now, before that age children in India are under the power of their parents; but after it, the law permits them to think and act for themselves on the subject of religion. Soon after Shoojee's return, in December, 1851, he went to the house of Mr. Storrow, and told him that he wished

very much to stay there, that he might become a Christian; but as he was not sixteen years of age, Mr. Storrow could not take him. He advised him, however, to continue to read and search the Scriptures, to pray to God that He would guide him, and to come to his house as often as he could for further religious instruction. This was advice which the poor lad was unwilling to receive. "You wish me," he said to Mr. Storrow, "to become a Christian. Then why do you send me away?" The Missionary felt for him very much, and would have been glad to have done what he desired, but he could not do so without danger both to himself and to Shoojee. This he tried to explain to him, but the poor lad was not satisfied; "and, indeed," writes Mr. S., "it was with a bleeding heart that I was forced to refuse his request, especially when he said, 'Then, sir, you let me go back into sin.'"

A few weeks after this, his father let him return to the Institution. Here he got more of that knowledge which he desired above all things; and at the beginning of last June he came to Mr. Storrow to remind him of his promise, that, if at some future time he still wished to be a Christian, and the Missionaries were satisfied with his sincerity, he should be received. After this, Mr. Storrow saw him again and again, and was much pleased with what he heard from his lips; but as he was so young, the Missionary would have wished him to put off a public profession of the Gospel for a little while; but circumstances soon happened which forced him at once to be decided for Christ.

One Sunday, Shoojee came to the house of Mr. Mullens, and with great concern told him that his father was about to go to a distance from Calcutta, and to take him there with him. He begged, therefore, that he might be received into the Missionary's house. The next day some person, who had seen him go to the Mission-house, informed his father

of it. At once Shoojee was seized and confined; but, happily, he made his escape, and ran to Mr. Storrow's. Having learned where he was, his father, on the following day, went to see him, and said all he could to persuade him to return home; but the youth was firm in his resolution no longer to live among the heathen. The father then said, he wished to speak with him in another room. This was allowed; but no sooner were they alone, than the father, like a savage beast, or a horrid murderer, seized his son by the throat, and would most probably have strangled him, had not Mr. Hill, a Missionary, providentially heard the noise, and rushed into the room in time to save the dear youth's life. But though delivered from the cruel grasp of his father, he was not yet out of danger. That same night, this man came back, with a mob of heathens, to the house of the Missionary. They burst open the gate, and, if the police had not arrived in time to prevent them, they would have carried off Shoojee by force. A little while after this, his friends came again, accompanied by men with clubs. The father cried, "Give me my son, or I will take him by force." Mr. Storrow then proposed that two respectable natives should come into his house and speak with Shoojee, that they might learn from his own lips whether or not he intended, of his own free will, to become a Christian. To this the rest agreed, and they promised to be quiet until the two natives came back; but they broke their word, and tried several times to burst open the gate. While they were acting in this way, Dr. Boaz came up; but they forced his walking-stick out of his hand, and seized him violently by his dress, and, if other friends and the police had not arrived in time, much mischief might have been done.

The other youth is a Brahmin. His name is Sib Churdu Ghosal. He is eighteen years of age. He was also a pupil in the Institution, but had been taken away from it by his

brothers. In some respects, this young man's religious history was peculiar. "Most educated young natives," writes Mr. Storrow, "begin by seeing that Hindooism is false, and Christianity true;" and, after that, they learn how evil the one is, and how good the other. But this convert's first conviction was not so much the truth of the Gospel, as his own vileness and guilt as a sinner in the sight of God. And he was very much struck with the contrast between the wickedness of the people around him, and the perfect goodness and loveliness of Jesus Christ. The Missionary asked him why, when these convictions of sin first seized him, he did not seek relief from some of the paris of Hindooism? To this he answered, "No; it is all too vile;" and that nothing but Christianity would do for a sinner. Shortly after this, he took refuge in the house of Mr. Mullens; and, though he has had many conversations with his heathen relatives, he stands firm in his love to the Gospel. "Thus," adds Mr. Storrow, "does God deal bountifully with us, and cause His Divine Spirit to work, and to work mightily."

THE THING NEEDED.

A MOHAMMEDAN in India received a New Testament and studied it. "It is a wonderful book!" he exclaimed one day, after reading in it for some time. He began to see his own condition and what he was most in want of, but was not willing to become a Christian. After a long dispute with the missionary he broke out: "Well, after all, what is the use of all this? I still need a new heart, and the Koran cannot tell me where to get it!"

SEND US THE BREAD OF LIFE.

A cry upon the winds is borne
We hear it day by day,
It comes from lands that sigh and mourn
Beneath the spoiler's sway.

We hear it o'er the distant seas,
The startling, earnest cry;
We hear it sounding in the breeze
Of mountains stern and high.

What is this cry, that ever comes
Wafted upon the air,
Or wafted by the ocean wave?
What is this earnest prayer?

Children, it is for living bread,
And for life's water pure,
That spirits crushed, and dark, and dead
May endless good secure.

Ah, sad 't will be, if all in vain
It fall upon the ear,
And wake no answering tone again,
And start no pitying tear.

Help for the heathen! let it go
From every youthful hand;
Help! that the blessedness ye know,
May flow to every land.

Youth's Day Spring.

SEND US THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Music altered from Mozart.

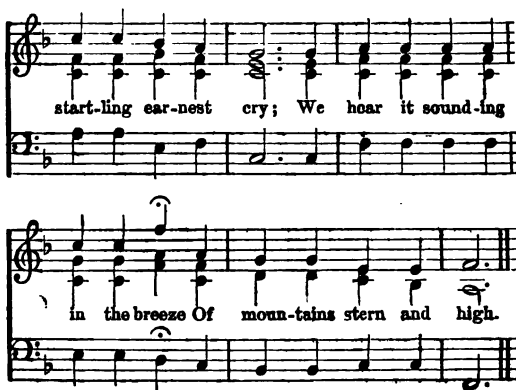
Slow.

A cry up - on the winds is borne, We

hear it day by day; It comes from lands that

sigh and mourn Be - neath the spoil - er's sway.

We hear it o'er the dis - tant seas - The



CASTING INTO THE LORD'S TREASURY.

MARK xii. 41,

"Jesus unseen, but who all hearts can see,
 Still sits and overlooks the treasury.
 Cast in your offerings, where His cause invites—
 Ye rich, your talents, and ye poor, your mites.
 Render to God the things that are His due,
 He gave *His Son*, who gave *Himself* for you."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



KOON-YAM, THE GODDESS OF MERCY.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

BUDDHIST PRAYER.

THOSE young people who love to pray, feel much pity and concern for others who do not. They know how wicked, how wretched, and how dangerous it is thus to live and thus to die. But, for the same reasons, they care about the millions of dark, deluded heathen, who live where God was never known, and

“Offer up their useless prayer,
To blocks of wood or stone.”

And the condition of these poor idol-worshippers is the more painful, because many of them seem, in *their* way, very earnest in seeking help from gods that cannot hear, and also because they have not been taught, and therefore cannot know whom to seek, and how to seek Him. For “how can they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? and how can they believe on Him of whom they have not heard? and how can they hear without a preacher?”

It is, therefore, very sad to see those blinded heathen in such a state. It is so with the Buddhists in
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China and other countries, who are more numerous than any other class of idolaters in the world. These Buddhists often pray, and the priests give away to the people thousands of printed prayers, together with a picture of Koon-yam, the goddess of Mercy, represented in the Frontispiece sitting upon the loto flower, which is an emblem of purity and innocence. This prayer and the picture are pasted up in many houses and boats. I will give you a translation of it—at least, of as much of it as the priests and the people understand; for there are some parts of it which no one is able to make out:—

“Nam-mow! (a title of respect) honour to thee! thrice repeated; oh! goddess Koon-yam, clothed in white raiment—most gracious and compassionate—who succours us in times of suffering and perplexity—great is thy efficaciousness!

“Honour to thee, our goddess Koon-yam! Honour to thee, Buddha! Honour to Buddha’s religion and priests!

“Devoted to Buddha, we enjoy his blessing and providential care;—providentially meeting with Budd’s moral precepts, we are always happy. We (or I) at the dawn of the morning repeat a prayer to Koon-yam; in the shades of the evening do the same. Our prayers (or my prayer) proceed from the heart, and are never absent from the heart (we worship thee continually from the heart). Teen-lo-shan, the host above; Te-lo-shan, the host below; (probably the spirits of heaven and earth); men may have their troubles (but, by thy help) all distress and suffering shall not come near me; every calamity

shall be turned away, and converted to dust. Honour to thee, Mo-oh, Poon-yaok, Po-low-mat! (designations of Buddha, but unintelligible in Chinese.)

"*Chow*, recite the prayer, or spell :—

"Nam-mo-Fât Honour to thee, Buddha!

"Nam-mo-fât Honour to thy laws and precepts!

"Nam-mo-săng Honour to the priests of Buddha!

"Tăn-che-toh-guân.. (unintelligible, even to priest.)

"Kay-lo-fah-toh ditto ditto

"Lo-kay-fah-toh.... ditto ditto

"Soh-poh, oh ditto ditto."

MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA.

ARRIVAL AT THE ISLE OF PINES.

No. 8.

THE Isle of Pines being but a short sail from Malé, we reached it on the day after leaving the latter. The brig was brought to anchor about half-past ten in the morning, when, as it was the Lord's Day, we held a religious service. Two of the teachers soon came off to us; but the anchorage being far from the settlement, no natives visited us the whole day, so that we spent a quiet Sabbath. One of the teachers was ill, and at a distant part of the island. We were therefore detained here four days.

This island, although the coast is not so bold, nor the mountains so grand as at some others of the group, yet the outline is rather beautiful; and in the centre rises a solitary mountain cone—a proof of the great force of the fires of volcanoes in former times. On all the low lands, and along the coast, tall, tapering pine trees lift their heads; while many tiny islets, covered with various plants and high trees, lie like emeralds upon the bosom of the calm waters that flow around the island. They are like beds of flowers

and shrubs, through which you might find a pleasant path to the mansion of some rich man.

These natural beauties, however, my young reader will soon forget, as in fancy he goes with me in my visit to the people. A part of Monday was spent in arranging articles for the teachers. In the afternoon we went ashore to see the chief; but he was from home, and might not come back for a day or two; and therefore, as the weather was bad, and there were but few natives, we returned to the vessel. A messenger had gone off in the morning to see if the sick teacher was able to come to us. He had gone to the opposite side of the island to get advice from the doctor of a sandal-wood vessel, at anchor there. The messenger came back in the evening, saying that he was quite unable to travel, as he was much weaker than when he went. We determined therefore to visit him next day, and, if desirable, to bring him back with us.

On the following morning, our boat being supplied with sundry comforts and provisions, and manned with a good crew, the captain, Mr. B., and myself left the brig at eight o'clock. We had about twenty miles to go, and our way lay among the verdant islets, sometimes near the shore, which was covered with shrubs down to the beach, and sometimes over beds and fields of coral, which were bright and beautiful under the clear shallow water; then, again, we were upon the deep sea, till at length, about half-past twelve, we reached the end of our journey. We stepped on the silent shore—for no throng of natives was there to meet us—and were guided to the spot which we sought.

Surrounded by trees and low jungle there stood a hut or hovel half fallen to ruin. The centre of the roof was rather high. One end was inclosed with old mats or dried grass. The other end was open, and formed the entrance. Through holes of the broken roof—good inlets for wind and rain—

the light beamed down cheerfully. Into this rude shelter we entered. Two persons welcomed us. One was a tall, light-brown man, sickly, thin, and very weak, stretched upon a mat on the ground, and slightly covered with native cloth. A calm, glad smile played over the worn and bony face of that sick man, and brightened his faded and sunken eyes. He could not rise to receive us; but we approached him, and exchanged a hearty welcome. "Thank you—thank you that you have come to see me," said he. And it was a fine sight to behold him,

"As on his lowly couch he lay,
Prisoner of want and pain,"

in that out-of-the-world place, far from his wife and child, whom he had left behind at Samoa, yet peaceful and resigned, saying, "It is the Lord." This man was Tanielu, a native of the Leone district of Tutuila, and one of the first evangelists to the Isle of Pines. From his noble stature, and bold yet kindly manner, he was well adapted to deal with the old chief of the island.

The other of the two persons was a dark (almost black) man. His history was singular. He was a native of Mau, a small island of the New Hebrides, from which he was drifted to the shores of Erumanga, a distance of about sixty miles. There he was in constant danger of being killed, cooked, and eaten; but, falling in with the teachers who were left there after the murder of Williams, he joined himself to them, and, in effect, said, whither they went, he would go; and where they lodged, he would lodge. Hence, when the teachers were removed from Erumanga for the safety of *their* lives, this man clung to them, and with them was taken to the Isle of Pines. He was simple, sincere, and very fond of the teachers, and had been the cheerful attendant of Tanielu in his affliction and solitude. Little did he think, when, a poor dark heathen, he was helplessly

drifting in his canoe across the ocean, that in a short time, and on an island of which he had never heard, he would be the helpful friend of a lonely, sick evangelist. Such did we that day find him. His name was Lengolo. He stood modestly back, and seemed as if he had no claim to shake hands with us; but we soon showed him that he shared in our affection.

After some talk with Tanielu, we went back to the boat, and rowed off to the sandal-wood brig, lying in the bay, to see the doctor whose advice he had sought. We found him an obliging, gentlemanly man, and were informed by him, that the best hope of saving the teacher's life was to take him on a voyage to Sydney, as his principal want was nourishing food. We returned to the shore, and arranged at once to have Tanielu carried to the *Camden*. Having got him down to the beach, and comfortably placed in the boat, where he lay all along, the party set off, under the care of the kind captain, while Mr. B. and myself, guided by two teachers, named Lasalo and Lengolo, walked across the island, a distance of about twelve miles. Not three years after, our two faithful guides, and two others—a teacher and

Missionary's nephew—were hewed down with axes by the giant natives, on that same path we trod. Scarcely can I now remember the event without a shudder. But the pleasure of that day's journey of ours was not lessened by any idea of these after events, and we richly enjoyed the ramble.

Our path lay over the high land, hard by the foot of the single mountain, so that our view widened at every step. Large barren heaths, with scarcely a tree, stretched away in one direction; but when we had reached the highest ground, and looked back, we gazed on one of the most charming prospects I had seen in Polynesia. The district through which we had passed was fertile and finely wooded. Deep bays and lagoons, with waters sparkling beneath a bright

sun, ran into the lowlands beyond. Still more distant appeared the many islets, like gardens floating around the coast. On all these, and along the coast, grew lofty pine trees, which, in the distance, looked like the minarets and monuments of an eastern city. Then, beyond, were stretched out the deep, dark waters of the mighty ocean. That a land of such beauty should be the home of beings so brutal, was the only dark thought we had in that bright hour. But we hastened forward, stumbling now and then against pieces of ancient lava, which were scattered over this part of the land. Towards evening we drew near the principal residence of the chief, and where we expected to see him. On our coming to the place, we were met by Captain Morgan, who had already taken Tanielu to the vessel, and had landed to meet us; so that we introduced ourselves together to the notorious chief of the Isle of Pines. Things looked very different, in some respects, from all we had seen before. On no island had we found human nature so debased as on this. Heart-sickening was the sight.

But our curiosity was excited by a strange building which we had now approached—a kind of fortification. It was made, not with stones and mortar, or mud, but simply with high, thick stakes or trees, fixed upright in the ground, and so close together as to form a wooden wall. This was the chief's castle. We entered, passed through one narrow passage after another—the high wooden walls being on either side—till at last we got to the inside, where was a low thatched hut. Several natives were there; but our attention was at once fixed upon one, as *the man of the place*. He was sitting cross-legged on the ground, quite naked,—a big, hairy, gruff-looking man. His mouth, filled with yam, which he was devouring, grumbled out a salutation, not unlike that of a surly dog. Most perfectly at home did he seem, but did not ask us to make our-

selves so. All around him were his tools,—men, women, and children. I think he came nearer to my idea of a savage than any islander I ever saw. His voice, and mode of speaking, was a mixture of the grunt of a pig and the growl of a bear, while, in his disposition and habits, he was as foul as the one, and as fierce as the other. This man was Matuku, tyrant of the Isle of Pines, and afterwards the terror of seamen. We could not get him to talk much where he was, and as we wanted to be moving on towards our boat, we asked him to go with us to the sea-side, which he willingly did. Leaving, then, this rude castle—which it has never been safe for any Missionary to enter, or even approach since—we walked side by side with its owner, down to the beach, a distance of a mile or more. There we talked with him about the teachers, their work, their object, and the value of the gospel. Then, having given him a present of various articles, we hastened off to the brig, for night was at hand. Our friends on board gave us a glad welcome, for we had been away twelve hours. The eye of our never-absent Guardian was graciously over us that day. Poor Tanielu, though very weary, was not the worse for his journey. And how thankful did he seem, that in the day of his deep affliction and helplessness, God had thus sent to him the means of comfort.

Having seen the land, the people, and the old chief, we were now better prepared to hear the long history which the teachers gave us of their year's labour. Strange things indeed did they tell us. They must have had hard work, and much help from above, to live there at all as the servants of a pure and holy God. In doing their Missionary work, Matuku, though in his way he gave them some attention, threw the principal obstacles in their path. As his own people are in the habit of approaching him in a crouching, crawling posture, he took offence at the teachers for *standing*

in his presence to preach on the Sabbath. He frequently scolded them for their addresses, and sometimes accompanied his scold with a blow. The old man required the people to worship himself as a sort of god, and he offered gifts and prayers to his own deceased father. He seemed also to think that the God whom the teachers made known was such an one as himself. One season there was much sickness, and many people died. Matuku told the teachers it all sprung from the *aitus* (gods) of Britain and Samoa, and asked them whether Jehovah meant to eat up all the land. Such was the opinion I formed of Matuku, that, had he been converted, I should have thought that no greater triumph of grace had ever been won from the heathen world.

LLEWELLYN CUPIDO MICHELO.

EARLY piety is always interesting ; but it is especially so when found in heathen lands. And though we have given our readers many instances of the kind in former Numbers, they will, we are sure, be glad of another. The youth whose short history we shall describe, was a Hottentot. He was a descendant from a celebrated chief, and was born at Hankey, in South Africa, one of the Stations of the London Missionary Society. When he was quite young, Cupido—for that was the name by which he was commonly known—was sent to the Mission School. Like other boys, he was very fond of play and sport, and, in after years, he used to speak of the pleasures of his early African life, when he went with his father and others to hunt in the forest, or fish in the streams. But he also loved to learn ; and as long as he attended the school, he was so quick and attentive, that he got on very fast.

But he had not been a great while at school, when his mother, who was poor, and lived at some distance, took

him away, and hired him to a Dutch farmer. At this time Cupido was not a Christian. He had heard of Jesus at the Missionary Station, but as yet he did not love him. But by God's providence and grace he was brought out of the darkness in which, when he left Hankey, it might have been feared he would have lived and died. You shall learn how this happened. As large doors turn upon small hinges, so do great changes in the heart and the character of human beings often depend upon common circumstances. This was the case in the history of Cupido. One day Mr. Williams the Missionary, and the school teacher at Hankey, were travelling together near the place where he was living, when a little Hottentot boy ran across their path after some cattle which he was driving. He had no clothes on such as you wear, but only a dirty sheep-skin, called a kaross, thrown over his shoulders; but his eyes were bright, and his look was pleasant, and the teacher at once remembered that he was a quiet, sensible little fellow, who had been in the school at Hankey. They therefore spoke to him, and as the Missionary liked his face and manner, he asked him if he wished to learn, and whether he would be willing to go back to Hankey for this purpose. In a moment, with a pleasant smile, and an earnest manner, he said "Yes, if you please sir!" In another week every thing had been settled with the mother, and Cupido, with a light heart and a cheerful step, was on his way to Hankey.

When Cupido came to this place, Mr. Williams took him into his own house, and carefully taught him and some other Hottentot youths, whom he wished to prepare to be teachers to their countrymen. By his spirit and conduct, Cupido soon became a great favourite in the family of the Missionary. Mr. and Mrs. Williams did all they could to lead him in the way of truth and goodness. And God blessed their kind endeavours; for he had not been with them very long

before there was, what the Missionary called "a great awakening" at that station. Many who had been asleep in darkness and sin, were now, like the jailor at Philippi, aroused out of their slumbers, and were heard crying out to the Missionary and to God, "What must I do to be saved?" And Cupido was one of them. Though quite young, he saw and felt how wicked he had been, and what a dreadful thing it would be if he died in such a state. From this time, he began to pray in earnest; and as he had no little room in which he could be alone, he sought out a quiet place in the woods, where no eye could see, and no ear could hear him but God's. And this was a favourite spot with Cupido; and had you watched him, you would have often seen him leave the house, and quietly go into "the bush" that he might there pray to Him who seeth in secret. But this awakened youth opened his heart to the Missionary as well as to God, and Mr. Williams was rejoiced to believe that the Lord had begun a good work in him.

Shortly after this, in 1843, the health of the Missionary failed, and he was forced to leave Hankey, and come back to his native land. This was a great grief to many; but Cupido was not so sorry about it as some, because Mr. Williams offered to take him with him to England. This he did because he believed that Cupido was a Christian, and that, if he got a good education, he might become a very useful teacher, and perhaps a minister to his countrymen. He therefore brought him to Britain; and after he had spent a little time in Wales, he was placed in the Boys' Mission School, then at Walthamstow. But though Cupido found here kind teachers, and useful learning, he was grieved to hear that his best earthly friend, Mr. Williams, was not likely to live. Yet, just at this time, God put it into the heart of another of his servants, James Backhouse, Esq., of York, to care for this little Hottentot stranger; and there-

fore, when Mr. Williams was taken to his rest, he was not left without a protector.

But it was the will of God that Cupido should soon follow his friend to heaven. Early in 1846, he lost his strength, and six months after he had been at Walthamstow, Mr. Backhouse removed him to his own house. In the family of this estimable man, his simple manners, his good sense, and his thoughtfulness about religious subjects, made him a great favourite. But though he had every comfort in his English home, his heart was still in Africa, and he loved to talk about his far-off native land. This feeling remained even when the disease which closed his short stay upon earth had made such progress that he was told it was "very doubtful" whether he could live. He was not frightened at this; but, after thinking a little, and repeating the words "very doubtful," he calmly said, "I should like to have lived a little longer; I should have liked to have gone to Africa; but the Lord's will must be right." At another time, he said that he had longed very much to go back to his native land, that he might be an instrument in converting his benighted countrymen, and especially his own relations. "My mother, my dear mother; my brothers and sisters," he cried out with much feeling, "Oh! Lord, take thine own work into thine own hands, and by thy Holy Spirit visit their hearts, and turn them unto righteousness." A few days before his death, a Christian friend said, what a comfort it was to think that our afflictions were so light and so short in comparison. "Yes," he said, "in comparison with *what?*" And when it was added, "With the never-ending joys of eternity," he seized the thought, and with a sweet smile playing like a sun-beam over his features, he answered, "Yes, yes."

At another time, he requested that some passages from the book of Revelation might be read to him. When he was asked which they were, he said, "There is one, 'Surely I come

quickly,' and 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying: neither shall there be any more pain.'" "At this time," writes a friend who saw him, "his soul seemed filled with love to the Saviour; and, like all who have this feeling, he wondered much that any one could feel differently. 'Why,' he cried, with much earnestness, 'do not *all* sinners come to Christ!'" And when some who stood around him wept, he said to them, "I wish you to be comforted. Don't cry at that which is the will of God. The Lord bless and reward you for all your kindness to me."

On the day before his death, he continued to praise God, and said, "I am thirsty here, but I shall soon drink of the river of life. I am going to that place where there will be no want." Through the night he had to struggle hard with death; but his mind was in perfect peace. And on the following afternoon his spirit passed away to join many who had come from the east and the west, from the north and the south, to his Father's kingdom.

Is not this "a brand plucked from the burning?" Had no Missionary visited the African home of Cupido, cared for his soul, and taught him the way to heaven, how different might have been his lot! And what millions of heathen children are now what he was before Mr. Williams met with him! And shall they continue in that state? Dear readers! pity, pray for, and help them.

HINDOO GEOGRAPHY AND ASTRONOMY.

MANY of our readers subscribe to Mission Schools, or collect money to carry them on. Now, though the chief thing taught in these schools is the gospel of Jesus Christ, the children also get much general knowledge, which is

useful to them in many ways. Amongst other things, they learn geography, and could tell you the size and shape of the globe; how much of its surface is land, and how much sea; what are the names of its principal countries; the length of its largest rivers; and the height of its loftiest mountains. Now, in India, this knowledge alone is sufficient to convince the people that what are called the sacred books are as false as they are foolish. And many a child there is now much wiser than the men who wrote those books, and the Brahmins who teach them to the people. One or two proofs of this will be given.

According to the Hindoo books, the earth is said to be nearly level, and in shape to be like a large round flower, called the "lotus." This earth, they tell us, is four thousand millions of miles across, and surrounded by seven seas: one of salt water; another of the juice of the sugar-cane; a third of wine; a fourth of melted butter; a fifth of sweet, and a sixth of curdled milk; and a seventh of fresh water. In the midst of this earth, the Brahmins and their books also teach the people that there stands a mountain, called *Meru*. This mountain is six hundred thousand miles high, and a hundred and twenty-eight thousand miles around, at the base, or bottom. But what is yet more wonderful, is the circumstance that, unlike other mountains, which get smaller as they rise higher, Mount Meru is much larger at the top than at the bottom, where it is three hundred and fifty-six thousand miles wide! But then the botany of this mountain is quite as strange as its size, for the trees that grow upon it are (so say the sacred books) eight thousand eight hundred miles high!! The rain, we are informed, comes from the moon, and the lightning from the rain. Whether this great world rests, as some tell us, upon the back of a tortoise, or, as the Puranas state, upon the hood of a serpent, is not certainly known.

For many hundreds of years, millions of people have lived and died believing these and other fables, ignorant both of themselves and of their Creator, of this world, and of that which is to come. How pleasant the thought, that light has begun to spread over this dark land, and that the Sun of truth and grace is rising upon its inhabitants!

But the Hindoos generally know as little about the heavens as they do about the earth, and some of them will not even believe their eyes when they see anything that is contrary to what is written in their sacred books. The Missionaries, for example, have taught both young and old something about the sun, the moon, and the planets, and they have sometimes asked the natives to look through a telescope, that they might be convinced of the falsehood of Hindoo fables. But even this does not always convince them. The following circumstance will show this:—There is, in a place called Calicut, a rich rajah. He had heard that the Missionary who laboured there had a wonderful instrument, through which a person might look into the heavens; and as he wished to see it, he invited him to bring his telescope to the palace. The good man accepted the invitation. The instrument was placed upon a table in the open court, and the clear, bright heaven, sparkling with stars, was stretched out above them. The rajah came out, but, before he looked through the telescope, he asked the Missionary why he had come to Calicut. When the Missionary told him that he had left his native land and taken that long journey to teach the people about the true God, and the only way to heaven, the rajah answered, that he believed there were many ways to heaven, and that his way was as good and as true as any other; that Christians had their Bible, and he had his Shaster; and that both might be good. The Missionary answered, that it was a dangerous thing to trust to his holy books as a guide, because many

things in them were false. But as the rajah denied this, the Missionary said, "Now, there, in the sky, shining brightly, is the planet Jupiter. When I look at it through my telescope, I see that it has four moons around it. But this is quite contrary to what your Shaster teaches concerning this planet." The rajah did not believe it was so, and said he should like to see for himself. Then the Missionary pointed the glass to the object, and asked him to look through it. There was the noble planet, with its satellites, before his eye. Then the Missionary inquired whether he saw the moons, and now believed what he had told him. For a time he was silent; but at last, to the great surprise of the Missionary, the rajah confessed that he saw four little stars around the planet, but that they were painted upon the glass, and that what he beheld was in the telescope, not in the sky. In order to convince him that the instrument brought distant things nigh, the Missionary asked one of the Brahmins to go several hundred feet off, and to hold up a written sheet of paper, with a light shining upon it. The Missionary then read off the paper, to the great surprise of the rajah and his people, who also read it. Still, the heathen prince was so prejudiced, that he would not believe that Jupiter had moons, though he had seen them, because it was contrary to his holy book.

SIXPENCE A WEEK.

MR. S—— was a farmer. As he had worked hard, and God had prospered him, he became a rich man. But he loved his money, and every year he saved something, and added it to what he had before. Yet, though he loved money, he professed to love God too. He went regularly to a place of worship, and had family prayer every morning

and night. He was also a kind father, and, in some respects, a good neighbour. It is very true, he did not give much away, and seemed to be more concerned to keep his money than to spread the gospel, and send Missionaries to the heathen. Like too many others that think themselves good Christians, he had not learned that his money was not his, but God's; that it was given to him that he might do good with it to his fellow-creatures. This is strange, but it is common. There are thousands like Mr. S——, and yet they *fancy* that God loves them, and that when they die they shall go to heaven! And how do people make this sad mistake? Sometimes because they have not thought much on the subject. It was so with Mr. S——; but one Sunday his minister preached from the text: "On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." And he told his people that he wanted each of them to "lay by them in store" something every week, and bring it to him for the Missionary Cause at the end of the year. He told them how much missionaries were wanted, and that Jesus Christ had commanded them to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. And then he spoke about the love of the Great Missionary who came into the world to save sinners, and asked them "to give as God had prospered them," and to do it cheerfully.

Mr. S—— went home; and, after supper that evening, began to think of how much he ought to lay by every week for the spread of the gospel through the world. But, first of all, he began to reckon up how much he had to pay for his children, and how much he must lose in one way, and spend in another, until he almost fancied himself a poor man, though he was really a rich one. But what he thought most about was that he *was* doing "something" for the support of the gospel; and in fact "was always putting his

hand into his pocket for one thing or another." And so at last he came to the resolution that all he could afford to do in obedience to Christ, and for the salvation of the world, was *sixpence a week*.

Just as he had formed this resolution, the wall of the room in which he sat seemed to open, and he saw by the roadside the figure of a young man sitting upon a rock; his hair was coarse and matted; he was barefoot and ragged, and he covered his face with his hands. He looked like a miserable beggar ready to perish, and his sobs and groans showed how much sorrow filled his heart. At length he took his hands from his face, looked up, and with a pitiful tone, cried,

"No friends, no home, no food, no work, I must starve!"

Mr. S—— nearly fell from his chair. For in that wretched object before him he saw himself! Yes, what he was thirty-seven years before, when, houseless and friendless, he wandered in that same neighbourhood where now lay his large possessions!

While Mr. S—— was looking at the sight before him, he saw the figure of a man like an apostle. It came up to the young beggar, and, touching his shoulder, said,

"Young man, I have a message to thee. I come from my Master. Do you see those rich fields waving in the sun? Take them!"

The young man looked up in amazement.

"Those flocks and herds? Take them!"

The youth did not move.

"Those barns? that mansion? Take them! There is a deed for them all!"

"Mine?" said the beggar, "mine?"

"Yes, yours, to have and to hold—but mark me! only as a tenant-at-will. Take, use, enjoy, but they are not yours. You are a tenant—"

"Of whom?" he asked.

"Of my master," he replied.

"And your Master is—"

"Our heavenly Father!"—The youth would have fallen at his feet, but the speaker withheld him.

"Your thanks are not due to *me*," said the stranger. "I know what you would say. But listen. When you enter upon this possession, remember what, up to this moment, you have been—a beggar, without a farthing in the world. Remember who gave you hands to labour, health to enjoy those fields, those woods, those flocks, those houses, that dwelling; *remember who* gave them, and if He should send His messenger to *you*, demanding a part, nay *all* that is now committed to your hands, to spread His gospel, beware lest you forget yourself! Beware, lest you fancy that what you hold is *yours*! Beware, lest you claim a right to withhold, or think that you are making a sacrifice to give!"

Quick as lightning the whole scene vanished, and Mr. S—— saw, in a well-furnished room, that same youth; thirty-seven years older—saw himself with a Bible before him—and heard himself say, in a tone of evident self-satisfaction, "I think I can afford to give to the Missionary Cause SIXPENCE A WEEK!"

Again the scene changed. Mr. S—— saw a vessel anchored off a foreign shore. On the beach was a Missionary with his family, about to enter a boat to be conveyed to the ship. Around them were gathered a large number of weeping heathen. Mr. S—— heard no voice, but there were sighs, and stifled sobs, and affecting leave-takings. It was a sad sight; for it was evident that a Missionary was about to leave his work for his home across the wide waters. At length a native, distinguished from the rest by a plume on his head, and by ornaments about his person, which showed that he was a man of rank in his tribe, stepped forward and said:—

"Father, you have left your brothers beyond the great water, to tell us of heaven. You have put light into our dark hearts. You have fed us with the food that good spirits in heaven eat. You have taught us to break in pieces the wood and stone gods which we and our fathers used to worship. We do not kill now; we do not steal now. Now our wives are happy; now our mothers do not throw their babes to the bear and the wolf. But there are many who have not heard you yet. When you go, we may forget what you have said—our children may never learn these good things—*why do you leave us?*"

"Alas!" said the Missionary, "I *must*; my brothers at home will not support me."

"But are they not rich?" asked the chief.

"Yes, rich; some of them very rich."

"Do *they* know about these good things you tell us of?"

"Yes!"

"And they will not let us poor heathen know about them too?"

The Missionary drew from his pocket a letter and read:—

"Sad as the evil is, there is no avoiding it. You must return at once. The burthen is too great for the Church to sustain. One of the richest men in the neighbourhood gives only **SIXPENCE A WEEK!**"

Mr. S—— heard a confused, indistinct noise, apparently at a distance. By degrees it grew louder, and louder, and louder. There was thundering, there was shrieking, there was cursing, there was the sound of the tramp of innumerable feet—louder, nearer, and more dreadful. But Mr. S—— saw nothing. All was dark as Egypt. A flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder, showed for an instant a vast crowd, and then the cry was heard, 'We are lost! lost! lost! lost!'

Mr. S—— awoke.

"Papa!" shouted his little son, "you promised to give me sixpence a week for learning the Catechism, and I want it now! I have been pulling you, and pushing, and shaking you, to wake you up, this good while!"

Mr. S—— started up, rubbed his eyes, and looking round him in surprise, he saw his rosy-cheeked boy standing before him repeating his demand.

"Not now, my dear," said Mr. S——; "go back to your mother, and I will be with you in a few moments. Leave me now, my boy."

The child obeyed, and Mr. S—— was once more alone. Was it all a dream? He paced the room in silence. A new light opened upon him. His income was large. He was about to give to God sixpence a week, the same paltry sum he paid his little child for learning the Catechism. Mr. S—— thought of his dream. He knelt down and prayed. He rose from his knees and changed his resolution. What he actually did give, I do not know; but from the large amount which afterwards poured into the Missionary treasury from that place, he must have given more than SIXPENCE A WEEK.

YOUR MARCHING ORDERS.

THE Duke of Wellington once met a young clergyman, who, being aware of his Grace's former residence in the East, and his knowledge of the ignorance and obstinacy of the Hindoos in support of their false religion, gravely proposed the following question: "Does not your Grace think it almost useless and extravagant to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos?" The Duke immediately rejoined, "Look, Sir, to your marching orders,—*Preach the Gospel to every creature.*"

YOUR MARCHING ORDERS.

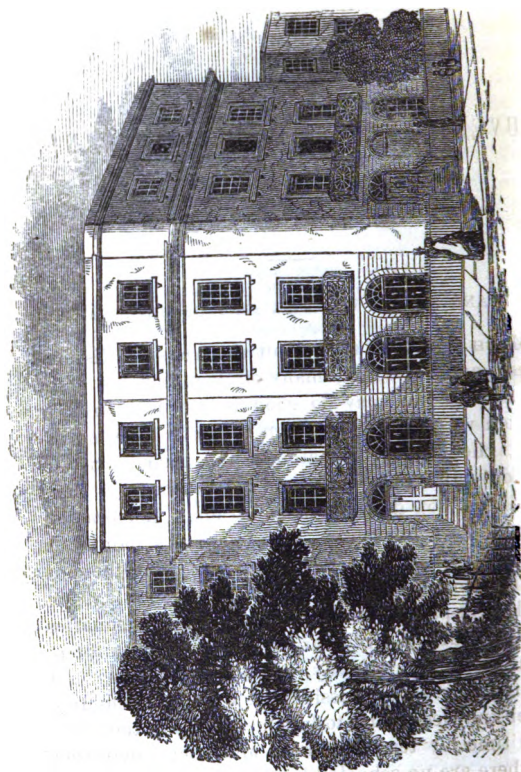
SOLDIERS of Christ, march forth,
The order is to all ;
Go east, west, south, and north,
Obey your Prince's call ;
Go into all the world, and preach
The Gospel news to all, to each.

Thousands have gone before,
But vast is still the field ;
New regions seek, explore,
Win, die, but never yield,
Till every soul has owned your King,
Till every tongue His praises sing.

Go, hunt the rebels out,
Through forest, cave, and glen,
With footmen, horsemen, scout ;
Leave no neglected den ;
Carry your arms to every port,
Your standard plant on every fort.

Go not with fire and sword,
To scatter and destroy ;
Arm'd only with God's Word,
Go publish peace and joy.
And lo, I am, and still will be,
Your strength, shield, wisdom, victory.

Juvenile Offering



INSTITUTION FOR THE SONS OF MISSIONARIES

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1852.

HOME AND SCHOOL FOR THE SONS OF MISSIONARIES.

MUCH has been said about the trials of Missionaries; and, no doubt, many of them suffer a great deal, that they may do good to the heathen. It is often very painful for them to leave their native land, their beloved relations, and their Christian friends. It is painful to see the heathen, in their blindness, bow down to wretched idols, and practise all kinds of wickedness. It is sometimes painful to labour hard without much success. But there is another thing, which our readers perhaps might not think of, as painful as any trial which the Missionaries have to bear—it is, to part with their dear children. “But why,” you may say, “is this necessary?” I will tell you:—The Missionaries wish their children to get knowledge, and to become wise; but they have little time for teaching them, and often where they are there are no schools like the schools in our own country. They therefore part with their little ones, to prevent their growing up in ignorance. But that

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is not their only reason. Those children, while they are in foreign lands, are often in the midst of the heathen, and they then hear and see many very bad things, which the people around them say and do. And their dear parents are afraid lest they should learn the manners of those heathen, and become as wicked as they are. These are their reasons for sending them thousands of miles across the ocean to England, that they may be kept from evil, and may grow up to be wise and good. But yet it is to them a great, great trial. They would often rather part with anything than with their children. And many a long struggle have they had with their own hearts before they could consent to be parted for years from those beloved little ones ; but they have given them up, because they wish still to labour for the salvation of the heathen.

Now is it not clear that Christians ought to do all they can for those who sacrifice so much for the sake of Jesus Christ, and the souls of men? And surely the least that can be done is to provide a home and a school for their children. Many have thought so, and two Institutions are now opened. One of these is at Walthamstow. This is for the daughters of Missionaries, and a happy home it has been for many of these dear girls. There they have been trained in the ways of wisdom, and not a few, we trust, have found the path to heaven. An engraving of this school appeared in the first volume of our Magazine. But the poor boys have not always been so well off in this respect as their sisters. At first, indeed, they too were at Walthamstow, but the house in which

they lived was sold by the owner, and for some time they were scattered. At length a few kind friends, who felt very much for them, engaged the house which is represented in the frontispiece. It is in Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road. In it are now about thirty sons of Missionaries collected together. They have an excellent teacher, and a very kind lady to act a mother's part towards them, and they are well instructed and very happy. You would, I am sure, be pleased to see how healthy and cheerful they appear; and you would be thankful to God who put it into the hearts of those friends who have provided for them such a school and such a home. The only difficulty felt, is the want of sufficient funds to carry on this excellent institution, and, if any of our readers can assist in this way, they will do a good service to the Missionary cause.



MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO WESTERN POLYNESIA, CON-
CLUDED—CALL AT NEW CALEDONIA—ARRIVAL AT
SYDNEY.

No. 9.

ON Wednesday morning, Matuku made his appearance on deck at an early hour, and, all savage as he was, sat down to breakfast with us. Of course he was clothed, after a fashion. He wore also a sort of crown, I suppose. It was an old white beaver hat, with a strip of scarlet tied around it. The opportunity was a good one for talking with him, and as he listened, his countenance, bearish as it was, sure enough showed a passing good-humoured smile. The captain had left us alone with our royal guest, and was on deck

making preparations for our departure ; and the quick, merry song of the sailors told us that the anchor was nearly up. Matuku and his company, having returned to their canoes, we bid them "good bye," and steered once more for the open sea.

There are many coral reefs which run out to a great distance from all land, which rise up in the ocean, round about the Isle of Pines. We had been lying at anchor within the enclosure of one of these reefs, and had to repass it in pursuing our voyage. As we approached the opening in the reef, the brig was borne, by a strong and sudden current, towards the rocks, and the danger of our position became great; and yet any attempt to improve it, would only have made it worse. The captain had stationed every sailor at a post, where he would be ready for action, and having no further orders to give, till he saw how matters would turn out, he paced to and fro, anxious, watchful, and silent. We stood silently gazing upon the foaming billows that roared and broke in wild confusion over the reef just under the bow of the brig. Destruction seemed very nigh; and it was as if the old ship herself, conscious of the danger, struggled to weather it; for she had all but got within the last sweep of the mighty swell, ere it rises to burst upon the coral barrier; and, had she struck, she must have been speedily shattered and sunk. But by the good hand of God we were saved. Captain Morgan regarded it as amongst the most merciful deliverances of his life—so extreme was the danger, and so helpless did he feel. When fairly out to sea, we went below, and related the circumstances to our friends, who did not know from what danger we had just escaped.

The mountains of New Caledonia, which is a large and noble island, already appeared in the distance. It was the last island we had to visit. The teachers, Noa and Taniela

who had been living there, were with us on board, having been on a visit at the Isle of Pines when we arrived there. Tanga, a Rarotongan teacher, was now to join them. At four o'clock in the afternoon, when about four miles from land, the brig was "brought to," boats lowered, and our party started for the shore. The swell of the sea ran high that afternoon, and we could only catch a glimpse of the shore, as we rose to the tops of waves. When within about half a mile of it, we saw a company of natives on the beach, watching us. They looked unusually black, and the scenery in the back ground was very dark and gloomy. This appearance was owing to the fact, that the sun had sunk behind a range of lofty mountains, which cast their shadows upon the part of the island which was nearest to us. Ah! it was an emblem, though but a faint one, of that people's spiritual condition—one of awful darkness and debasement; where every scene was so gloomy, and so saddening, as might have made one say, "Horror hath taken hold of me" because of it. Grim mountains of superstition had cast their awful shadows for ages upon the people of New Caledonia, and therefore were they so fearfully benighted. Upon them the Sun of Righteousness had not arisen, and they were sitting in the region and shadow of death, and who could wonder at their degradation?

As this part of the island had never been visited before, the teachers said it would be desirable for one of them to wade to the shore, and request the chiefs to make the men all sit down. Tanielu (not our sick friend, but another) undertook this duty, while we remained in our boats, about fifty yards from the beach. As soon as all were seated, we landed, and, having shaken hands with the chiefs and a few others, and saluted, as we best could, the whole company, we also sat down with them. We first gave a few presents to the chiefs, for their kindness to the teachers. They were

so delighted with these, that it was with difficulty we could get their attention to the more important part of our business. Having continued our conversation with them for about fifteen or twenty minutes, and begged them to continue their kindness to the teachers, it was more than time for us to be gone, for night was coming on, and the brig was far out to sea. As we rose to leave, an old chief—Uatoka, I think, was his name—gave me two long spears, ornamented with red feathers, as a token of his goodwill to us. The crowd of natives rose, but there was no great noise or disorder; and we left our three brethren, the teachers, with good hopes that their labours of love there would not be in vain.

By the time our boat was launched, the shade of evening had spread over the wide ocean, and its heaving billows rose many and high between us and the *Cawden*, which was under sail about four miles off. The sailors rowed hard for some time, and we seemed to be drawing near to the ship, and expected she would "lie to," till we came up to her; but, to our surprise, she kept on her course, and passed us, when we were within a mile of her, leaving us to follow her over the mountain waves, which were running right against us. We hoisted handkerchiefs on the tops of the long spears, and waved them as signals of distress, hoping they would be seen by lookers-out from the deck, but in vain; and it became evident that we were lost sight of, for on and on the brig still sailed, and the arms of the sailors grew weary with rowing, and the darkness deepened, till our eager eyes lost sight of the vessel. The captain, who was steering the boat, though one of the calmest of men in danger, became anxious. To chase a ship in the darkness of night, in a little boat, and over the pathless billows of the Pacific, is no easy matter. "Why does not a light appear at the mast-head, or stem or stern?" was the wondering

question of us all. But no light glimmered through the darkness, to tell us in what direction was the vessel; and from every quarter, the only sounds that fell upon our ears were the solemn ones of the deep-voiced ocean. We knew there was a Being, glorious and gracious, and able to help, "whose way is in the sea, and his path in the mighty waters." Will you wonder, my young reader, that earnest, though silent, prayers, were directed then to Him? And he heard them, in his mercy. On and still on the sailors pulled, hope still nerving their aching arms. "There's the brig ahead!" exclaimed one of us. "Yes!" "No!" "Yes! there she appears through the darkness, surely enough!" And so it was; and, as we came up to her, glad voices greeted us through the darkness, "Is all right?" "Yes—all!" and our appearance on deck, all safe, put to flight anxieties and fears. The day had been one of great excitement and danger, and we gathered round the throne of mercy that night, with overflowing hearts, to pour out our thanks and prayers to Him who had preserved us, and helped us to bring our Missionary visits to a close.

In three weeks after, on the 10th of August, we entered Port Jackson at eventide. As we were sailing up the harbour, which is six or seven miles deep, under the care of a pilot, the heavens became black as pitch, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the wind rose to a gale, the brig drove before it, and, in the darkness that reigned all around, we knew not where she was driving, except when the lightning flashes revealed ships and rocks ahead. The pilot was at his wit's end; and, amidst the confusion of the furious storm, and flapping sails, and foaming surges, he shouted, "Let go the anchor there!" and the anchor dropped just as we were running against a rock, called Garden Island, and helped to break the shock, which otherwise might have seriously damaged the vessel. A strong body of marines quickly

came to our help, and towed us off from the rock, and our voyage, with its pleasures and perils, was at an end.

And now, my young friends, for a few farewell words, having had your pleasant company for so many months on this South-sea voyage:—

1st. I have tried to show you what sort of work the Missionary ship has to do, what kinds of people and places she has to visit, and a few of the many dangers to which she is so often exposed. That ship is *yours*, yet she sails to and fro on yonder ocean, not to gather wealth, to bring home for your possession—no, but to carry to the poor and wretched islanders the unsearchable riches of Christ. Noble mission this for the ship of England's children! No stately India-man or massive war-ship ploughs the deep on an errand so noble. Pray, then, for your own ship, that God may ever be her pilot and protector, that, amidst storms, and reefs, and rocks, she may be buoyant and safe, and the bearer of good tidings for long years to come to the tribes of Polynesia.

2nd. Remember what dreadful evils we have seen amongst the people of those pleasant isles, and that these evils spring out of their heathenism, their ignorance of God, and of Christ. Their only master has been the devil—him only have they served. And, till lately, no one has tried to help them; but the day will come when the reign of Satan shall be put down, and Jesus, the Lord, alone shall be exalted. Oh! how happy will men be when *that* time shall come! And it *will* come—yes, it *is* coming,

“And to his triumph soon
He shall descend, who rules above;
And the pure language of his love,
All tongues of men shall tune.”

“And the multitude of isles shall be glad thereof.” How glorious it will be to share in the gladness of that bright

day, will it not? Yes, though our spirits may be away from this world afar; for all the angels will rejoice then with the triumphant Jesus.

3rd. Well, then, my last word, dear children, is this:—*Live, so that you may be sure of sharing in that great gladness which shall fill heaven and earth.* Myriads of redeemed children will share in it. Be you amongst them. Live so that you may be. Life! that precious thing that throbs in your bosoms, and sparkles in your eyes, oh! it is a serious, priceless, endless thing.

“Life is real! life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
‘Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.”

Now, this precious thing, life—*your* life, each his own—what will you do with it? What *ought* you? Oh! there is but one Being who deserves it. He was once a child like you, and, when he became a man, he said, “I am the good Shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep; and I give *my* life for the sheep.” And he laid it down, he bled, he died for you; but he lived again, and is alive for evermore. Go to his feet, bend there your knee, and there, raising your eye, and your heart with it, to the heaven where Jesus has gone, offer him your *life*—yes, your whole life. Say, “Jesus, help me, feeble child as I am, to live all my life to thee and for thee; and, in the happy mansions where thou art, oh! Jesus, let my eternal life be spent.” That it may be so, my dear young reader, now and when the short voyage of life is over, is the earnest hope and prayer of

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS SLATYER.

A MEETING AMONG THE BASUTOS.

ALL Missionaries who have been useful among the heathen, have often been struck, not only with the change in the character of those who are converted, but also in their outward appearance and address. And this is most plainly seen when Christians and heathens come together. Mr. Arbousset describes a meeting of this kind, at which he was present, and the following account of it will give our readers some idea of many similar scenes which have been witnessed in pagan lands:—

“The attendance of the heathen,” writes Mr. Arbousset, “was very great. They wore their ancient clothing; their hair was thick, and matted with grease; their countenances were very wild, and they wondered much at what they saw. Their look and manner formed a strange contrast with the modest, quiet, and happy appearance of the Christian converts who were present, who were neatly clothed, and had a New Testament, or a hymn-book, in their hands. One would have thought,” says Mr. Arbousset, “that they belonged to different races of people.”

Among other interesting circumstances which took place at this meeting, was the address of one of the converts, who stood up, and spoke to the heathen in the following words:—

“If Monakin, or the great Marabee, your forefathers, were at this moment to shake the dust from their locks, and rise from their graves, what would they think of the thousands of men now assembled here? Perhaps they would ask, ‘Do they plan an attack upon some peaceful village? or do they intend the destruction of their neighbours?’ But we should all answer, ‘No! All here is peace. Neither spear, nor shield, nor weapon of war is to be seen among this multitude. Hear, O ancestors, the song of love and mercy! Hear

the voice of the messengers of salvation! Look at these women so nicely clothed, and hearken to the sweet voices of their daughters as they sing the hymn of redemption! How went it with *your* children, when they lived upon the earth? Oh! Monakin! Oh! Marabee! shades of our forefathers; ye were born too early! Ye lived in the days of ignorance and misery! You knew nothing but cruelty, murder, and desolation."

These words moved the whole multitude of the heathen. There was truth in them, and power. And the people felt deeply. But while they were in this state of mind, another convert rose up to speak. He was a chief. His name was Choabane. And his words were like oil upon the troubled waves, or like the bright rays of heaven's sun shining down through a dark thunder-cloud. He was as the voice of Him who has spoken peace to the heathen. He told them the history of his life—how he had been fierce, wicked, and miserable as they were; and how his mind had been enlightened, and his heart changed, by the gospel. Many felt very much what Choabane said; but the king, Moshesh, who was present, was so much impressed, that he hid his face in his dress, that he might not show his tears. "Many heavy blows," writes the Missionary, "have fallen upon the heart of this remarkable man. His uncle, Libee, has died, rejoicing in Jesus Christ, and Choabane is converted, and now openly preaches the truth he once sought to destroy; but Moshesh is still without hope. Last Sabbath, when I thought he was a little softened, I said to him, 'Is it right, Moshesh, that a father must call twice before his son answer him?' 'No! certainly not!' he answered, with evident feeling, 'for then his father would come and punish him. You have often told us——;' but here he stopped, and sat silent. May our weak efforts be crowned with success! I have yet good hope for the future."

AFRICAN SCHOLARS.

"Our school," writes Mr. Gollmer, a Missionary in Africa, "is the most promising branch of our Mission, and makes up for disappointment in the parents of the children." Among other facts which cheered Mr. Gollmer's heart, he states that, having seen four of his scholars talking with two strangers, who were Mahommedans, he called them to him, and asked what they had been conversing about, when they said:—

"As we were learning our lessons, the two strangers came and asked us, 'Do you understand what you are reading? What says your book? That book is not good. Learn our book. We can tell you what *our* book means. Alnakubar! God is over all things! God is Great!' 'Yes,' we answered, 'He is the Creator of all things.' 'But who is Christ?' they said; 'He is not so great as Mahomet.' 'All you say about your prophet is false,' we replied: 'you teach the people evil doings; to make war against each other; to steal and to kill men; you bow yourselves to the sun as he rises, and not to the God that made the sun. Your book has no light in it; all is darkness, for it teaches every evil. Our book is the light of heaven.'"

Many other things they said to these poor Mahommedans, which showed that these boys had studied the Scriptures closely, and were likely to prove a blessing to the deluded people around them, and the Missionary rejoiced to find that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God was perfecting praise!"

CHRISTMAS HYMN, FOR THE JUVENILE FRIENDS OF
MISSIONS.

HARK ! the heavens are cleft asunder,—
Seraphim in choirs descend !
See, the Shepherds gaze with wonder ;
And to earth devoutly bend.
Such exulting,
Mortals cannot comprehend !

What the burden of their story ?
Growing louder, sweeter still,—
" To the Lord of Hosts be glory !
Peace on earth ! — To men good-will ! "
Hills and valleys !
Heaven with answering echoes fill !

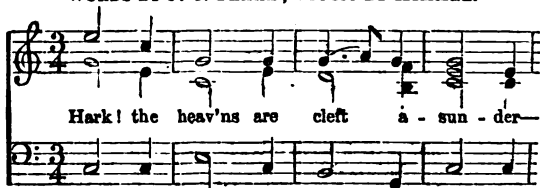
See, the Star of Bethlehem shining !
Steady is its ray, and bright ;
Nations, long in darkness shining,
Hail its soft, celestial light.
Love and glory
Then shall banish sorrow's night.

Who is the illustrious stranger
Thus conducted from the sky ?
In a lonely, cheerless manger,
Why receive him ?—mortals, why ?
'Tis the Saviour ;
Born to suffer and to die !

Lovely babe ! my sins have brought Thee
From THY throne of bliss above ;
Though a rebel, Thou hast sought me :
O inestimable love !
God forbid it,
That I should ungrateful prove

CHRISTMAS HYMN,

WORDS BY J. S. PEAKE; MUSIC BY HIMMEL.



Hark! the heav'ns are cleft a - sun - der—



Se - ra - phim in choirs de - scend;



See, the shep - herds gaze with won - der,



And to earth de - vout - - ly bend.



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